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THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS

New Developments and Technique

Two Volumes—Vol. I

THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS

NEW DEVELOPMENTS AND TECHNIQUE

BY WILHELM STEKEL, M.D.

Authorized Translation

by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL

Arranged for American Publication

by EMIL A. GUTHEIL, M.D.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME I

PAGE
PREFACE ix

PART ONE

Chapter One
INTRODUCTORY 3

Chapter Two
REPRESENTATION OF PARAPATHY IN DREAMS 11

Chapter Three
REPRESENTATION OF PARAPATHIC SYMPTOMS IN DREAMS 25
Asthma
Epilepsy
Dysmenorrhea
Schizophrenia
Stammering
Impotence
Homosexuality
Cyclothymia
Ereutophobia
Frigidity
Fetishism
Trigeminus Neuralgia
Leucorrhea
Masochism

Chapter Four
RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM IN DREAMS . . 61

Chapter Five
INDIVIDUAL DREAM SYMBOLS 99
Recurrence of certain persons in dreams
The cloak as symbol
Dreams of persons dying
A prophetic dream of winning numbers
The slanting beam

Chapter Six

PAGE
SYMBOLS OF THE MIND 113
Water as a symbol
The labyrinth
The watchman
Upper and lower stories
The museum
The automobile in dreams

PART TWO

Chapter Seven

PROGRESS OF DREAM INTERPRETATION . 151
Functional and Material interpretation
Dream problems
Life problems
Dream series
A serial novel
Recalling dreams

Chapter Eight

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO DREAM INTERPRETATION 175
The logic of the dreams
Auto-analysis
Wake dreams
Dream as mirror of thought
Series of persons in dreams
A case of catalepsy
Dead persons in the dream

PART THREE

Chapter Nine

PAGE
THE FIRST DREAMS DURING AN ANALYSIS 241

Chapter Ten

ANALYSIS OF A DREAM SERIES 287

PREFACE

For a good many years my pupils and adherents have been urging me to finish and publish a work on recent advances in the technique of dream interpretation. This book has long been on the stocks. My first work on the subject, *Die Sprache des Traumes* (1911) is out-of-date, so that it is no longer in conformity with the rapid development of scientific oneirology. My monograph *Die Träume der Dichter* (1912) is less obsolete, but deals with only one problem—that of the connection between artistic creation and criminal impulses. Still, it already indicated the coming developments of dream interpretation, which will deal with the role of the ethos in the struggle against the impulses.

Since writing these earlier studies I have unceasingly endeavored to give dream interpretation a firmer foundation for use in psychotherapy, that we might become able from dreams to draw sound conclusions as to the dreamer's character, as to the nature of his overcharged ideas, as to his hopes and his disappointments, and as to his more or less tragical internal conflicts. I have, with increasing knowledge, found the dream to be an infallible mirror of the sick mind. For I should like to insist that, in my experience with those suffering from troubled minds, I have always been guided by the determination to use the patient's dreams as means for promoting the relief of those who have come to me in their affliction.

This book, therefore, is concerned with dreams in their bearing upon the morbid personality, and, while emphasizing the individualized characteristics of the language of the dream, it enables us to formulate the general laws of dream structure. It is based upon practice, and designed for the therapeutist's practical use. It can, indeed, be described as a "clinical study," for it deals with little else than clinical histories as mirrored in the dream. But from the data here presented, every reader can draw valuable inferences about the intimate nature of the dreams of those who are called healthy. For the facts are that health and disease run into one another, and that there is no one in the world who is not in some respect sick.

I think that no investigator seriously interested in the problems of dream life ought to disregard my book, since it contains facts of fundamental importance. In the preface to *Die Sprache des Traumes* I wrote: "This work treats of the evil that is in man, and of nothing but the evil. But we must not forget that in man there is good as well as evil." Well, I should now like to point out that the present book treats of the good that is in man. It shows us the fermentative energy of the sense of guilt, the formidable power of conscience, the immanent striving towards the ideal, the unceasing attempt to purify and ennoble mankind. Whereas formerly, following in Freud's footsteps, I sought and found the "katagogic" (downward-leading) tendencies in the dream, I now reveal the mentally sick person as champion of a disavowed ideal, I show the inward superiority of the ethos over the impulsive, and point to the "anagogic" (upward-leading) inclinations of the mind as they again and again manifest themselves in dreams after the deliberate violation of the ideal.

Above all, at a time when many persons have come to despair of their own essential humanity and of mankind, and when new ideals are being formed and old ones cast aside, it seems to me that a work which describes the internal conflicts of the individual, his joys and sorrows, his hopes and discouragements, his drifting with the stream and his fight against it, and which discloses his ups and downs in the Dance of Life—may well serve as an exhortation to inward examination and clearer insight. Self-knowledge helps to a wiser judgment of the surrounding world.

WILHELM STEKEL

Vienna-Salmansdorf

PART ONE

INTRODUCTORY

Chapter One

*

INTRODUCTORY

MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS have passed since Freud gave to the world his epoch-making work *Die Traumdeutung*. It would be most unseemly to minimize the importance of that book. Never before did any investigator show so much self-sacrifice in confessing his inner life; never before did a psychologist grasp and expound the nature of the dream in so unconventional a way, plough so deep a furrow, fight so strenuously on behalf of scientific truth. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the book was no more than a beginning.

Freud neglected the manifest content of the dream, and overestimated the importance of the associations which were to reveal the latent thoughts of the dreamer. His view that "a dream is a wish fulfilment" was a bed of Procrustes to which every interpretation was forcibly fitted. His findings concerning displacement, condensation, transfer from below upwards, etc.—

are still valid, and can be confirmed by countless examples. But to Freud the dream was merely the starting point for his brilliant technique of association, and he overlooked the fact that in the free associations to the dream the ex-dreamer often abandoned the theme and thus led the interpreter astray. Though Freud knew that the dream was subjected to a censorship (exerted, in his opinion, by the preconscious), he did not bear in mind that the associations are likewise controlled by the same censor. The longer, therefore, the analyst goes on with the analysis of a dream by the study of free associations, the farther is he diverted from the conflict which the dream really represents.

It is beyond question that Freud's rules for dream interpretation, and the method of free association, are equally indispensable, but they must be used under persistent control by the interpreter. Other analysts have often told me that they have gone on elaborating a dream for weeks. Though I have tried again and again, I have never found it advantageous to continue an interpretation so long. One might just as well go on asking for free associations to a clause in the Civil Code or to a chance quotation from a poem. I have made such experiments, and have been amazed to find that, no matter the starting point, the patient always comes back to his internal conflict. The affair would be simple enough, were he himself aware of his conflict, but he has come to us because he has a scotoma, being in the unfortunate position of a man who does not know where the shoe pinches. Our business is to discover the scotoma, and (a harder task) to cure it. Certainly the free associations will contain pointers to the scotoma, but we should be wrong to expect that the patient will grasp their indication, or that he will produce them in a form which will make their significance obvious.

A decisive advance in dream interpretation was effected when we passed on from the passive method of free associations to active interpretation—an interpretation which lays more stress upon the manifest content of the dream, and is less inclined to have recourse to artificialized and forced explanations of the alleged latent dream content.

In one of his publications,[1] Freud complains that there has been scarcely any advance in dream interpretation since his first work on the subject. This is one of the distressing instances in which this overwhelmingly great man has shown himself petty.

Freud's statement is true and truly remarkable in one respect only. No notable advance in dream interpretation has been made by any member of the Freudian school in the narrower sense of that term. The Freudians have a powerful and widespread international organization; they have poured out a vast amount of literature, containing a great deal about the castration complex but only trifling references to the dream; and one who flutters the pages of these publications in search of striking dream interpretations is forced to admit that Freud is right in complaining that the industry of his thousands of pupils has effected so little in this field. The explanation is simple. The disciples were bound by the master's rules, rigid rules which they did not dare transgress.

On the other hand, advances in dream interpretation have been made by members of my circle, and I am justified in declaring that, thanks to them, both the theory and the practice have unquestionably moved on the stage. In the present book, over and above my personal contributions, the work of Bien, Frohmann, Gutheil, Löwy, Missriegler, Silberer, and Wengraf will bear witness to this fact.

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[1] *New Introductory Lectures on Psychoanalysis,* Norton & Co., New York, 1933.

I often hear how my pupils are being told that I, no doubt, have a special talent for dream interpretation, but that I shall never be able to communicate the art, which is a fruit of my "amazing" intuitive powers, and (like a railway ticket) is "not transferable." But how, in that case, can critics explain the fact that so many of my pupils have acquired, and successfully practice, my method of interpretation? This method can be learned by those who approach it without prejudice. Of course intuition is essential. By intuition I here mean empathy—imaginative insight into the working of the dreamer's mind. This empathy is only possible to one who is free from complexes, has as much inner freedom as a human being can achieve.

I start from the principle that the dream may be a wish fulfilment, but is not necessarily so. Here is my own formula: The dream expresses a search for deliverance from the life conflict or from the present-day conflict. Since this latter, the "current conflict," is usually an expression of the individual's conflict constellation, it follows that by "magnifying" the present-day conflict we shall often be enabled to discern the pertinent life conflict.

Dreaming (undirected thinking) goes on unceasingly. We dream by day as well as at night. Anyone acquainted with my views on the polyphony of thought[1] will understand that in the waking state our thought process is going on simultaneously at several different levels. At the lowest level, the dream work is continued. Occasionally the dream breaks through into consciousness, manifesting itself as a day-dream. (The importance of day-dreams has hitherto been underrated. This is a matter to which I shall return.) If a dream is distressful to the waking mind, we then have lapses of consciousness, which may assume diverse forms, ranging in an unbroken series from slight lapses of attention regarded as perfectly normal up to the coma of the major epileptic fit.

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[1] See the chapter entitled *Polyphony of Thought* in my *Sadism and Masochism*, Liveright, New York, 1929.

The present volume contains an account of the technique of dream interpretation as practised by myself and the members of my school. Thus it combines an account of the advances in technique with an account of the advances in interpretation.

The advances in interpretation that have been made by myself and my pupils have been built up course by course until the roof level was reached. Many items collected here appeared in various periodicals years ago. I had no choice, therefore, but to present my material historically as far as this was possible and to add in the proper order the items in which, I believe, an advance was made.

In this book the name "parapathy" is used for "neurosis," "paraphilia" for "perversion," and "paralogia" for psychosis.

REPRESENTATION OF PARAPATHY IN DREAMS

Chapter Two

*

REPRESENTATION OF PARAPATHY IN DREAMS[1]

DURING MY RESEARCHES into the symbolism of dreams I have discovered two new provinces: that of the symbolism of religions, to which I shall have to return and with which my book *Die Träume der Dichter* is partly concerned; and that of the personification of parapathy in dreams. The farther we penetrate into the nature of the dream, the more numerous are the problems that call for solution. Suffice it here to refer to the remarkable investigations of Herbert Silberer into the symbolism of the threshold, and to his other studies of symbolism.

In many of the dreams of parapaths we find symbols of their parapathy, which is usually personified. These symbols are manifold, and still need careful study. Psychoanalytical practice would derive unexampled benefit therefrom. Such symbols disclose the patient as perpetually at war with the doctor, and show him to be a hypocrite who does not really want to be cured.

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[1] Paper contributed in the year 1913 to the out-of-print third volume of the "Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse."

A highly gifted young man came under my care for severe obsessional parapathy. He had touch phobia and syphilophobia, practised an elaborate obsessive ceremonial, confined himself to a rigidly vegetarian diet, and was incapacitated for study, so that his life had become intolerable. His first dream after beginning treatment ran as follows:

King Alfonso of Spain should be informed that an attempt is to be made on his life.

The customary interpretation that the king was a father imago would have given some meaning to the dream, but I was dissatisfied with this facile explanation, and deferred the analysis of it. Its significance was not to become clear to me until after the lapse of a year, during which a fierce struggle had been going on between myself and the patient—whose will-to-power was stronger than its polar opposite, the will-to-surrender.

I regard the transference as manifestation of a will-to-surrender, which is the negative of the patient's ardent desire to make the doctor fall in love with him, to subjugate the doctor by love. By strenuous collaboration with me, my parapath had tracked down these trends in his inner self and had become fully aware of them. Then one day he heard inner "voices"—the illness—saying: "Don't put me to death! Let me live! Let me live!" When he told me of this, it suddenly became clear to me who "King Alfonso" was—the personification of the parapathy, the illness which dominated him. When I questioned him about his relations with the king of Spain he told me that he was born in 1886 on May 17th, the same day as King Alfonso XIII. For him the king was a personification of himself.

Consider the significance of this interpretation. It shows us a patient who, because his life has become a torment, finds it difficult to resist a suicidal impulse, and applies to a psychoanalyst for help; but who, in the very first night after beginning treatment, dreams that he must be on his guard, for he is in danger of losing his beloved illness. That accounts for his obdurate hostility to betterment. However much he may suffer, inwardly he triumphs because the doctor's will impinges vainly upon his own will-to-power. His one desire is to protect and cherish this illness in defiance of the doctor's therapeutic endeavors. That is why we need so much perspicacity if we are to succeed in defeating our patients' wiles, and in overcoming their determination to resist cure. This particular patient was so clever in hiding his resistance that for a long time I did not detect it. He produced an abundance of dreams, and associated to them freely. Often he was so obliging as to provide "new" material in these associations. But by degrees it began to dawn on me that this plethora of dreams was for the patient a convenient way of masking his resistance. One day, therefore, I told him that I should no longer analyse his dreams, however interesting they might seem, any more than a sensible man would dig where a will-o'-the-wisp shone, in the hope of discovering buried treasure. The patient was outraged, and warned me that no longer would he say a word or produce an association. I remained inexorable, and within a few days there came to light the conflicts from which the dream analysis had been diverting our attention.

In a similar case I had a chance of examining the dream material with which a patient had supplied his doctor during an industrious analysis that went on for fourteen months. The study of this material made it plain to me that patients dream in the dialect of whatever physician happens to be treating them.

The dreams are "made to order," are produced in the form that will best please the analyst. That is why the dreams of a patient who is familiar with his doctor's pet theories must never be taken as confirmation of these theories. Sadger's patients will dream about urinary eroticism; mine, perhaps, of the symbolisms of death and religion; Adler's of "top-dogs" and "underdogs" and of the "masculine protest." My friend Swoboda's student will dream of beautiful periodicity; Silberer will be provided with fascinating instances of threshold symbolism and functional symbolism. I do my utmost, therefore, to obtain from my patients "pure" dream material, uncontaminated by my personal influence. To this end I treasure the dreams that are dreamed in the early days of an analysis, before the patient has become familiar with my views, and often procure many written records of dreams before actually beginning the analytical work.

In the material provided by the above patient, there frequently cropped up the figure of a fellow-student named Ludwig Leyden. He was always on hand when mischief was in the wind. Ludwig distributed praise and blame. But this same Ludwig was declared to be unfitted in real life for the role which he claimed in the dreams. Sometimes he quarrelled with the patient, so that the analyst was inclined to suspect that there must be homosexual relations between the pair. Anyhow the patient's fondness for Ludwig Leyden was much emphasized. But in addition to Ludwig Leyden, the patient's brother played a leading part in the dreams, so that the analyst justly began to suspect that Ludwig Leyden must be a symbol for this brother who loomed so large in the structure of the parapathy. The analyst was partly right and partly wrong. "Leyden" signified "leiden"—the illness to which the patient clung. Both the brother and Ludwig Leyden were personifications of the parapathy, which recurs frequently in the dreams as the friend, the enemy, the brother, or the sister. I will give a few examples to throw light on this personification.

I am locked up with my brother in a dark room. He holds a big knife in his hand. I am afraid of him. "In the end," I say, "you will destroy my reason and I shall have to go to an asylum." He laughs maliciously, and replies: "You will always remain prisoned with me. We are shackled together." Looking at my legs I now see for the first time the thick iron chain with which I am fettered to my brother.

Further analysis is superfluous, now that we know the brother to represent the illness, the "leiden" (= Ludwig Leyden).

Here is another dream:

My lady-friend has determined to forsake me. I implore her to stay with me, but she refuses. "You know that Dr. Stekel cannot abide me"....

A third instance:

In my dream my sister gave me a terrible tongue lashing. I was heartless, she said, and did not care for her in the least. What would happen to me when she died?—"But you're well and strong, not in the least likely to die."—"Oh, no, I shall die soon. Dr. Stekel's serum will make an end of me. Whatever happens, don't let him give you an injection."

Though there are various other determinants of this dream, it is enough here to refer to the personification of the illness as the patient's sister.

Sometimes in dreams the parapathy will be symbolized by an old and faithful retainer, by a maidservant who has been long with the family, or by an commissionnaire. Thus one of my patients had the following dream a few nights before he suddenly (and to me quite unexpectedly) broke off the treatment:

Lilly, a servant who has been with us for twenty years, a trusty creature, is dying. Dr. Stekel is leaning over the bed, and listens to her heart with a stethoscope. "It will soon be over," he says. "Oh, no," I reply. "She will go on living for a long time."

In the dream I predict the approaching end of the illness. He contradicts me, and decides to go on being ill. He has made up his mind to break off the treatment soon, for it has become too dangerous.

In her dream a lady-patient has two living symbols of her parapathy.

I saw my sister. She was lovely, and her appearance delighted me. But she was most unfriendly. Suddenly it seemed to me that Fräulein R. (the housekeeper) had taken her place, and was giving me notice.

The parapathy distresses the patient. (The sister is unfriendly.) Still, it is lovely, and delights her. Then the sister (the illness) changes into the housekeeper, who gives her notice. (The will-to-health manifests itself.)

I will next record the dream of a patient who suffered from a remarkably complicated form of clothing fetishism. It was the last dream he had before returning home. The analysis had disclosed his fetishism to be constructed as a protection against the dangers of the world.[1] He wanted to remain pious, like the Messiah to suffer for the salvation of mankind, and thus redeem his "sinful" family.

In this one long dream we can watch the personification of the parapathy:

In enter a classroom filled with two-seater desks. All of them are occupied by couples, except for one, where there is a vacant place beside Friedrich Stehmann, and one where both seats are

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[1] See my *Sexual Aberrations, The Phenomena of Fetishism in Relation to Sex,* Liveright, New York, 1930.

empty. Friedrich gives a friendly nod, inviting me to sit beside him, but I refuse, and make for the untenanted desk, though I dislike loneliness. Dr. Stekel appears, and utters some free-and-easy remarks about my illness. He speaks of the disorder of my amatory life. On the faces of all those present I instantly read the enquiry, "Are you perverse"; and I have a plain sense that the atmosphere is one of moral disapproval. This lesson concerns religion. I watch Friedrich Stehmann diligently conning the hymn O Brow Blood-Stained and Torn. *I am guided by his example, for I could not bear to give the clergyman who holds the class the impression that I am lazy. It seems to me very doubtful whether I shall be able to learn the hymn by heart in the short time at my disposal. I have two versions of it on my desk. One of the stanzas is especially difficult, being written in obsolete German. A master comes in with two little girls, one of whom is clever and the other stupid. The girls have been indecently assaulted, and it is absolutely essential to arrest the offender. Since I have a bad reputation, I am afraid lest suspicion should light upon me, but, knowing myself to be innocent, I meet the clever girl's eyes frankly as she looks searchingly at one face after another. Her inspection comes to a halt when she reaches Baumann, and she accuses him of the crime, though the stupid sister tries to exculpate him. Baumann admits having done what he is charged with, but denies that there was anything wrong in it.*

This dream has been influenced by many of my interpretations, but is perfectly accordant with the earlier material which was handed to another analyst. In this, Friedrich Stehmann, his schoolfellow, has frequently appeared as impersonating his parapathy. In the present dream the trends towards health are vigorously disclosed. He will not sit down beside Friedrich Stehmann, refuses the friendly invitation of his parapathy, and wants to live without it, "though I dislike loneliness." His references to my "free-and-easy remarks" about his illness also betray anxiety, common to all patients when an analysis is drawing to its close, as to the possibility of my being loose-tongued about his illness.

An examination is pending, and, like nearly all examinations in dreams, it represents the Last Judgment, for the teacher of religion, who will examine the class when the hour is up, is symbol and representative of God Almighty. Life is short, and the patient is afraid that he will never have time to find his way to God and the Man of Sorrows who wears the crown of thorns. He is a Protestant, but has strong Catholic leanings. (There are "two versions" of the hymn.) He cannot rid himself of the traumata of the past (the old-fashioned German). They will frustrate his best endeavors to achieve salvation.

He played improperly with a little girl, a child of five, who became an idiot. Was that his fault? He stands the test brilliantly. It was not he that was to blame, but the other, the idiot, the sick elements in his nature—Baumann. But Baumann, his unconscious, admits the charge, while denying culpability. He did not do wrong. The games of children, even though erotic, are not sinful. He can, therefore, achieve salvation, can stand the test.

His parapathy has been built upon the sense of guilt resulting from this trauma. It was a safeguard against temptation (women), and punishment for his sins. His paraphilia, making him "chaste" as far as women were concerned, was to keep the way to heaven open for him. His clothing fetish was a penitent's hair-shirt. The analysis revealed the nature of the masquerade, and the dream showed that he had shaken off his sense of guilt. That is the secret of cure in such cases. The patient must absolve himself, for absolution by the doctor or by the world at large does not suffice. Even the clever sister and the stupid one are personifications of the parapathy. He is now the clever one. The idiot girl still tries to save Baumann (the parapathy).

These examples should suffice. Ample confirmation will be secured as soon as attention is directed to the matter. I will now classify the various symbols of parapathy that have come under my notice so far.

1. All authorities: the king, ministers of State, the clergy, the pope, God Almighty, the father, the schoolmaster.
2. The brother, the sister, the friend, the enemy, the uncle, the aunt, the double, the other, etc.
3. Old family retainers, servants in general.
4. Wild beasts, the devil, the criminal, the felon, the beggar, the "man all tattered and torn," the outcast. (These symbols embody a judgment of moral depreciation.)
5. The cage, the cross, the little room, the old house, the new house (when the parapathy is exhibiting new symptoms), the church-tower, the palace, the embankment, the chain, the big rope, the shadow, the wound, the abscess, the privy, the tumor, the shirt, the dress, the skin, the tarn-cap, the helmet, the tight shoe, the pair of spectacles, the crutch, the staff, the umbrella, the mask.
6. Among the commonest symbols are the blind man, the deaf man, the dumb man, the halt, the lunatic, and the idiot.

I shall be greatly indebted to any colleagues who are good enough to check and amplify these data with the aid of their own materials.[1]

I may add here that fetishists often choose a fetish which likewise serves to symbolize their parapathy. There is little more to say. I have learned that each malady finds its appropriate method of expression in the dream. We shall see later how the "central idea" is reflected in every dream image. For instance, tight trousers, pressing unduly upon the legs, may serve as a pleasure producing fetish, and may at the same time represent a plastic image of the parapathy. Tight gloves or white gloves may serve the same double purpose. This explains an important function of the fetish, to safeguard the fetishist against sin, to protect him against women, while at the same time providing him with a substitute-pleasure.

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[1] In 1935 I added a note to the foregoing paper, which was written in 1913.

I went to see Margarete. On the way something happened which made the grey gloves I was wearing exceedingly dirty. In the garden I met Margarete's mother. She gave me a cake of soap, to wash my gloves. I soaped them thoroughly, but could not find any water to rinse away the soapsuds. I was therefore wearing soapy gloves when I entered the flat, to find there in the dining room Margarete and the whole family. The uncle, His Excellency, in uniform, looked to me no bigger than a child of five. When we had exchanged greetings, they told me that in the anteroom, close to the piano, I could get some water to rinse my gloves. I went there at once, and found only a water pipe leading to the piano. I did not wash the gloves, but smeared them with a pink paste, so that I made large pink stains on the light brocade with which the piano was covered. I was very sorry about this. After that, I probably washed the gloves.

All through the dream runs a leitmotif, the need for washing the dirty gloves. They symbolize his parapathy, which ensures his sexual abstinence. He has never known woman. The dirt is purely superficial.—The further interpretation of the dream shows that inwardly he is still a believer. The Holy Family is all present in his dream. Margarete is also called Mary; the "Little Excellency" is Infant Jesus; the pink paste is a symbol of Faith, and so is the piano. In the conscious, music remains his only link with the Church. Religion (the piano) is furnished with a water pipe. Faith can cleanse away all his sins. True, he cannot regard his soul as immaculate. The brocade with which the piano is covered is a chasuble. The representation of fetishism as an outer covering, a skin, is noteworthy. The Little Excellency in uniform is an admirable symbol. The uniform symbolizes the nudity, which reduces all to the same level, and also the compulsion of the parapathy. The title of Excellency denotes the high rank of the child. Any distinguished person who appears in a dream—a general, a colonel, an emperor—may symbolize the deity.

I see General N. wearing a uniform resplendent with gold braid. He looks at me with a severe expression and demands a detailed report of the last skirmish. I am confused, and stammer a few disconnected words. Then I awaken in great anxiety.

Here General N. symbolizes God, who is requiring an account of the part he has played in life's struggles. We shall presently analyze a longer dream of the same sort.

A man affected with the Messianic parapathy dreams:

A few persons, among whom is a scoundrel. They have all laid their hands in a pile, and the hands are pierced with a big nail. At last only the scoundrel was free. Someone else nails his hands too. I think the pain must be intense—so intense that he can scarcely feel it.

The various persons are cleavages from his own ego, and he has fastened them all together as different identifications, nailing them to the cross of his parapathy. But Satan (the scoundrel) was still free. The evil in the patient is still alive, and he quickly has it, too, nailed. He suffers as Christ suffered, and is obviously proud of the pains he has imposed on himself by his parapathy.

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REPRESENTATION OF PARAPATHIC SYMPTOMS IN DREAMS

Chapter Three

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REPRESENTATION OF PARAPATHIC SYMPTOMS IN DREAMS[1]

In Chapter Two I showed how the parapathy continually secures expression in the patient's dreams. The account there given requires supplement now that we know how individual symptoms, in addition to the malady as a whole, can be recognized in dreams, so that from these we can make valid inferences regarding the precise nature of the malady, regarding the affective disorders, and regarding the somatizations that are taking place. Especially in the organ parapathies (that is to say in cases where the disorder—through somatization—secures bodily expression) do we find that every considerable dream includes a reference to the patient's main symptoms, and thus gives us a clue to his mental conflict.

In the dream, let me insist once more, the malady is apt to find representation in the organ-speech of the mind, transmuted into a form which points plainly to the dreamer's conflict constellation.

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[1] First published in 1935.—Editor.

Asthma

I will begin with an example. An unmarried woman aged 36, a schoolmistress, has for eighteen years been subject to severe attacks of asthma. Coming on suddenly and stormily, the paroxysms may last for days in the acute form, and then lapse into a chronic stage which goes on for weeks. They unfit the sufferer for work and the other ordinary activities of life. She was the younger of two illegitimate girls. Her elder sister was always the favorite. After their birth, the father married the mother and legitimized his children. Soon he died, and the mother married again. Thus ensued for my patient a conflict constellation which speedily became intolerable. She had two objects for her hatred, the elder sister and the stepfather. Though her mother always treated her as a stepchild, she did not hate her mother, but clung to the mother, and wooed the mother's love. The elder sister married, and the husband soon died, leaving two children. These likewise, and especially the nephew, who was brought up in the patient's home and much spoiled by the grandmother, became additional objects of my patient's hatred. After various remedies for the asthma had proved unavailing, she at length came to me for treatment. Frau Stekel analyzed her under my supervision. The first dream in the analysis ran as follows:

I am in a large, very untidy room. Though this room is strange to me, I know it is in our flat. Suddenly I notice that the Frau Doktor is in the room. This is most distressing to me, for I am afraid she will notice how untidy the place is, and I want to get her out of it by hook or by crook. When the Frau Doktor sits down to dinner, I am in despair. But it occurs to me that I can pack her off to a young lady of my acquaintance, who lives high up in the mountains, where the snow lies thick. I hope that the *heavy snowfall will prevent her getting back. During her absence I try—ineffectually—to tidy up the big room and the small one that opens out of it. While I am still contemplating the hopeless disorder, I see that the Frau Doktor has returned. I run up to prevent her coming back into the untidy room. She says she got to my friend's much too late, for my friend had hanged herself.*

The patient is aware that she has a very untidy mind. By hook or by crook she wants to get the investigating Frau Doktor out of the flat and wishes this inquirer to Jericho, or any other place whence return will be difficult. This is obviously a resistance dream. The Frau Doktor has been substituted for the hated sister. Here we plainly have the motif of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (the seven dwarfs who lived on the other side of the mountains), the wicked stepmother, etc. There are two references to the asthma: the first is the thought of laboring through deep snow (repression in the functional sense, an antithesis to the untidy room); the second is the suicide by hanging. In the latter case we have death wishes, a suicidal longing, self-inflicted punishment, and projection of her own sense of guilt on to another.

Instructive is the representation of the asthma in the next dream:

I am in a deep well whose wall is made of smooth, shining metal. Down there I feel very anxious. Suddenly a noose drops from above. Looking up I see the Frau Doktor, and she signs to me that I am to loop it round my body and she will pull me out. I do as I am bid and she begins to pull. It is hard work. I try to help her by steadying myself against the smooth metal wall, but there is nothing to hold on to. In this way I have set the rope swinging, and that makes the Frau Doktor angry, so she strikes me with a switch which hurts very much. Still, after we have both taken a great deal of trouble I reach the top to find her sitting in a room surrounded by forty children. "Are these your children?"

—"Yes, they all do what I tell them, but none of them is so detestable as you." I want to force my way through the children to the Frau Doktor, but they push me back. Then I try to escape into the open through the little door or the window, but I do not succeed, and have to stay in the room.

In the analytical situation she regards the Frau Doktor as her saviour. But the way in which the patient tries to help her rescuer, by clinging to the smooth wall, indicates that she is really hindering. Very plain is her jealousy of the other patients. She would like to be the only one, and tries to force her way through the others. At the close of the dream we see an inclination to run away, followed by a resolve that she will stick it out after all. The asthma is betokened by her position in a deep well (a functional symbol) by the endeavor to force her way through the children, and by the desire to escape into the open (air hunger).

After a few more dreams, the asthma was represented by a new symbol.

I am sitting beside deep waters. My nephew wants to bathe. He goes boldly into the deep waters. I am afraid he may be drowned. Actually, he sinks beneath the surface. Still, he can breathe quite well under water. Nevertheless I want to pull him out, so I seize him by one heel, which strikes me as rather funny, for I think of the heel of Achilles.

The asthma is denoted by being under water. But the illness is likewise symbolized by the nephew. Jealousy is her Achilles' heel, the weak spot where she is most readily wounded. The way in which she tries to rescue her nephew betrays her determination to drown him.

I watch the interment of a young girl, and think: "Good God, if she is not really dead how she will suffer underground."

The symbolization of the asthma is unmistakable here.

"Hanging" appears under numerous variants.

Dr. Stekel wants to have me hanged because he cannot discharge me from treatment by the Frau Doktor. I refuse to allow myself to be hanged, and say: "I am not your patient, and the Frau Doktor will not let me be hanged." Dr. Stekel says, however, that he will arrange things exactly as he pleases.

Sadism directed against the sister and herself is disclosed in the next dream, which gives another version of the asthma imagery.

I see a girl of twelve who is in the street romping merrily. An elderly woman appears on the scene. Enraged by the girl's cheerfulness, this person seizes her by the feet and bangs her head upon the ground, knocks her face against pointed stones so that the poor thing's mouth is full of blood and earth. I think: "She will kill her." Infuriated by this cruelty, I am about to run for the police when I awake.

One whose mouth is full of blood and earth, cannot breathe. The elderly woman symbolizes the past (witches).

The next dream discloses an identification of the analyst with the patient's elder sister. There are bipolar manifestations of love and hate:

I am waiting for a tram. Suddenly I find a five-year-old child quite close to me. I see that it is the Frau Doktor. She is lost, asks me to whom she belongs, and weeps bitterly. I try to console her, promising her anything and everything, for I am glad to have her near me. I jump with her into the tram, take her on my lap, and hug her. Afraid she will feel cold, I wrap her in a white fur coverlet. The coverlet gets larger and larger, stretching until I am afraid that Frau Doktor will be stifled in it.

Another dream gives us a variant of the same motif:

I hug the Frau Doktor so tightly that she is suffocated and falls down dead. Then I cover her body with many red roses and am *very happy for I know that she is now dead to all others, but still lives for me, though she is dead.*

It is an outcome of the rejected transference when the patient wishes to slay the doctor lest he should belong to anyone else. The drama of the patient's childhood is mirrored in this transference.

Hanging now appears more frequently in the dreams, and so does the blood complex. She quaffs a goblet filled with blood; her hands bled because they have been pierced with thorns when she was plucking roses. The next dream brings the solution.

In a lovely big garden I want to cull roses for the Frau Doktor, but they are not yet fine enough. I go on searching till I have found some magnificent dark-red ones, but they are beset with thorns. I tear the thorns off, but my hands bleed and smart. All the roses are stained with blood, but I think that no one will notice, since they are dark-red anyhow. I come to the Frau Doktor with the roses. She has in her hands a hat which is beset with thorns inside, so that it looks like a hedgehog. I am very much surprised, but the Frau Doktor says that this is the latest fashion and extremely convenient.

This dream shows the analyst that the patient has a Messianic parapathy, and identifies herself with the Redeemer, by wearing a crown of thorns. The little child in her dreams symbolizes the Infant Jesus. She herself wants to suffer as Jesus suffered, and punishes herself for her sadistic fantasies by having the attacks of asthma, imitating the hanged (crucified) Messiah. She has crucified herself on the cross of her parapathy. In the paroxysms of asthma she used to lie supine with arms outstretched, and felt piercing pains in the hands and feet (the stigmata).

In contrast with the first dream during the analysis, there now came a dream which betokened the cure that soon followed:

I go to see my grandmother. Her flat is most untidy. She says she is glad I have come, for I can help her to tidy up. First I make *the bed, and then tidy up the whole flat. My grandmother expects visitors, and puts on an old-fashioned close-fitting bodice. I say there is no sense in such tight-lacing.*

The patient has tidied up her mind. Now visitors can come. The tight-fitting bodice (another reminiscence of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*) oppresses her (asthma), and she will discard it. The grandmother represents her illness. She will definitively overcome her infantilism, as the next (and last) dream clearly shows:

I am sleeping with the Frau Doktor in a bedroom where there is also a five-year-old girl. The child suddenly begins to howl, wanting to get into the Frau Doktor's bed. I grow indignant, telling the Frau Doktor she ought not to allow this. But the girl goes on crying, and then coaxes so winningly that the Frau Doktor gives way, and takes her into bed. Then I suddenly become aware that I myself am this little girl, so I snuggle down beside the Frau Doktor contentedly. But my second ego is extremely angry. Jumping out of bed, I seize the child, and hurl her through the window. I hear her body crash on the stones beneath, know that she is dead, and that she will never rise again. The Frau Doktor says I have behaved very cruelly. I answer that the child behaved much more cruelly to me.

Stammering

Very interesting are the dreams of stammerers. They express the hindrance to speech by means of various symbols. For instance:

I had to climb a mountain. There were many obstacles. Now I had to jump a ditch, now to climb over a hedge, and then to stop because I was out of breath.

Another dream describes the dismemberment of the words. thus:

I had to cut up a piece of meat into a number of morsels. The knife was blunt, and I could not get on.

I should like to point out that the representation is often far more complicated and confused, so that much perspicacity may be needed to enable the analyst to recognize the central idea behind the various disguises of the dream. Gutheil, in his paper *Ein geheilter Fall von Stottern* ("Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie," vol. IV), gives the following list of the dream symbols for stammering:

The symbols used by stammerers, in their dreams, to represent the trouble may be divided into two groups:

A. Those which, by anticipation, represent the emergence of repressed thoughts and impulses. In such cases there is anxiety as an accompaniment.

B. Those which are "functional" symbols of the impediment in speech.

To the first group (A) belong:

(1) The patient has walked or driven too far or in the wrong direction. (2) The patient has slipped on a slippery place, etc. (3) He is afraid of passing beasts, of trains or automobiles or carriages that drive too fast, of lunatics or alcoholics; of revolutions and kindred happenings in which a lack of self-control is conspicuous; of events during which words are spoken and actions performed that conflict with the accepted moral code, etc. (4) Fire-alarm. (5) Burglars; shouts for the police. (6) The police are overpowered by burglars, etc. The stammerer shares these kinds of anxiety with other persons who suffer from impulsive disorder.

To the second group (B) belong:

(1) The patient stops in his stride, cannot move his legs, etc. (2) Soldiers have posted sentries who will not let anyone pass. (3) The patient's mouth has been sealed. (4) The patient is out of breath. (5) A crowd gets jammed in a narrow exit, etc.

Ereutophobia

The multiformity of the representation is apt to confuse beginners. Those who suffer from a morbid dread of blushing (ereutophobia) often dream of red subjects, and the onset of the blush may be variously symbolized.

Let me give a few examples:

I stand on the shore of a lake whose waters seem unruffled. Suddenly a storm rises, so that waves break on the shore and my face is splashed.

In this patient the onset of a blush is heralded by perspiration of the forehead, or sometimes the sweating follows the appearance of the blush. The blush is accompanied by an effective storm within. If we listen to the patient's account of his trouble, we shall understand his dream better: "I will give you an instance. I am talking to a lady, and feel perfectly calm. Unexpectedly she asks me how my daughter is. I feel the blush is beginning, and already there are beads of sweat on my brow." He was calm so long as no complex was touched. The question about the daughter stimulated a complex—for his parapathy, which began when he was getting up in years, was due to a Lear complex (the fixation of a father upon a daughter).

Here is another example:

A male friend and I are walking in Tyrol, and we converse about different matters. Then we pass a cottage from which some *laughing girls look out at us. My friend says: "Yes, they are happy; they can laugh." It grows dark, and in some of the houses lights are already shining. The fact strikes me that in this part of the Alps people are fond of red curtains, so that the sheen from the windows is reddish.*

Two important symptoms are noticeable: the patient's dread of being laughed at, and his morbid tendency to blush. In this dream, as in the one last recorded, the initial calm is emphasized. ("We converse about indifferent matters.") In contrast with this appear the laughing girls. (The patient was afraid that anything she might say would seem ridiculous and would make people laugh at her.) The idea that she and her friend might have to pass the night at a hotel originated the blush.

An ereutophobiac of twenty-five, in one of her dreams, symbolizes blushing as follows:

My mother and I are driving in a motor. Then we get out to climb a hill on foot. I am surprised to notice how agile my mother is in the climb, but still I am afraid that she may have a fall. We want to continue our drive across a lake, but the bridge by which the road goes is on fire.

Blushing is symbolized by the dread lest her mother should fall, and by the burning bridge. (She is ashamed of her mother.)

Another lady-patient's dream is typical:

In the street a girl wants to take off a lady's dress because there is something wrong with the lady's underwear. I am indignant that this should be done in the open street. Then it turns out that the pair are my mother and myself. My mother's underclothing is too hot, and I want to take some of it off. Time presses and it makes me very nervous that I have to do this in such a hurry, but I am afraid that I shall be late at the office and that the chief will scold me.

Here there are several references to blushing. Ereutophobiac women feel that men who look at them are undressing them in fancy, and they themselves undress in fancy the persons who make them blush. (A primal reaction.) The dreamer has a liaison with the boss, but this must be kept dark at the office. (A "secret" as the cause of blushing.) Also the patient is ashamed because her mother is being undressed in the street.

Now for some more of these ereutophobiac dreams:

After being driven in from the pastures, the cows lie in the byre chewing the cud. I pass close to one of them, and with a hind hoof, which is dirty, she let drive at my face.

Interpretation: Her obscene thoughts can be read in her face.

We have crossed the brook, and, several of us, we walk on over the meadow which is boggy and muddy—most disagreeable.

References to the morbid blushing are the brook (the onset of a blush) and the boggy meadow.

In the market a lady wants to buy a bath tub. If you pull out the plug, hot water flows instantly.

The outflow of hot water is a reference to blushing and to the underlying prostitute complex.

Driving by tram, I stand on the back platform. From a window a man throws stones at me. My brother Karl flings them back. Standing in my way he prevents me from taking refuge inside the tram. My colleague's wife is there too, and I am surprised that she is not anxious about her child, which might be hit by one of the stones.

Reference to the morbid symptom: If the truth were known, people would stone her. She wants to hide.

In the latter part of the dream we encounter the problem of wonder in dreams. This wonder arises in a dream when part of the dreamer's mind is alien. The colleague's wife appears in the dream as a reproach. The patient objectifies her conflict. Surely the rival ought to know men's weakness, and not blindly trust her husband? When, during the analysis, there is any mention of this rival, the patient has a sense of guilt and immediately blushes. The child in the dream represents her own childhood, being an allusion to her family complex (a father fixation).

The alien province of the mind is often represented by an island (a "tied-off" complex). An ereutophobiac dream:

I see an island in the sea, and it looks unfamiliar. Dark clouds suddenly gather, and the island is veiled in mist.

The unfamiliar province, the unknown part of the mental life. The cause of the blushing is therefore represented as an island in the personality; and the blushing is represented as the rising of a storm.

It would lead us too far afield were I to trace through the diversified somatizations all the relationships between organ and dream. The examples already given will suffice. Still, I should like to point out that even the most complicated cases of fetishism secure representation in dreams. We can safely follow the guidance of any dream that reveals what the analyzand would prefer to keep from us. In example, I will give here the dream of an ereutophobiac reported in my paper *Zur Psychologie der Erythrophobie* ("Psychoanalytische Praxis," vol. I, 1931):

I am sitting in a big latrine where besides myself seven or eight soldiers are relieving nature. One of them looks at me and, laughing, asks me if I can oblige him with a light. "One gets so much more savour out of this business if one can smoke while one is doing it."

Enlightening the patient on the ground of the interpretation of this dream brought self-understanding and cure. He had a way of fancying all persons in the act of defaecation, and, by projection, believed that others must picture him in the same way. (The morbid blushing only troubled him when he was seated.) After two months' analysis came the foregoing dream, which led us straight to the heart of the trouble.

In a case of ereutophobia I was able to analyze more than a hundred dreams. In every one of them there was plain reference to the master malady.

Some were dreams of conflagration, others of flood, a woman appeared with her head wrapped in a red kerchief; these were explosion dreams; a picture was painted over with red; a dark figure loomed; the nude body was visible through diaphanous clothing (this symbolized the betrayal of the mental state by blushing); and there were numerous other variations on the same theme.

Trigeminal Neuralgia

The following dream contains the image of a trigeminal neuralgia.

I have to traverse a dark wood by night. One or two men will guide me. We arm ourselves, for the wood is dangerous. It contains a lot of small animals (? rats) which might attack us. However we get through the wood without difficulty by moonlight, and reach a little town where the streets are very narrow. There we meet three little girls who offer us something which we reject. The girls are of a foreign type, and look extraordinarily alike.

Association: The three girls are so extraordinarily alike that one might suppose them to be triplets. (The trigeminal nerve.) The rats symbolize the gnawing pain of facial neuralgia. The two men who will act as guides are myself and my assistant Dr. Pfaehler, who analyzed and cured the patient under my supervision after all other methods of treatment had failed. The dark wood is the unconscious. The patient rejects the illness. This justifies a favorable prognosis.

Here follows the patient's next dream, which is most instructive:

I am bitten by a little child.

The cause of his parapathy is psychosexual infantilism. When the patient has attacks of pain, he is coddled by his parents. Though he is a grown man, he is taken on to his father's lap, is petted and kissed (the pleasure reward to compensate him for his pain). The worse the gnawing, biting, boring pains are, the more sympathetic are his parents, and the more vehement are the tokens of affection offered by his relatives.

Characteristic is the next dream:

I am driving a tram. A perambulator blocks the way. Shoving it aside, I go ahead once more. As I drive, there are always three horses' heads in front of me. One of them continually tries to bite me, and this interferes with my driving.

The interpretation offers no difficulty. The patient wants to be independent, to break away from the family, to drive the car of his own life. His infantilism (the perambulator) blocks the way. This time the trigeminal nerve is symbolized by three horses' heads. Only the ophthalmic (the first or upper) branch of the trigeminal nerve is affected; and it is the first horse that tries to bite him.

The dreamer is a medical student. Naturally, therefore, his dreams have a medical complexion. In many of them the lancinating pains of neuralgia are represented by knives.

I am told that pathological anatomists are being murdered, and that the murderers use the scalpels which the anatomists need for their work.

Analysis is often symbolized by a surgical operation or by an autopsy. This patient's hatred for psychotherapeutists (pathological anatomists) who wish to rob him of his illness is vividly displayed. So is his determination to analyze (dissect) the analyst.

Sadism breaks through in many of his dreams. The illness is the fruit of an inwardly directed sadism.

Epilepsy

Epileptics in their dreams often find themselves in situations where they are in danger of falling. For instance:

I lean out of the window to watch my father, who is about to turn the corner. I am in danger of losing my balance, but at the last moment I save myself by clinging to the window sill.

Here is another dream of the same patient:

I am climbing higher and higher up a ladder. Suddenly I notice that several rungs are missing, and my foot gropes vainly for a support.

We may also find displayed in a dream the counter-affect which expresses a wish fulfilment. The stammerer may dream that he delivers a fluent oration before a great company, and thus astonishes everybody; or the epileptic may climb safely down from dizzy heights.

Impotence

It is well known that impotent men often produce in their dreams some very clear picture of their inhibition, and that the simplification of these dreams can always be reduced to the formula: "I can't do it." But we should go too far were we to suppose that "no-can" in a dream invariably symbolizes impotence. At most it can be assumed to denote impotence in the widest sense of the term—inability to fulfil one or other of the manifold demands of life.

Here is the typical dream of a sufferer from sexual impotence:

I want to pay a visit, and arrive at a villa surrounded by a fine garden. I try to open the door, but it appears to be locked. I try to ring the bell, but with little success for the machinery is rusted. At length I produce a faint ring. An elderly woman appears at the window and says: "The door is open. Press hard on the latch." I try, but the door does not open. I feel that I should make myself ridiculous were I to call for help; and when, in the end, I decide to call, I can hardly make a sound—I suppose because I am ashamed. Then there comes up a rough fellow, obviously a butcher's delivery man, who looks at me contemptuously, presses the latch, and opens the door. I give up the idea of paying my visit, and hurry away.

The inhibition is thrice referred to. He cannot open the door; the bell won't work properly; and he cannot call for help. This is a fine illustration of the fact that the leitmotif of a dream is usually repeated several times—for emphasis, as it were. The dreamer cannot do what every common man can manage as easily as falling off a log. He is so ashamed that he makes a bolt of it. Very plainly is displayed the central idea: "I cannot."

Frigidity

Very remarkable are the dreams in which frigid women symbolize their sexual anaesthesia. They dream of snowfields, of ice-bound surfaces; something in them has died. Women who experience sexual excitement but do not achieve the orgasm, dream of a train they are running after but fail to catch. In the dream they "flog themselves on," but without avail (frustration). A carriage draws up with a jerk; a high hedge prevents her getting into the garden; she is engaged upon needlework and cannot finish it; she runs a race and is beaten at the post. Again there are numberless variations.

References to the illnesses are often obscure, and can only be explained by inference. (Numerous examples are given in my *Frigidity in Woman,* Liveright, New York, 1926.)

Many examples of the representation of parapathic symptoms in dreams of frigid women are given in Wengraf's interesting book *Die Psychotherapie des Frauenarztes* (Verlag der Psychotherapeutischen Praxis, Weidmann and Co., Vienna).[1] I reproduce here only one dream, that of a woman of thirty-six, the mother of three children, who is absolutely frigid in intercourse with her husband. The presumable cause of the frigidity was a number of traumata, one of which is alluded to in the dream:

I am dead, but hear and feel everything that goes on around me, as if I were in a cataleptic trance. I am lying in an empty room, whose windows give on a lovely garden, in which a bird is singing beautifully, but its melodious notes are strangely muted. I strain my senses to listen better. The muted tone worries me, but the song seems to draw nearer, and in a moment, surely, I shall hear the notes that will bring deliverance. I feel that I ought to

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[1] An English translation will be published in the near future.—EDITOR.

seize the bird, but cannot stir a finger, for I am dead. Now I am sure that it is coming . . . . , but the bird flies away. I am not sad, since I know that this was inevitable.

The layer-out comes to wash my body for interment. I feel ashamed, for the day before I fell down and dirtied my left side, which, so far, I have neglected to wash. As he draws near, I feel his glance light on the soiled spot. Still, I calm myself, for I hope that no one else will see it.

Here we have a wonderful depiction of her sexual frigidity. She is dead, as if in a cataleptic trance, and is lying in an empty room. The delivering orgasm is at hand, but does not come. The bird she ought to grasp, flies away. (The symbolism is obvious.) Glorious is the increase of sensation, the tone draws nearer and nearer, but there is no discharge. The reference to the trauma (the soiled spot) explains the frigidity. Here is another plain confirmation of my theory that every dream analyzes itself, that in the dream the dreamer recognizes the cause of his parapathic disorder. The layer-out is the analyst; the relations between death and the orgasm are vividly portrayed. (For details, see the above-mentioned book, pp. 130, et seq.) The analysis is looked upon as a purification, as a cleansing bath (catharsis).

Leucorrhea

Women who suffer from leucorrhea (the "white fluor"), and a resultant inferiority complex, dream of this fluor in various symbolic ways. They picture offensive outflows from a bad smelling channel; or that the body is covered with sores which have a disgusting smell, or which exude pus, mucus, and blood. (Symbolical equation of the secretions and the excretions. The matter is discussed in *Die Sprache des Traumes.*)

There is an aggregation of sexual symbols in the next dream, that of a married woman suffering from obsessional parapathy who, though sincerely religious, found it hard to restrain forbidden impulses. She suffered from an exaggerated desire for cleanliness, from washing mania, and from morbid doubt. (I record only the beginning of a dream.)

I am looking at a map on which numerous rivers are depicted. In the middle is a mighty river which, starting in the Po basin, debouches in the Bay of Manchuria.

The dream continues as an exposition of the Cinderella theme, this being the leitmotif of her biography. She suffers from various inferiority complexes, the most distressful of which is the lack of beautifully formed breasts. Her husband has been so inconsiderate as to taunt her with this lack on several occasions. In the dream the bosom is symbolized by a bay. (In German, *Meerbusen,* a "bosom of the sea.") Her heartfelt longing is for such a bosom. We know that she suffers from leucorrhea, and that this flows into the Po basin (the pot-de-chamber). Perhaps the Bay of Manchuria condenses a reference to a man. Anyhow the dream becomes much more significant when we recognize that the fluor is its central idea.

Dysmenorrhea

In "Biologische Heilkunst," 1932, no. 45, under the caption *Psychogenese einer Dysmenorrhoe,* Bien publishes the dream of a married woman aged 28 who suffers from painful menstruation:

Jazz music is being played. A saxophonist steps into a vat of fermenting new wine which stands upon the floor. "Take care," I say. "You will make my whole floor dirty."

Here we are plainly shown the contrast between white (the fermenting must of new wine, called in German "Federweisse") and dirty, the stepping in, the need for caution—all symbolical allusions to the source of her trouble. The case is very interesting, and is analyzed in the light of the trauma. This was probably the defloration of the girl by her stepfather—the saxophonist of the dream.

Homosexuality

Now I give the dream of a homosexual:

I went to climb a ladder leaning against a tree and rising to the height of a five-storeyed house. In some inexplicable way the ladder is made fast at the top. First I am on the tree, and then on the latter. In my hand I hold a little box containing a million shillings. Below me they are playing football, not very well. The ball hurtles past me. I want to descend. The rungs are rotten and fragile. I think: "If I throw the money down, those footballers will take it." Trying to get down I awake in a condition of intense anxiety.

This homosexual has a strange fantasy. He masturbates to the accompaniment of the notion that he pricks a child's air balloon or crushes it between his hands so that it bursts with a loud report. Often, too, he fancies that he has such an air balloon attached to his behind, that a man wants to prick it, and that he must adroitly elude the attack. Here we have a clear case of psychosexual infantilism. He has never indulged in any homosexual act. Everything takes place in the realm of his exuberant imagination. The situation is wonderfully represented (in the dream) as betwixt heaven and earth. The patient has climbed too high, and wants to get back to reality on solid earth.

The football is an obvious variant of the child's air balloon, which, in turn, is a symbol of the breast, the nates, and the pregnant abdomen. The little box is his illness, his treasure, which he must renounce or let fall if he is to get back to earth. It is also a symbol of his sister whom, in streotyped dreams, he, as fireman, rescues from a burning house. His attitude towards women is sadistic, this explaining his great dread of women. The ladder is also religiously symbolical, being the ladder which Jacob saw in a dream (*Genesis,* 28, 12). That was why "in some inexplicable way" it was made fast at the top.

Fetishism

The next case is that of a fetishist:

The patient, in whom the sight of the nates with trousers tightly stretched over them, and the spanking of such nates, arouses pleasurable sensations, fell in love with a girl, who could (he believed) free him from the enslavement to his paraphilia. But the girl had no patience with his caprices, and broke off relations. In his despair he consulted an analyst. Towards the end of the treatment he produced the following dream:

I am called up for military service, in Dalmatia. Before we can enter the barracks, we must provide the materials for building them, and clear away the rubbish, the time spent on these jobs being reckoned as part of our term of service. I have caught gonorrhoea. I apply to the army surgeon, who twists the glans penis round in such a way that the orifice of the urethra comes to lie upon the sulcus. I think: "Prophylaxis is here therapeutics." Another patient tells me that this surgeon has a second method of treatment. He stretches the flaccid penis and ties a knot in it, so that the urethra is blocked. Before applying for treatment I *passed quantities of mucus and pus in the urine. Amid this was a rag as large as a handkerchief.*

The dream throws light upon the analytical situation. He thinks the analyst cannot help him. It is too late now. He ought to have been differently brought up. Prophylaxis is more important than therapeutics. He has been effecting the "sterilisatio magna" on his own initiative, eliminating all the filth. Asked for associations to the dream he mentions a cruel way of castrating bull-calves. (Causing atrophy of the testicles by stretching the spermatic cords.) No more associations come. We recognize his introversion and his desire to keep his illness to himself.

Where then is the representation of his fetishism? It is plain enough in the dream. Like the majority of fetishists, he suffers from phimosis. If the glans is bent double, the foreskin is stretched over it. This betrays the situation that is peculiarly pleasurable to him (trousers stretched tightly over nates). But to the expert the dream conveys additional information. It leads us to suppose that the patient masturbated in childhood, and that his father threatened him with castration and with having his penis ligated.

Erection was probably painful, the pleasure and the pain being concomitant, so that his sadistic trend is explicable as the outcome of infantile impressions. In the patient's next dream his hatred of the father was plainly manifest, though it is concealed in the dream above recorded. The doctor is depreciated, and so is the father. The doctor's remedies are absurd, and can only lead to the pus being pent up. The summons to military service signifies that he is to be under compulsion. But the house where he is to live is not yet built. He must clear away the rubbish from the site and must supply mortar—must make arrangements for the analysis and must pay for it, though analysis is idiotic and can lead to nothing. The obsessional trouble is denoted by the knot which is tied in his stretched penis. The doctor ought to cut through the Gordian knot. Instead, he ties new knots, and makes the patient impotent; that is to say incapable of normal love. All the reproaches levelled against the doctor represent phenomena of the transference. The doctor is a father-imago, and the hostility to the father has been transferred to the analyst, who, though in most respects extremely capable, failed to understand the situation. The upshot was that the analysis was ineffectual, and the patient came to me.

The central idea (trousers stretched over the nates) finds its counterpart in the foreskin stretched over the glans, thus pointing to the origin of the parapathy.

Masochism

Paraphiliacs almost invariably "give themselves away" in their dreams. The central problem, the peculiar craving, the sexual perversion (as it is so often called), peeps out again and again. A lady-patient whose paraphilia is a desire that a man should make water over her, and who masturbates to the accompaniment of this fantasy, dreams:

A four-in-hand has run away through the streets, causing general alarm. In front of a house the horses and the coach stand up vertically, at right angles to the street, so that the leaders reach up to the first-floor windows. Naturally the inmates of this flat shrink back in terror. I bolted through a house with a thoroughfare leading through it, and came to an icebound square where the snow lay deep. In the middle stood an officer. I asked him how to get into the open, and he told me; but as I emerged, everything seemed strange and hateful. A dog jumped up on me and made water over me, so that my new blue costume was drenched up to the waist. I went to complain to the owner. They were wealthy people, sitting in a well-heated drawing room decked with flowers, like a wintergarten. I insisted that they *ought to pay for having my costume cleaned. They laughed, saying that there was no reason for making such a fuss, for no serious harm had been done, and the costume was already getting dry. But I said: "You can't expect me to go out in a perfectly new dress which has been dirtied in this way by your dog."*

When I got home, I was told that Mitzi (the daughter of some people who live in our block) had been operated upon. They said that ever since her father's death she had suffered from a choking sensation in the throat, and had been treated by a neurologist. But she had an organic trouble as well, so they operated, and she died under the anaesthetic. I felt terribly sorry as I thought of her mother and how the poor woman must feel the loss.

The dreamer is a married woman, forty years of age. Her morbid craving is symbolized by the runaway horses, and, by material symbols, erection and fellation (first-story windows) as well as infantile anxiety are indicated. The officer is the analyst, who is to show her the way to freedom and deliverance. Her present condition is hateful; she is completely frigid in sexual intercourse (the ice-bound square where the snow lies deep). As a reminiscence of childhood and as her first dream the dog appears (an elder brother). Spiritual purification (catharsis) is represented as cleaning of the dress, and subsequently as a surgical operation during which her infantile ego is to die. The mention of the father's death is an obvious allusion to the cause of her choking sensation in the throat and of her fits of depression. During his last illness, when she was helping to nurse him, she gave him the urine-bottle on one occasion when he was in bed, handling his penis longer than was needful, and managing that the urine should flow over her hands instead of into the bottle. Afterwards she suffered much from self-reproach, and had various parapathic troubles. At length she was operated on for uterine myomata, and while under the anaesthetic reiterated the memory of the trauma.

In the dream the patient is regretful at the thought of having to renounce her infantile fantasies (urinary sexuality). The illness is Mitzi who has been operated upon (displacement upon a neighbor); she herself is Mitzi's mother, and she is unhappy when she contemplates the prospect of parting from her urinary sexuality.

We shall have to return to this case.

The next dream (a man's) provides a depiction of infantilism:

I have had a son. My parents are looking at the child. It resembles a photo of myself taken at the age of three. Large shrewd eyes. I feel that the child greatly surpasses me in intelligence. My mother examines its teeth and finds that they are very bad. I look into the mouth and notice that the rottenness of the interior of the teeth shows through the white enamel. While I do this my son contemplates me expressively and with profound understanding. I say: "Don't worry. These are only the milk teeth, which will be shed." My son glances at me gratefully, and says after a while, slowly and meaningly: "Did you, too, have such teeth?" I am silent. After a disagreeable pause the child says: "Poor Hansi." (That was what they called me in childhood—a name formed from Hans.) The child says it compassionately, and seems sad. Now it is time for me to take care of my son. I proceed to do so, but find to my horror that he shrinks until he is quite small, like a beetle, and he scrabbles on a chest of drawers. I am sorry for the pitiful creature. After a time the thing crawls off somewhere. I am afraid someone may tread on it. Then, on the table where the flowers are, I see a similar whitish creature crawling about: I go nearer, much disappointed, and say to myself: "Ah, there he is again. However, it was not my son, but a real beetle. Drawing a breath of relief, I think: "My son has probably killed himself. Since he was exceptionally intelligent, he must quickly have realized that so wretched an existence was not worth living."

Apropos of this dream, the patient remarked: "Throughout the dream I had a sense of sorrow and of being sick of life. This feeling persisted after I awoke. It was like the feeling I had when I dreamed that all my teeth dropped out. Often in connection with these stereotyped dreams about teeth I felt that the teeth which were shed were only milk-teeth. But if a few teeth were left in the mouth I would think (in the dream): 'These are wisdom teeth.' I should also like to point out that when I was examining the child's teeth I noticed that the left canine was crookedly implanted, and that I have the same oblique canines. Now it is interesting to note that when I look at myself in the glass I see my left canine on the right of the mirrored image. In the dream the child's left canine was oblique. What I saw in the dream was not the false looking glass picture of my own teeth. It was only as I looked at myself in the mirror that I noticed how the child's wry tooth was on the left, mine (in the mirror) on the right. Only later did it occur to me how the sides are inverted in the looking-glass. This surprised me very much."

Here is another dream of the same patient, a variant of the first:

Once more I have had a son. In the dream I wake up in bed and see my son clambering about at the foot of the bed. He has the shape of a monkey, the color of red sealing wax, the size of a mouse, and a long tail. I try to make a fat, elderly gentleman who is sitting in the room look at the thing, but he goes on reading the newspaper, and can't be bothered. Then I tell my sister what has happened, but she laughs, and won't believe me. I say to her: "All the same, I did dream that I had had a son; and when I awoke, there my son was." I go on: "Wait a minute, and you'll see him yourself." I am right, for my son appears again. He now has the shape and size of a hornet (being just over an inch long), and flies round me aggressively. But his body is like that of a human being. I say to my sister: "Do look at the thing, it looks *quite human. Now I let the thing settle on my finger. The thing immediately thrusts its sting into my finger. I want to draw away my hand, but see that the thing has broken off its sting. The sting remains sticking in my finger. (I feel no pain.) So I say to myself: "You can let the thing alight where it pleases, for it has no sting now." I go on looking at the thing, which still tries to sting me, and makes angry thrusting movements towards my finger with its head, but of course cannot sting me. At length the head breaks off, and thereupon the trunk, too, falls apart into several pieces.*

The patient is thirty-two years of age. Though he has had considerable social successes, he has never really grown up. His sexual life has been auto-erotic, and his originally sadistic fantasies have gradually been transformed into masochistic ones. In both the dreams above recorded he recognizes the morbidity and perversity of his infantilism. The rottenness of the interior of the teeth shows through the white enamel. He is aware of the tragedy of his life, and is very sorry for himself. Still he finds it hard to break away from his infantile fantasies. Suicidal thoughts accompany and follow his first dream.

In the second dream we have a variation. He repeatedly has such dreams. But in this dream appears the object of his paraphilia, the sister to whom he was devotedly attached. True, he has completely suppressed this passion. (He sees himself mirrored in his childhood and puts his canine tooth on the wrong side.) He would like to have another sister (not his own sister) as wife, but is afraid of bringing some degenerate creature into the world. He would not marry a cousin to whom he was deeply attached (a sister imago) because he was afraid of having degenerate offspring. But the sting remains in his flesh. Infantile experiences with the sister have left ineradicable traces in his mind. The representation of his psychosexual infantilism in these two dreams is wonderfully apt. His "child" is his illness—the primal creation of his morbid imagination.

He wants to be analyzed, in the hope of becoming a man and getting well, but regret at the thought of bidding farewell to his parapathy breathes through all his dreams. He still lives at home with his parents, luxuriating in his fantasies; and he defends himself against the dangers of the world by induing a logical coat-of-mail which enables him to do violence to parts of his own nature and to delude himself with false imagery. Nevertheless he is very sorry for himself (narcissism), and foresees an unhappy ending. The child's exclamation "Poor Hansi" is fully justified.

Schizophrenia

Dreams are of the utmost value as aids to diagnosis. It is about thirty years since Näcke pointed out that the dream was a trustworthy guide to the diagnosis of what he regarded as "inborn homosexuality." His views are now obsolete. (First of all, homosexuality is not congenital, but acquired. Secondly, manifest homosexuals often have heterosexual dreams. Thirdly, since everyone has a homosexual component, everyone can have homosexual dreams.) Still, we must admire the boldness of this investigator of the old school who did not hesitate to appeal to dreams as an adjuvant in diagnosis.

I have found that the first warnings of the onset of schizophrenia can be given in dreams years before the actual outbreak of the disease. This may be of importance for the prophylaxis of schizophrenia. Alienists and asylum superintendents see the morbid process only when it has become fully installed, but the analyst encounters schizophrenia at an early stage when its symptoms correspond to those of a "parapathy."

Long before the appearance of indubitably schizophrenic symptoms, the dream may warn us of coming perils, as if the unconscious had an inkling of the grave danger. We know that such premonitory dreams are fairly common during the incubation period of severe infectious disorders. I will give some examples of the way in which forebodings of grave mental disorder may occur in dreams as manifestations of an endopsychic awareness.

A law student aged 23 comes to consult me for impotence. For two years he has been in love with a girl of seventeen, and is half-engaged to her. Wishing to satisfy himself as to his potency he tried to have connection with a prostitute, but failed. A second attempt was equally unsuccessful. The young fool could find nothing better to do than to blab his misfortunes to his betrothed, and also the young woman's mother, to whom he confided his fears that he must be impotent. This lady, having experience and a sound understanding, was not so much alarmed as he had expected, for she told him that such misadventures were by no means uncommon, the experimenter being rendered incapable by a loathing for the professional drab. This young man is preposterously jealous, torments his betrothed with unwarrantable reproaches, wishes to prevent her holding parley with other young men, takes her out walking on lonely roads where she will have no opportunities for "making eyes" at any one, and so on. Also he is a hypochondriac. Two months ago he fancied himself to be suffering from grave stomach trouble. A doctor whom he consulted said there was nothing the matter, and that he could eat anything. But he was afraid to eat heartily, for he did not want to get a big paunch. On the other hand he did not want to lose flesh and look wasted, so he was between two fires. He also believed he had discovered homosexual trends, and suffered from fits of depression.

Now I will recount one of the dreams typical of his trouble:

I have to travel on an extraordinary-looking railway. The rails are crooked, and scarcely visible. Instead of the railway carriages, there is only a rickety board. I go away to fetch something and come back when the train has just started. Clinging to the board, on to which I wish to climb, I awake in a fright.

Very remarkable is the representation of his illness. The hypochondriacal gastric disorder was an endopsychic admission that all was not as it should be in his brain. (Displacement downwards.) In the dream, everything is out of order. The rails are abnormal, and instead of the railway carriages he finds only a board, on which he is to stand for the journey. (Lack of mental balance.) Where is the train going? He has a strong death impulse, and the impotence is a pretext for suicide. Assurances that he will get well, and will be potent with the woman of his choice, are unavailing. He is set upon another trial with a prostitute, but, despite the self-awareness the analysis has brought, this will probably be a failure.

Here is a second dream:

I am boxing with a man who has nothing on but a pair of shorts. Though he attacks me furiously, I do not feel his blows. He proudly tells me that he is very strong. I point to his head with a gesture indicating that he is touched in the upper story. He repudiates the action. I awake.

The struggle between sickness and health that is going on within him is here plainly indicated. He does not yet feel the blows of illness, but knows that the abnormal is very strong. The dream ends with a reference to insanity.

The dreams of schizoids and schizophrenics are usually detailed and romantic. Perhaps only at one point does the trouble peep out. The danger of approaching insanity expresses itself in dreams of burglars, of an assault, of a sudden attack by a wild beast.

Here is a borderland patient's typical dream:

I am in charge of a lunatic. He wants to escape, and I must shackle him. But I have no chains, so I bind his hands as well as I can with a dirty clout. Then I shut him up in the linen press. He wriggles his hands free, and bangs fiercely at the door. Afraid that he will attack me, I barricade the door by pushing the bed against it.

This lunatic is his second self. The dirty clout is a reference to masturbation; so is the bed. He is afraid that masturbation will lead to his becoming insane.

Here is another example. A young man of twenty-four, a hypochondriac in whom the onset of schizophrenia is dreaded, dreams:

I sit at a table, wondering what my ego really is. This is a disagreeable thought, hard to describe. Feeling sorrowful, I grow more and more melancholy.

Awareness of the imminence of mental disorder begins to break through. Suicidal impulses intensify, as is common in the early stages of schizophrenia. Forebodings of the coming disaster are manifest.

A woman with paranoidal ideas dreams:

Looking out of window I see some women one of whom is an acquaintance. I have the impression that they are laughing at me. Then it occurs to me that this is impossible, for they are not looking at me. I find myself in a garden, busied at the edge of a hole where there are a lot of ants. Then I become aware that there is some excrement at the bottom of the hole. It seems to me very dangerous to stay at the edge of this hole, for there are gnats upon *the excrement, and they might bite me. I am afraid of blood poisoning. I wonder why, in view of this danger, I do not move on to another hole and stay there.*

Foreboding ill, the dream begins by displaying her fixed idea that people are laughing at her. Vainly does she try to convince herself, in the dream, that the women cannot be really laughing at her since they are not looking at her. Then she catches sight of a deep hole full of ants, while at the bottom of it is excrement. This is obviously her picture of her own mind, in the depths of which are unclean fantasies (homosexual impulses). The ants signify the confusion of her thoughts (flight of ideas). She recognizes the danger of being infected (here infection denotes homosexuality), but her blood is already poisoned, so she remains spellbound beside the hole (a material emblem of her neighbor's vagina).

Much harder to interpret is the next dream, that of a woman of thirty-eight, a borderland case, but described as schizoid:

Being on board ship, I am commissioned to fetch bread from another ship. I swim over and bring back two loaves. Then I swim to the ship once more and fetch two slices, for what I brought the first time was not the right kind of bread, being only sultana bread for children. Swimming back the second time is very difficult and dangerous. I cannot find access to my own ship. My forehead is wounded.

The mental disorder is symbolized by the wound in the forehead. She stands between two worlds, the real world and a fictional one (her dream world). She is married to a fine fellow, and has no reason to reproach him. But she is in love with her stepfather, who seduced her when she was sixteen. They slept together twice (two slices). She oscillates unceasingly between these two worlds, by day as well as by night, for she is a day-dreamer. It is twenty-two years since the experiences with the stepfather, and she does not even know whether he is alive, for her mother divorced him twenty years ago; but she lives in day-dreams about how she will find him again when she has left her husband. All her fantasies are rooted in the soil of this long-past experience. In the dream we are now considering, she swims from one ship to the other in search of intellectual pabulum for her second world. What she brings back is only sultana bread for children. She is herself a mother, and her dream life contrasts crassly with her real life. She is aware of the danger that a time may come when she will not be able to find her way back to the real world, and will sink in the waters of madness (which can alone bring her fulfilment of her secret yearnings).

Sinister is the strength of these early experiences—in which she was never fully possessed by the stepfather. Nearly a generation has elapsed, but she still longs for him, spending hours in the second world, in which she can annul present realities, and luxuriate in the "sultana bread for children." Often, becoming aware of the danger, she tries to annul the dream of her youth and swim back to the first ship, to her husband and children, to her duties and everyday cares. But here the dream shows two faces or speaks with a double tongue. The first ship is also the stepfather, to whom she can never find the way back. It is as if the dream were saying to her: "Abandon these foolish fantasies. Your life may be wrecked by them."

In this case the aim of the treatment was to educate the patient towards renouncement of the "second world" and a wholehearted recognition of the first. The result was eminently satisfactory. She gave up seeking "sultana bread for children," having learned that sultanas are not an adequate food, and that she was wasting her best energies in the struggle for an unattainable goal. Not until she grew fully aware how much she had remained a child, could she become what hitherto she had only feigned to be—wife and mother.

Cyclothymia

The following is a dream of a woman of forty who suffers from cyclothymia.

I see a cylindrical glass vessel in which a herring swims round and round, always in the same direction. Gradually the fluid becomes clouded, milky, and this alarms me very much.

To say nothing of other determinants of the dream, I concentrate upon the "fixed idea" which is here admirably symbolized by the herring that swims ever in the same circle. (Of course the herring is also a phallic symbol, betraying the patient's sexual obsessions.) Her thoughts used to be lucid and orderly, despite the obsessions. Now her mind grows clouded. (The clouding of the clear fluid.)

RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM IN DREAMS

Chapter Four

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RELIGIOUS SYMBOLISM IN DREAMS[1]

If my recent dream analyses differ in type from those to be found in *Die Sprache des Traumes,* this is because functional interpretation now interests me more than does material. (I use Silberer's excellent terminology—though Silberer himself admits that I was interpreting dreams functionally before his writings on the subject appeared, my intuitive knowledge of dream processes having guided me.) Some critics reproach me for the very thing I consider an advance. Bruno Saaler, for instance, writing in the "Zeitschrift für Sexualwissenschaft" about my studies of fetishism, says: "Formerly we used to find psychoanalysis forcing a sexual significance upon matters which had no connection with sex; now the boot is on the other leg." This shows me that Saaler does not understand my work. When a patient has been analyzed for fourteen months and asked to produce dreams day after day, he finds a malicious joy in triumphing secretly over the doctor. He will dish up "sexual symbols" that are not sexual at all, but are merely intended to depreciate the analyst and show the analyzand's superiority. Besides, everything connected with parapathy is double-edged. At one time I was chiefly interested in sexual symbolism. Now my interests have taken the opposite turn. Whereas formerly I used to seek the non-moral behind the moral, I now seek the moral behind the non-moral. Let me substantiate this.

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[1] The following chapter is a part of the article *Fortschritte der Traumdeutung* (*Kritisches, Polemisches und Neues*) which appeared in 1914 in the Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse.

Freud's pupils were always inclined to look for suppressed sexuality as a cause of parapathy. I soon abandoned the practice, for I came to hold other views, and in the little pamphlet entitled *Die Ursachen der Nervosität* (Verlag Paul Knepler, 1907—my first contribution to psychoanalytical literature) I declared that the causes of parapathy—though I did not yet use the word—were to be classified under three heads: (1) the excessive sensibility of parapaths; (2) repression; (3) a psychical conflict, which was usually a struggle between impulse and inhibition.

Today I have nothing to add to this etiology. I do not agree with Adler that the sense of inferiority is of primary importance, but only that undue accentuation of the impulsive life (a reversionary phenomenon) is a factor of parapathy.

Whilst I used to encounter cases in which sexuality had been repressed, I soon began to distinguish persons with a different kind of repression. They were amoral (or seemingly amoral) and non-religious individuals who had repressed their morality and their pious inclinations.

These are the precise opposites of those whom Freud describes as suffering from repressed sexuality—but have this essential feature in common with the others. They suffer from repression, from a conflict between impulse and inhibition.

This type was of especial interest to me because it was more cryptic and rarer than the type with suppressed sexuality. My first incontrovertible demonstrations of suppressed religiosity were made in the fetishists that consulted me. But later I came across the same thing in many other parapaths, finding what I looked for, once my attention had been directed to it. That is why I now see suppressed religion and suppressed morality where I used to see sexual factors of illness. Though, having such an abundance of parapaths to treat, I perhaps see sexual cases more often and more plainly than do some of my colleagues, I no longer publish their histories. In fine, science cannot be further advanced by the discovery of two or three new phallic symbols, whereas a knowledge of suppressed religiosity and the discovery of resistance dreams can unquestionably mark a step forward.

There are, of course, mixed types—persons who have repressed both religious and sexual inclinations. Both currents exist in them side by side, but only part of the streams is allowed to enter consciousness. Such have dreams of both kinds. These form the majority of parapaths. But the contrasted types may exist unalloyed—or as a "pure culture" artificially prepared by the psychoanalyst.

I am now treating a lady who is suffering from agoraphobia, and whose life is made intolerable by giddiness and attacks of vomiting. She has had a long series of love affairs, has apparently no scruples about fidelity either to her husband or to the leading lover of the moment, and gives free rein to her sexual impulses. Yet she has a phobia. What can she be afraid of except (in her secret heart) the punishment of her sins? In the second edition of my *Angstzustände*, in a chapter entitled "Die Psychologie der Furcht," I maintain that the fear of God's wrath is universal. That is what this patient dreads.

Here is another case, a man this time. He has seduced at least half a dozen girls, has plenty of married women at his beck and call, and intersperses his heterosexual activities with homosexual liaisons. So handsome is he, this man of the world with polished manners, that he is a most accomplished lady-killer. Why, then, is he sleepless, full of fears, unfitted for work? Is he pious? One might think that impossible, to hear his cheerful description of some blasphemous escapade in church. But this impiety, these acts of immorality, avenge themselves. When he does something to vaunt his contempt for religion, he is brought to book by a "hang-over" like the headache which follows an alcoholic debauch. His dreams have the typical Last Judgment stamp, and show that at bottom he is desperately afraid of the wrath of God. The parapathy is a self-imposed punishment.

Here is one of the dreams.

I am to be examined in the class for religious instruction, and am unprepared. The master has a big, thick book in which all my bad marks are entered. I awake with an attack of anxiety and palpitation.

He also suffers from anxiety during storms, and a sombre day reduces him to despair. His hypochondriasis, his dread of various diseases and of surgical operations, is true to type. Every possible illness is a danger, one of the arrows in God's quiver. Such men are pusillanimous, being afraid to tempt the higher powers by assuming a bold front. I need hardly say that they are full of superstitions.

In this connection I may refer to the immense importance of long illness for the causation of parapathy, or at any rate for the activation of a parapathic trend. When they are laid up, persons who are accustomed to be fully occupied with matters which keep them from brooding, have plenty of time to think about themselves and their past lives. Problems arise to harass them; thoughts that were formerly elusive and veiled in the obscurity of dreams, now rise into the pitiless light of the waking mind. Anyhow, illness is a test. Especially operations are a test, for the patient has to look death in the face, and has a vivid realization of the likelihood of his being called to account. How often does a freethinker admit that he prayed before an operation, or during severe illness made a solemn vow of amendment! The pressure of illness, or imminent operation, teaches people to pray, stimulates their faith, awakens and quickens dormant conflicts. It was only after an appendicitis operation that the last-mentioned patient began to brood unwholesomely upon the error of his ways.

Let me return to consider the double nature of human beings. The tendency to conceal one nature or the other, the religious inclination or the sexual, finds expression in dreams. I will recount a few such dreams, beginning with a dream which shows the tendency in manifold forms.

The lady mentioned above who was a Messalina by temperament though inwardly pious, has a little girl at home, and never thinks of this child in the daytime, nor does she write to ask how Gretchen is getting on, what Gretchen is doing. She is indifferent to her daughter. She would like to get a divorce, and hand the child over to her husband. Her ailments are more troublesome when she is with Gretchen, and she feels better when far away from home—although she says Gretchen is a sweet little thing. The fact that she does not love the child leaves her withers unwrung—or so it appears. It is because she does not love the father, she thinks, that she does not care for the child. She married without love, married a man whom she found physically distasteful, but did so because a doctor told her that nothing but sexual gratification would cure her. Now she had to suffer the added torments of an unsuccessful marriage, for she was frigid. She hoped matters would be better when the child was born, but alas they were not, for she did not love her daughter. On the contrary, she detested the child. But every night during the treatment she dreamed of Gretchen.

I saw my little girl. She looked pale and peaky, folded her hands as if in prayer, and said: "My darling Mummy, please come to me!"

During the night, the patient's moral nature awakens and tells her how depraved she is. She has had dreams like the foregoing by the dozen. During the analysis her hatred of her child was disclosed, and we went so far as to discuss her criminal impulses. She has had an impulse to do the child a hurt. She was afraid of being alone with Gretchen, and could not bear to look at a knife. Whenever she caressed her daughter, she was seized by the idea: "The little thing is completely in your hands, and you could strangle her if you liked. One firm grip of that little neck, and she will be dead." She dreaded having the child in bed with her, lest the desire to throttle Gretchen should overpower her. When the little girl was drinking, the mother thought: "If only the wretch would choke, as she very easily might, you would be free at last, and could get a divorce from your husband." The consequence of those thoughts was that she had dyspnoea, a sense of suffocation, a feeling that there was a lump in her swallow. This globus hystericus, as it is called, has been interpreted by Sadger as signifying the phallus, as the fantasy of fellation—and Freud has accepted the interpretation. Perhaps the interpretation is sound in many cases. I have again and again noticed that hysterical patients have an attack of "globus" whenever an "evil" thought takes possession of them. One of my patients said to me about such a thought: "I had the sensation of a lump in my throat for several months, but in the end I was able to swallow it down."

Globus is the parapathic (symbolical) expression of the patient's unwillingness to suppress some particular wish, to repress some particular painful idea. In the course of the analysis, when we were having our extremely painful discussions about the impulse to kill the child, the patient had the following dream:

In the forest I killed an animal. When I saw the keeper, I was afraid of him. I skinned the beast as quickly as possible, wanting to bury it, but there was not time to dig a grave. Then it occurred to me to turn the skin inside out and use it with the fur outside. I did this, and put the cloak on. It was a lovely, soft ermine. The keeper never noticed what I had done.

This very day when she produced the foregoing dream, she had been trying to convince me how fond she was of her daughter. But the dream shows that she regards the doctor who is in search of the truth as a gamekeeper or hunter. (The German word *Jäger* signifies either or both.)

Here is my interpretation of the dream: "I have a wild beast within. I wanted to overcome it and to repress my criminal tendencies, but could not do so. Therefore I play the innocent and affectionate mother. (The cloak is symbol of concealment and of love.) I won't admit to the doctor that I have a beast within. I have killed it." The dream also looks ahead. "I shall overcome the beast, shall be a good mother to my child. When death comes (the gamekeeper-hunter as symbol of death and the judge) and I am called to account, I shall be found blameless." The dream takes this future as present. The analyst, recognizing that the patient has a strong moral trend in addition to her criminal instincts, can already tell her that her parapathy will never be cured if she forsakes her daughter and fails to fulfil her maternal obligations.

Here is another of the same patient's dreams:

An apple tree covered with blossoms. Someone has torn down the branches that are growing wildly, without thinking that the flowers on them might turn to fruit. I, likewise, tore off two branches, and looked all round to see if a policeman might be watching me. For a notice is posted: "Thou shalt not. . . ." Taking two sprigs of apple blossom, I flung them into the lap of someone who was sitting there, and covered them with a dirty, stinking, ragged dishcloth. If the policeman comes, he will not blame me, since I hope he will not see the torn sprigs.

Next I ate from a cherry tree. There was only one cherry, high up. I stretched to reach it, and then ate it. Up came a stout, red-faced man, to whom the orchard belonged. He said: "This is private property. What have you been doing?" Holding out my hands to him, I implored: "Please don't punish me." He had already raised his hand to give me a box on the ear, but when I pleaded with him he took pity on me, and stroked me forgivingly.

Supplement: Really I had stolen three cherries, so I was cheating the owner of the orchard. There were three cherry stones in my hand, but I showd him only one of them, so he was not hard on me. That made my sin all the worse.

She is a pleasure-loving woman, who recognizes no restraints. To have abortion procured seems to her a trifle. When her menstruation was a few days behind, she said: "Oh, I don't let that trouble me. I shall go and have another curettage." But the dream shows that her conscience pricks her. We are watched by an all-seeing eye. The policeman is a symbol of unsleeping justice. Notices are posted: "Thou shalt not . . ." She disregarded the commandment, and then tried to cheat God. Turning moral prescriptions inside out (as in the previous dream), she covered the white sprays of blossom with a dirty dishcloth. She is apparently foul, a depraved woman, but knows herself to be inwardly clean, pure, and pious. If she went wrong it was because another woman, her sister, led her astray. The sister is the dirty dishcloth, who will hide her transgressions. The two sprays of blossom are symbols of the embryos.

In the supplement, she only admits having sinned once. (One cherry.) She is determined to hide the two other cherries, the symbols of the two abortions that have been procured. The punishment is replaced by a caress. She was often able to placate her husband and her lovers, so that they fondled her instead of punishing her. Surely she would be able to placate the Arch-Judge, God Almighty, in the same way?

These dreams display a puckish inclination to evade guilt, and to regard the parapathy as an extenuating circumstance. Elsewhere I have explained that the infantile logic of our patients makes them plead: "Dear God, I have suffered so much, have been so frightfully ill, that I am sure you will not punish me." This superstitious faith makes them afraid of joy, which may be "counted up against them." They are sinners, and must suffer, or at least seem to do so.

The dreams also betray a resolve to hide something from the doctor. The doctor is the gamekeeper, the constable, the owner of the orchard. He hunts her erring thoughts as a hunter pursues game, keeps watch on her doings like a policeman, takes note of her transgressions, reproaches her for having broken the commandments. We know how often the doctor is assigned the role of father, and in the transference is given the strangest parts to play.

More and more the conviction grows on me that we must be guided in our analyses by the revelations of the dream. What is the dreamer's true attitude towards the doctor? This is the first question we have to answer, a vital, often a decisive one.[1]

This is perhaps a good opportunity to pick a bone with Maeder [2] who has published an important contribution to our topic.[3]

This was a most interesting and instructive lecture given at the last Psychoanalytical Congress in Munich, when Maeder set out to justify his deviations (and also those of the Zurich school) from the orthodox Freudians. He maintains that the nature of dreams is not wholly explained by the supposition that in every case they are wish fulfilments. Maeder contends that the Freudian school has hitherto been inclined to neglect the clinical study of the dream, and to regard it as if it were an independent symptom. The sexual interpretation of dreams is, he says, only the first stage of, and perhaps no more than a prologue to, the foundation of a true science of dream interpretation. The "Viennese Method of Interpretation," which ignores the need for a full knowledge of the dreamer's clinical history, is inadmissible, and it is superficial to explain dreams exclusively through symbolism. The dream has two faces, one, "retrospective," being

[1] It will be seen that in 1914 I had already discerned the importance of the "analytical situation," about which twenty years later the Freudians were to make such a pother.

[2] Maeder, *Ueber das Traumproblem*, "Jahrbuch für Psychoanalytische Forschung," vol. V, 1914, Deuticke, Leipzig and Vienna.

[3] The following polemic which appeared almost thirty years ago (1914) in the "Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse" contains a number of stimulating observations and represents an interesting contribution to the history of the psychoanalytical movement.—Editor.

directed towards the past, and the other "prospective," towards the future. The Freudian tendency has been to neglect the manifest content of the dream and to concentrate upon the latent content. This is wrong-headed. A knowledge of the dreamer's life history discloses the functional significance of the dream as herald of the future, as something which announces and makes ready for coming events. It is, in fact, one of the proverbial "shadows" of these. In proof of this thesis, Maeder adduces a number of rather unfortunate instances, making extremely arbitrary interpretations—all of which seem to me open to dispute. I could offer an alternative explanation in every case.

I think it will be generally acknowledged that I have some skill as an interpreter of dreams. Now one result of my experience has been to convince me that in dream interpretation we are prone to deceive ourselves by being too ready to generalize. The interpreter is apt to overlook the most important part of the content of the dream, that which is determined by the relationship between analyst and patient. Especially open to suspicion from the scientific standpoint are dreams "made to order" because the doctor has urgently asked for them. Most of the dreams analyzed by Maeder in this article come within that category. The patient had pencil and writing-block on the bedside table or under his pillow, was one who seldom dreamed but was now eagerly expectant. He told the doctor that he was delighted when he could record a dream, but was disappointed and annoyed when he awakened without having dreamed. Such dreams are often extremely distorted, and usually express a derisive attitude towards the physician. I also note unexplained hiatuses in the associations which Maeder secured to the dreams —gaps where things of the utmost importance are omitted. For instance, when the patient was speaking of the blue color of a horse, he burst out laughing and said: "It was a lovely blue—just the sort of blue you can see on a monkey's face or backside." The inclination to make mock of the doctor, to "take him down a peg," continually peeps through the latent and the manifest content of the dreams. The patient feels that he is being misunderstood; he is only a number in a series, not an individual regarded as important for his own sake; the doctor is a South German (Swiss), and South Germans are no good. The Swiss jargon bothers him. He is on the defensive against the analyst, and actually shows this by his gesticulations. Maeder writes: "The young man made a little warding-off movement with his hand, until he noticed that an exclusively intra-psychical process was involved." The patient also plainly shows his hostility to psychoanalysis, saying: "Of late I have had a queer sensation as if something were cutting me; in some important part of the lung; as if an axe were cutting something out of my chest, an axe working on its own. What am I to do about it?" Again: "No doubt I'm better now, but what shall I do if I have a relapse?" Here is Maeder's view of this intra-thoracic trouble: "A serious illness affecting the most vital of the organs of the chest—this means that insight is dawning on the dreamer."

Thus though I think Maeder right in the main, his examples are unconvincing, while his interpretations are biased by his preconceptions. For instance, he regarded the following dream as marking an advance in the patient's development:

The analysand dreams of men swimming along a canal. In a little boat stands a powerful fellow harpooning the swimmers as they pass. The dreamer watches in great indignation, filled with hatred for the cruel fisherman.

"The analysis showed," writes Maeder, "that the fisherman represented the Last Judgment, a problem concerning which the young man was at this time much tormented. One of the chief associations to the dream was Goethe's poem *Prometheus,* which glorifies the protest against God the Father. The dream breathes a blind and impotent hatred of destiny. The analysand was still in the primitive state of mind when all evil is regarded as coming from without, so that one's feeling is that of powerless revolt. The reaction is not directed against the patient's own ego, as cause of the evil. The vision that he has sinned against himself has not yet come. Time is still needed for the ripening of the awareness that hatred should really be directed inward; that something within himself (the 'archaic libidio,' to use Jung's telling phrase) must die or be offered up. When the analysand can make this sacrifice, thoughts of the Last Judgment will cease to torment him. Between the foregoing dream and the next one there has manifestly been going on a mighty process of inward elaboration, which is outwardly manifested by great advances in adaptation to reality. Meanwhile came a dream which, likewise, I shall only record in brief. In it appears a figure who, personified as a member of the dreamer's family, represents his bad instincts and his longing for pleasure and comfort:

"During a journey by express the patient left his compartment and the train, though there had been no stop. Going up to a house, he climbed the lightning conductor, and vanished into mid-air.

"This was as much sacrifice as the dreamer was then capable of. 'If my double ego, the inner enemy, can depart without troubling me too much in the process (the train need not stop), I shall be well quit of him.' The young man wishes to be delivered by magic. He is not yet ready to exert himself on behalf of a cure."

Thus Maeder—who again overlooks the essentials. The cruel fisherman represents the doctor. Along a narrow canal (a fine image of the endopsychic censor) men are swimming (the men symbolize thoughts), while the doctor harpoons and captures them. The dreamer's first association is the Last Judgment. He is bubbling over with revolt against and hatred for the triad of doctor, father, and God. I can discern no "archaic libido" which must be sacrificed, but only wishes. The second dream, too, depicts how a thought issues from the patient's brain, and and vanishes into mid-air past the doctor's head. Once more a typical resistance dream. Maeder's interpretation that "the young man wishes to be delivered by magic" certainly outdoes the "Viennese Method of Interpretation" in arbitrariness. The utmost we are entitled to say is that the young man wishes to escape from his doctor, and to be under no obligation to make any more disclosures.

In this article of Maeder's my name is mentioned once, where the writer speaks of "first dreams"—to which I have drawn special attention. But I should like to point out that when the Swiss psychoanalyst says "the dream is perhaps the primitive equivalent of a work of art," he is merely giving a variant of what I wrote as long ago as 1909 on the first page of my essay *Dichtung und Neurose*. My words were, "Every dreamer is a poet," and I showed that this is a well-worn truism. I subsequently developed the theme in my book *Die Träume der Dichter* (1912). In that work I showed how the dream often takes the form of a warning or a prophecy; and I gave an interpretation of a dream of Rosegger's which Maeder also interprets, though far less adequately. In 1908, too, dreams as warnings and heralds were alluded to, on p. 182 of the first edition of *Nervöse Angstzustände,* where I wrote: "The end of the dream reveals a warning that is not to be taken too seriously, but with an easy conscience can be regarded as an indication of something about to happen."

Thus I plainly disclose what Maeder calls the "prospective" aspect of the dream. *Die Sprache des Traumes* (1911) contains numberless examples of this. I relate there warning dreams. Page 345, for instance, bears the headline "The Father's Fate as a Warning," and the dream in question looks as far forward as the world to come (the Messianic parapathy). Dream 266 contains warnings and mementos, and so do many of the other dreams. In the same book I emphasized the importance of the manifest content of the dream, and this aroused protest from the Zurich school. Throughout the same work I was sedulous to bring my interpretation into line with the dreamer's clinical history. When Wexberg, in *Zur Verwertung der Traumdeutung in der psychotherapie,*[1] wrote, "What distinguishes Adler's method of dream interpretation from that of the Freudian School is the confidence with which inferences can be drawn, by one who has a knowledge of the dreamer's personality, quite independently of associations forcibly extracted from the patient," he was really "cribbing" my method of interpreting the dream without asking the dreamer for associations—a method to which there are many illusions in *Die Träume der Dichter.* In *Die Sprache des Traumes,* likewise, there were frequent references to a knowledge of the patient's life and thought as an aid to dream interpretation, and also to the fact that the patient's leading aims must be taken into account—especially in all cases of Messianic parapathy. Thus Adler's idea of the patient's "self-assimilation to God" ("Gottähnlichkeit") is plainly foreshadowed.

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[1] "Zeitschr. für Individualpsychologie," vol. I, no. 1.

The disclosure of a life purpose in the dream is illustrated in example 5 of *Die Spraches des Traumes.* There I explain a prophetic dream recorded by Artemidorus:

Someone dreamed that he was chained to the pedestal of the statue of Poseidon on the Isthmus of Corinth. He became a priest of Poseidon.

My comment was: "For Artemidorus, an easy instance of the soothsayer's craft. No one becomes a priest unless he has earnestly wished to do so."

Yes, I have published abundance of dreams disclosing glimpses into the future, aims to be fulfilled, intentions, and warnings. Does this suffice, however, to inaugurate a new era of dream interpretation, and are we to fling Freud's method on to the scrap-heap? As a caution I should like to point out that these warning dreams are also wish fulfilments of a partial ego, of the moral and religious ego, which is resolved at any price (even that of unhappiness) to cling to its ethical possessions—since this partial ego looks for higher goods than the goods of our own world. One who is in touch with heaven, can renounce the pleasures and wishes of this world, and the more by day he attends to his earthly life and fulfils his wishes here below, the more unrestrainedly by night can he plunge into the moral and religious sphere.

Dream interpretation has made great advances, especially during the last few years; but nearly all these gains were achieved in Vienna, being associated with the names of Freud, Silberer, Adler, and Stekel. I do not wish to underrate Switzerland's contribution, but it is certainly going too far to say that the Confederation has initiated a new era. The work of Viennese investigators made them pioneers without any aid from the Swiss, and they have boldly advanced into new paths, not waiting to be spurred on by Jung and his pupils.

I should never follow the example of Adler and Wexberg, nor that of Maeder and Jung, and wholly abandon the idea of asking the dreamer to produce his associations to his dreams. Let me refer my readers to the chapter on the technique of interpretation in *Die Sprache des Traumes.* I still think that many dreams cannot be interpreted without the dreamer's help, without his material in the way of associations, and without an adequate knowledge of his history. But how are we to know whether an interpretation is accurate? The dream is a riddle which can be answered in various ways, and each interpreter believes himself to have found the right solution. Who shall decide when interpreters disagree? It is easy to make mistakes in this field. Let me give one more example. Maeder publishes a dream which he believes to be the expression of a clearly understood temporary situation, the representation of a healing process. I will let him speak for himself:

"A lady who has been here four days for brief psychotherapeutic treatment (or, rather, guidance), spontaneously related the following dream, to which she attached great importance—I should explain that I had said nothing to her about the value of dreams in treatment of this sort.

"I am staying with an aunt (dead long since) in my parents' country house. I am sitting beside her, and another relative is present. Speaking in her amiable, always encouraging and decisive way, she says: 'Get up, and go to Karl and the children. (Karl is my husband.) But put on your pink dress.'"

"She awakens, and is very happy about her dream. Ordinarily she pays no attention to dreams, hers being usually simple, and by no means vivid. But this one seems to her to give plain indications of the path she ought to take. She is forty, married, and has three children, who have of late given her a good deal of trouble (educational difficulties). Her husband loves her, and she has a great respect for him, but little warmth of feeling. She is afraid of him, and does not venture to assert her individuality, since he is a man of mark and has a masterful disposition. One of a large family, she had a happy childhood and youth, living at home until she married. Since then she has had a difficult time, for she has not fitted well into her new environment, being homesick, and sometimes longing for death. Has had several attacks of depression, and is subject to various phobias. During the last year and a half she has heard from a relative (herself an ex-patient) about psychical cures, and has been secretly hoping for one on her own account. At length she has secured a few days in which to consult me. Though of a talented disposition, she has by no means reached the degree of mental development appropriate to her age. (She is now forty.) She has devoted much thought to her situation. Her self-assertiveness assures her that from her doctor she should draw strength which would enable her to hold her own against her husband, and yet she cannot feel that this course would be fruitful. In the three conversations we had before the above-recorded dream, I was able to explain to her that her attitude towards her husband was infantile and inadequate, and that this was the outcome of the parental constellation. She succeeded in understanding that her death-yearning was the symbolical expression of her retreat before life's demands, of her failure to become a grown-up wife to her husband, a loving and resolute mother to her children. She had always expected her husband to show her the same excessive consideration which her family circle had displayed in youth, and it was a lasting grievance that he failed to do this. After the third conversation came the dream, which said to her: 'Go to your husband and your children, and go in your pink dress.' This dress was one she had worn in youth, on festal occasions. She has been wont to sit at home in tears, but now she is to put on gala attire. She is not to assert herself vehemently against her husband, but to go back to him in a new guise, and a better one; no longer in the infantile pose of unceasing expectation, but as the wife and mother who gives with both hands. What lies before her is this process of late development.—Of her aunt she reports that the lady was peculiarly successful as an educationist. Being mistress of a great house, this aunt had been unique in her ability to reprove my patient when needful without wounding her, so that the headstrong girl was grateful. Thus the aunt was a personification of one of the trends of the mother imago. The country house was the place in which my patient was born, and had been the paradise of her childhood. The dream exhorted her to overcome her mother fixation. She was to quit this paradise and go back to her own home. Her relationship to the doctor was identical with that to the aunt who had been the leading educational influence of her youth.

"This dream is easy to interpret when one knows the patient's constellation. It denotes the first resolute step towards taking up a task which has so long been procrastinated. Still, it is not merely the first step on a new path, but a link in a long chain of phenomena—a chain which itself has been slowly forged through conversations with the relative who was cured by psychological treatment (one of my own patients), and has at length been activated. This example is a striking illustration of the value of what I have recommended in the present essay. A dream must be contemplated in its setting."

When we read this analysis (which may be correct, and I have no wish to dispute the interpretation) we cannot fail to notice a strange discrepancy in Maeder's account. The dreamer is to go to her husband in a pink dress, "one she had worn in youth," the author says—as a child, in fact. But he goes on to say that she is to go in a new guise, "as the wife and mother, who gives with both hands." Why these contradictory inferences? Surely the dream says: "Go to your husband, but retain your infantile attitude towards him"? That is why, when she awakens, "she is very happy about her dream." She is happy because there is to be no change in her attitude. She is to retain the dreams of childhood.

It seems to me that Maeder still trusts his patients too much, accepting all they say as current coin. The lady looks upon the dream as a good omen, and as a clear indication of the course she is to take. Her sense of happiness after a few brief talks with the doctor arouses our suspicions. We are entitled to assume that the dream contains more reserves than Maeder guesses, and that the feeling of happiness has other sources than he fancies.

Let me now show that the dream may be looked upon in a very different light—nay, must be so looked upon if we rightly grasp the working of the patient's mind. A parapath's attitudes are not modified so quickly! She makes good resolutions, but time and again before this she must have decided to begin life on a new footing.

The central feature of this clinical history is the relation of the wife to the husband. We are told that he is a man of mark who has a masterful disposition, and that she is afraid of him.

From the doctor she would like to draw strength which would enable her to hold her own against her husband. Note the word "against." The husband injures her sense of self-esteem, reduces her to a nullity, and she does not love him. Of course she says she loves him, and has a great respect for him. How often, at a first interview, I have heard such asseverations of love and respect; but ere long the cloven hoof has peeped out—signs of hatred or dislike for the husband. Genuine love overcomes difficulties. A loving wife subordinates herself, recognizes her husband's greatness, overestimates it, and comes near to him in her heart. But this woman suffers from fits of depression and from phobias; she craves for death and entertains ideas of suicide. I have often insisted that suicide is the "poena talionis" for death wishes directed towards another.[1] This woman's husband makes her suffer, and she longs for his death. Nothing but that can free her from her marriage, make her independent, and enable her to move on into an unknown, dimly imagined future.

Now let us come to our own interpretation of the dream. We know that when the dead appear in dreams they always have a peculiar significance. They are heralds of death, as I have repeatedly explained in *Die Sprache des Traumes*. Are we to suppose that the patient's resuscitation of the deceased aunt heralds her own death, and is thus a wish fulfilment of her own death-yearning? I do not think so. That conflicts with the manifest content of the dream, which I should analyze thus:

"My aunt appeared to me in a dream and prophesied the speedy death of my husband. She spoke in her 'amiable, always encouraging and decisive way.' I was not to take the death to heart. 'You won't need to wear mourning. Put on your pink dress, to celebrate your freedom and independence.' "

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[1] See the *Diskussion über den Selbstmord*, section 1, J. F. Bergmann, Wiesbaden, 1911.

This is the tragedy of a woman with a domineering husband. She wants to be freed from him, and his death would release her. Thus the sense of happiness derived from a very different source than the one Maeder supposes:

"Don't bother about your doctor's advice and exhortations. You are not equal to the role he wants you to adopt; but your husband will die soon, so you will not have to do so."

I quoted this short dream and Maeder's analysis of it, and then gave an alternative interpretation, in order to show that, per se, the analyses of dreams prove nothing. I wanted to illustrate the fact that anyone can read whatever he pleases in a dream. Where there are alternative interpretations we must ask ourselves which interpretation is the most plausible. I think that in this case mine fits the facts better than Maeder's.

The following dream brings us back to the complicated topic of the symbolism of religion. A functionary high in the judicial service who suffered from an intricate form of fetishism had the following dream:

I enter a meeting of subordinate officials. They pay no heed to my presence. I ask the janitor what the meeting is about. At first he does not answer, but when I press the enquiry he says: "What business is it of yours? You are crowing like a cock." I notice with alarm that I have completely lost my authority.

I asked the patient for his spontaneous associations to this dream. He could only tell me that the meeting was held in the Middle School's classroom for drawing. He volunteered no more. What were his associations to the cock? He replied with a number of insignificant anecdotes of childhood. A question about the janitor likewise brought a quantity of worthless material.

This patient had previously related several dreams about servants from which I was able to infer that his dream must relate to a servant of God, i.e., a priest. Without saying a word as to this idea of mine, I asked if he could name a well-known quotation in which the cock was mentioned. None was forthcoming, so I mentioned the passage in the Gospel according to St. Matthew: "Verily I say unto thee that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice."

Now came a stream of associations. The text had obviously touched him on the raw. He suddenly remembered that in the classroom for drawing had been a copy of the "so-called" *Meditations* of his sometime teacher of religion. There emerged long-repressed memories of a former pious phase. He thought of sermons in which he and his school-fellows were warned to save their souls and to shun earthly goods. These sermons had all been preached in the classroom for drawing. The significance of the dream was: I have lost (faith in) authority. Thrice have I denied my faith. But Peter became a saint though thrice he denied Our Lord. Perhaps the Church will forgive me.—There are two religious symbols in the dream: the janitor (a servant) as priest; and the cock as a monitor of backsliding. But by profession the patient was an atheist and a Nietzschean!

The religious complex and conscience manifest themselves in many dreams. The dreamer is apt to think them indications of resistance, but in general they are favorable signs.

Here, again, is a dream which the dreamer regarded as a resistance dream because he vilified the analyst:

I am in a meadow which slopes uphill. Someone says to me that I shall be punished if I do not obey him. He will send ghosts to torture me. I am curious, and enter a room where the ghost is sitting on a chair. It is a lean, pallid, shadowy feminine figure robed in white. Then I am at a meeting of the Theosophical Society.

After various alarums and excursions, there is a solemn march-past of girls clad in white costumes with horn buttons. I smile at this tomfoolery, which amuses me rather than intimidates. "A lot of idiots," I think. Then through a bow window there shines a ray of light, as if an angel were swinging a torch to illuminate the interior of the room. I think: "Very craftily planned."

This is not a resistance dream, but it discloses the dreamer's inner conflict. In life he stands between two conflicting trends. He would fain believe, but is sceptical. He would like to fulfil his ideals, to serve only science and humanity; and yet he craves for an assured position and for wealth. The "someone" who says he shall be punished if he does not obey, is his own anagogic tendency, his super-ego as Freud calls it. If he does not follow the good rede, there appear the ghosts of the past; the girls he made love to, seduced, and forsook. He tries to make fun of the believers, but he was himself and still is in search of a religion. There is no road to faith which he has not trodden for a while and then abandoned. Judas and Jesus are fighting for his soul. Ultimately the light of knowledge shines in the darkness. There must be an end to this struggle between the feelings and the intellect, between pathos and logos. He forsook a girl (the ghost) who had given herself to him. She was poor, and he had a chance of making a "good match." But again the ghost protested. If he would escape suffering he must follow the road of the ideal. The dream tells us that the patient is not suffering from an organ parapathy, but from a morbid tendency to doubt. Inwardly he is a believer; his faith is rooted in feeling, whereas the intellectual superstructure manifests the power of the logos.

Many kindred examples could be adduced. With each dream the dreamer applies the touchstone to his doctor. If the latter finds the clue, he can advance a few paces into the labyrinth.

There are many dreams to which the dreamer produces no associations, adding at most some additional details from the dream. This occurs especially in the case of functional dreams, which the dreamer will never help the analyst to disentangle. One such dream may appropriately be recounted here because it again introduces the symbol of the cock.

The dream is that of a lady of forty, who was exceedingly ill:

I enter a room which seems to be mine, but is also strange to me. Everything in it is tiny, like the furniture of a doll's house, but everything is alive. The chairs, the table, the pictures on the walls—all are alive. I notice, too, that Herr Hahn is in the room. Through a little window I look out into a wide landscape, bright with flowers. A tall fir tree grows in front of the room, and cuts off part of the view. But the tree has been blazed both above and below, as if to mark it for felling.

Here, too, the associations led nowhere. Herr Hahn[1] had once paid court to her, and then they had been good comrades. She produced a few anecdotes relating to this period. Thereafter the dream material was exhausted. But experience had taught us that a room is a functional symbol of the psyche. When entering this room she enters the doll's house chamber of her memory. Everything is small because she is looking at her childhood and it is so far away. The room seems unfamiliar because, in the conscious, she has no access to these memories. But everything is alive. This means that all these impressions of childhood are still alive within her. The images of the past still live. The fir tree is a symbol of her husband, and she believes herself to be happy in her married life. She unceasingly dreads that he will die. In the dream he is "blazed for felling above and below." Marked for an early death. Her parapathy is penance for her death wishes. Need I add that two phallic symbols, cock and fir tree, are conspicuous in or just outside this room? That there is a disproportion between her own inconspicuous genitals and her husband's very large phallus? That her sex life is apparently extinct, and that she seems to be frigid?—She produces absolutely no associations bearing on these suppositions.

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[1] "Hahn" is the German word for "cock."

The dream has a religious significance. The patient is a freethinker, who has found an exit into freedom (the window that gives on a wide landscape). But in front of this window of her mind stands a tall tree which cuts off part of the view. It is the church steeple and the Christmas tree. Christmas! A torrent of painful associations gushes forth when I tap this source with my own intuitive interpretation. She speaks of her dead father, of her hard-hearted mother, of her own piety. Yes, the beautiful faith of her childhood is tottering. The fir tree blocks her view. She wants to be free, to get an unobstructed outlook into the beauties of the world. In this dream, likewise, the cock signifies betrayal. She had always wept bitterly when listening to this part of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. She, too, had denied her faith. Once I found her, the freethinker, reading the Gospels while in the throes of a storm of weeping. "It calms me, during these attacks, to read about the Passion of Our Lord." Her parapathy was a voluntary martyrdom. The gastralgia, which condemned her to a slop-diet, was the penance of an ascetic.

The next two dreams were dreamed by a doctor who was punishing himself for his evil thoughts by multifarious obsessions and compulsions. They were both dreamed during the same night.

(1) *I went home for the Easter holidays, interrupting the cure for this purpose. Dr. Stekel had advised me to discuss with our family doctor a matter bearing on the treatment. My father was to come with me to the doctor's, and my father and I had arranged to meet in the street at a certain hour. I waited in a street which did not lead to the doctor's, but it was one where we used to live twenty years ago. My father kept me waiting a long time, and I wondered how I should make the family doctor understand what I wanted, for I had never spoken to him about this illness of mine, and did not now feel inclined to discuss it with him.*

(2) *I thought, or dreamed (I have forgotten which), I had been talking with my son. The boy was young—about ten. He asked me some questions about religion. I did my best to clear matters up for him, and to explain why the Roman Catholic dogmas were wrong. But he put questions I could not answer satisfactorily. I could not help wondering what would happen if at school the youngster were to say that his father was trying to influence his religious education in this way.*

In the first dream the family doctor symbolizes religion and the father-confessor. The patient had not been to confession for twenty years, and had it in mind to do so at Eastertide. The second dream gives us data about the period when he was still pious. He was then a boy of ten. In the dream, the boy asks him questions he cannot answer. This scene recalls the passage in the Gospel according to St. Luke which describes how the young Jesus sat among the learned in the temple of Jerusalem, "both hearing them and asking them questions, and all that heard Him were astonished at His understanding." The boy in the dream symbolizes the youthful Jesus. It is noteworthy that the dreamer was unaware of the piety of his own disposition.

We have seen religion symbolized in the dream by a family doctor. A friend will do equally well:

I meet my old friend X. He says: "Will you come to church with me?"

More involved is the religious symbolism in the next dream, that of a lady suffering from protracted depression. She had at one time been on the stage, and at the period of which we write was a wealthy man's mistress. Born of parents in a very poor station, she had worked her way upwards. At an extremely early age she became a prostitute, accosting elderly men and gratifying their wishes in various perverse ways. The money they gave her she brought home or spent on sweets. When she was eighteen she sustained a severe trauma. She was arrested as a clandestine prostitute, taken to police headquarters, and compulsorily examined. At this time she had several frequenters, giving herself to most of them for love, without fee. One was an army officer, who remained attached to her for years. Not long after the trauma she became a registered prostitute in a brothel which catered for a "high-class clientèle." A man of wealth and position made her acquaintance there and determined to rescue her. He had her trained for the stage. Her voice was exceptionally fine, and a great future was prophesized for her —but her chances of a career were wrecked by a severe nervous breakdown. Thenceforward she led a retired life as her patron's mistress. Now the officer, who had never lost interest in her, made her a proposal of marriage. She asked her patron to stand sponsor for her, but he refused, declaring that the officer was given to drink. She would not be happy, he said, for her husband and his circle would throw up her past against her. Very likely the officer would not be able to get permission to marry her.—This frustrate affair was followed by a violent passion for a married man, who of all her lovers was best able to give her sexual gratification. He was a rough creature, a gamester and a drunkard who threatened her with a pistol—but in his arms she found happiness. Then his visits ceased. His family had put him under restraint as an insane. Now her depression became intensified, and she was brought to me for treatment. She dreamed this dream:

I was being rowed in a little boat, low in the water, upon a great expanse. The boat moved as swiftly as a torpedo boat. Then, after a little while, I found myself high up in a tall lighthouse. I was in a pink evening gown, low-cut, and was wearing a lot of jewelry. I looked at the water all round. Suddenly, I felt as if someone was approaching me from behind. I turned round, saw a man, and thought: "Hullo, there's the pirate!" Quickly I took the earring out of the right ear, and bent my head low to the left, so that he should not see the other jewelled pendant. He said: "Ah, that's what I want. Coming closer, he took my left earring out and unclasped my necklace. While he did this, I screamed: "Toni, come quickly, come quickly." I screamed this several times. Toni was lying in shallow water, asleep. The water reached up to his hips. The pirate threatened me with three daggers. All at once a policeman appeared, and the pirate pointed the third dagger at him. Looking at the dagger I saw that it was quite blunt, like an oyster knife, rounded, blunt, and without a point. I called out: "Don't be afraid. It's a blunt knife." The policeman went up to him, and twisted the knife out of his hand. Then I suddenly saw that the pirate had been handcuffed. I went downstairs with the policeman, and on the landing the pirate sat handcuffed. I laughed at him and said: "Enjoy yourself!" On the lower flight I met Toni, coming up slowly, and I called out to him: "You're taking it easy. I might have been killed three times over."

The invalid has two trends. One leads to untrammelled love and pleasure, the other to marriage and respectability. She used to have a cook, a woman who gave her a pious turn and went with her on pilgrimage to Rome. From the waves of passion she sought refuge in a lighthouse. The lighthouse symbolized the Faith. (We cannot here discuss the possible second determinant—a spermatozoa dream such as Silberer describes, symbolizing the intention to begin a new life.) She has taken refuge in the tower of the Faith, and her jewels are her honor. This has not yet been lost. She wears it for all the world to see, but she may lose it. Now appears a man, her great adversary, who has so often led her into sin. This time she will defend her jewels (the earrings, a displacement from below upwards) better. But while she is calling for aid to the enigmatic Toni (no man of her acquaintance was evoked as an association to this name), she is robbed of her jewels. Pleasure without guilt. Against a pirate she cannot defend herself. Toni lies in shallow water, asleep. But her consciousness, her moral sense (the policeman), is on guard. She is not afraid of the knife (her description makes it an unmistakably phallic emblem). The policeman wrests the weapon from the pirate, and handcuffs him. She tells the pirate to enjoy himself. This means: "Get on as best you can without a woman." (? Masturbation.) Here her homosexual tendency breaks out. She has overcome the man, Caliban, the primitive or animal in herself. She rails at Toni for his slackness. (The German expressions she uses when chaffing Toni are in the Viennese dialect.)

But who is the mysterious Toni, lying half in and half out of the water? He is a religious symbol, and a strange one. The symbolism of religious trends always shows two currents, one of devout submission, one of mockery and defiance, now the former predominating, now the latter. "Toni" is St. Anthony, our patient's guardian saint, for she has a picture of him over her bed. St. Anthony preached to the fishes, so it is natural that he should lie half immersed. (As a later association she said that the blue sky is reflected in water.) But if water is the symbol of the soul, we can understand that her piety is a shallow affair, no more than skin-deep. In the dream she makes fun of her patron saint. She has helped herself out of the difficulty, having dealt with the pirate (sea robber, robber of souls) unaided—since the policeman is her own moral sense. Her taunting of Toni at the end means: "Had I waited for St. Anthony to help me, I should have lost my virtue long since!" Thus in the dream her dissolute past has been completely wiped out. This is a conspicuous instance of the tendency to annulment so powerful in parapaths. The dream ministers to her self-esteem, for she can cope with men by her unaided strength, and the priapus emblem which has been so formidable has become a blunted dagger. Her faith was asleep when she lost her most precious jewel, her innocence. But she does not need the help of religion. Her conscience (the policeman) is on guard. She laughs at men, and in her cry "Enjoy yourself" to the baffled pirate we can also read the self-admonition "Help yourself."

Other dreams are plainer-spoken. Here are two of the dreams of a woman of the lower orders, who has for several months been suffering from depression and agoraphobia:

(1) *I am walking in the street. There are besoms flying about—or really only one besom. It changes itself into the devil.*

(2) *I am in K, and see a shopkeeper as I walk past his shop. He seems angry with me, and inclined to scold me. I pass through a doorway into a house which appears to be a passage house, and there I turn round and shake my fist at him. He chases me, and I run away in a terrible fright. Then I feel as if a sack were lying on my chest, and I fling it off with horror. I had the feeling that the sack must either be a witch or the devil.*

Temptation here takes the form of the devil. The shopkeeper symbolizes her conscience. He is "the man with the scales." In a wider sense he also signifies God. (Fusion of the divine and the diabolic principles.)

The next dream discloses a fine amalgamation of religious symbols with a functional symbol.

I am attending the religious lesson and the master wants to examine me. Important facts have escaped my memory. Then he tells us some very interesting things. I write them all in a notebook, which I lock up in my drawer.

Here we have the familiar examination before God. The dreamer has forgotten all his sins. This is a readily comprehensible wish fulfilment. Like so many books in dreams, the notebook signifies memory; the drawer, the brain. (He keeps all his memories locked up in his brain.) During the religious lessons he received many momentous impressions, but he will keep them to himself. He has a secret religion, which the conscious must know nothing about.

A lady dreams:

My watch was out of order. The hands were bent. I showed it to someone saying: "I must take it to the watchmaker. He will have to make me new hands."

She is no longer a virgin, having been deflowered in childhood by a boy. The watchmaker is God. Löwe's well-known ballad *Die Uhr* (the clock), in which God is apostrophized as the Master-Clockmaker, was her father's favorite poem. The watch is also her heart and her religion. God helping, she will once more become pious and pure.

This same lady, whose dreams embody a religious symbolism very easy to interpret, also dreamed:

I went to a butcher's and bought some bacon. The way was long and difficult. I had to walk along the top of a long and narrow wall, and was as unsteady as if I had been on a tight-rope. The butcher asked me why I didn't come nowadays, and I answered him that I should come often. Then it seemed to me as if I was going to sit on the top of a wall. Opposite me a girl had taken down a picture.

A big picture in a quadrangular gilt frame. I was afraid she would tumble down with the picture, and I thought: "The same thing can happen to you as to that handsome, fair girl." I fell, thereupon, and had a pleasant feeling as if I was being embraced.

First Supplement: The wall was white, as if freshly whitewashed. In front of an old house. In a ruinous condition. The place where the girl came out was a big, dark hole, and there the girl stopped short.

Second Supplement: The girl came out through the dark hole and clung to the picture. I was afraid that the picture would be too heavy for the girl. The wall really sloped obliquely upwards, like a ladder. It went so high that it disappeared in the clouds.

The reader will find it easier to interpret this dream when he has been told that the butcher, who was a strong man, had made her improper proposals. Since her husband is impotent, she was naturally haunted by the coarse words of this rough fellow, whose nickname in the little town was "the stallion." The fair-haired girl was an acquaintance who had had an illegitimate child and had then married a rich man with whom she lived in a loosely cemented union. Her name was Mary. This name naturally led the dreamer's thoughts to the big picture—one of the Blessed Virgin. Religion ought to preserve her from the butcher's lure, to save her from a fall (a moral lapse). But religion was not to be depended on, as she could learn from the slip of her friend Mary, who had always been a pious girl and was brought up in a convent. The wall was like a ladder leading heavenward, but she would rather fall like the fair-haired girl, who was also a symbol of her own youth.

Many dreams that seem religious are not really so:

I dreamed that Dr. Stekel said: "Man must have a religion, a firm faith in God." Then I saw that he had proposed someone to me as the new deity. At first I would not agree to this. Next he showed me another idol, and vehemently urged me to accept the *new faith, which I promised to do. I told my husband about this, explaining the form the treatment had assumed, and saying that I was afraid to go on with it.*

As yet I had had no talk with the patient, so the dream could not have been influenced by my views. She was suffering from intense depression, and in introducing herself to me she said: "I don't know why I am so unhappy, and why I cry so much. I love my husband, and no one could be more happily married."

The analysis disclosed that she would really like to love someone else, to take vengeance on her husband, who had completely suppressed her individuality. Her husband was her God. She was afraid that I should rob her of her God. Thus this, though ostensibly a religious dream, was not really so. She felt she must go on loving her husband if she was to be happy. She must love. But her love was dead, and she sought idols to worship. In the dream she ascribed her own thoughts to me—as patients do so often. The phrase, "I know what you are thinking, Doctor," is apt to prelude a kind of confession.

Next comes the dream of a lady suffering from agoraphobia:

It was as if I were on my way home. The street was frightfully dark. I thought: "Look how dark it is, though it is still quite early." I could hardly see the road. Then two dogs came running. One jumped on me, and frightened me, so I threw it some stale rolls I had in my marketing-bag. Then I came to a square. There were three hotels in it. I went on and reached a little chapel, inside which were a lot of exposed wooden beams. On one of these beams crouched a little boy wearing a white surplice—a choir boy's surplice. I was surprised. Why was a small boy there in the middle of the night? I went still farther, and a man joined me. We entered a big church. It seemed to me that the man had designs on me, and I was terribly alarmed.

The sexual symbolism will be plain to anyone familiar with dream interpretation, so I need not dwell upon that. But the religious symbolism is interesting. The little boy in the surplice, squatting late at night upon the beam in the chapel, is the Infant Jesus. The patient's soul is the arena of a fierce struggle between temptation and the inhibitions of her creed.

Let me insist once more that children in dreams (especially children in niches and wearing strange headdresses) may represent the Infant Jesus. Pictures, above all, large ones in gilt frames, self-luminous or otherwise remarkable, are generally symbolic of saints, and more particularly of the Blessed Virgin. Teacher, emperor, commander—any person in authority—can represent God.

INDIVIDUAL DREAM SYMBOLS

Chapter Five

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INDIVIDUAL DREAM SYMBOLS

Recurrence of Certain Persons in Dreams

I REGARD KAPLAN'S STUDIES of the dream as very important, and wish to supplement and illuminate them by some items from my own experience. The view that every individual has a dream symbolism of his own, marks a great advance.[1] In my own earliest investigations in the domain of dreams I opened this path. (See Chapter IX of *Beiträge zur Traumdeutung,* the chapter entitled *Individuelle Färbung der Träume* in the "Jahrbuch für Psychoanalytische Forschungen" Vol. I.) I propose here no more than a small but momentous contribution to the theme. I shall speak of the frequent recurrence of certain persons in the dream. There are some who repeatedly dream of persons to whom they are indifferent, and say with surprise: "I wonder why I so often dream of X. and Y., for whom I don't care in the least." I believe it to be the rule that such persons are symbols of a quality or an idea. They may represent fidelity, love, parapathy, debauchery, vice, virtue, patriotism, etc. I could enumerate hundreds of such types which can be used as keys to elucidate the obscurest dreams, but will content myself with a few examples, reduced, for ease of comprehension, to the simplest possible measure.

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[1] In the "Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse" (1914) L. Kaplan drew attention to the individual differences in dream symbolism. In the same year I followed up Kaplan's article by a contribution to the "Zentralblatt" which is presented in this chapter.

(1) Fräulein Adda is an artist suffering from obsessional parapathy. She is just twenty, and is kept under close observation by her parents, for she is extremely temperamental and they fear for her innocence. She strongly objects to this tutelage, and tries whenever she can to outwit her parents and her governess. She has been sent to me for treatment because she is troubled by the urge to perform a number of obsessional acts. In her dreams the governess, Fräulein Tarnowsky, appears again and again, and plays leading parts. Adda cannot account for the fact that she so often dreams of "that person." One might suspect sexual relations, or at least a homosexual attitude, were not the governess elderly and by no means attractive. Besides, there is no hint of sex in the dreams, so far as Tarnowsky is concerned. Let us consider one of the dreams:

I want to go walking alone at Gmunden.[1] *It is dark, and I am rather frightened. I ask Tarnowsky to come with me.*

Here interpretation is simple. Tarnowsky symbolizes morality—bourgeois conventional morality, by which the patient is pestered, and against which she is in revolt. The dream signifies: I want to go out alone, however dark it may be, but I dread the stir of my senses and am afraid of my own weakness. I cannot escape from my moral inhibitions, which accompany me wherever I go.

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[1] Summer resort in Austria.

The next dream shows this still more plainly:

I am walking on the seashore with a young man who pleases me very much and is paying court to me. Suddenly he flings his arms round me and tries to kiss me. I look about for Tarnowsky, and feel annoyed that she has left me to my own devices. I am in great danger, when she appears and bangs the young man in the face with her umbrella, so that he runs away.

This is a warning dream, which means: Avoid dangerous situations, for your morality may leave you in the lurch. But at the last moment she gains the victory, proving herself the stronger. Both warning and wish fulfilment, showing her that she can overcome temptation.

(2) Another example. A lady often dreams of an elderly factotem named Pietschke. This Pietschke was devotedly attached, but took to drink and had to be sent to an institute for chronic alcoholics. Now hopelessly decayed, though she was of good family and highly cultured. Here is one of the dreams:

I want to join in a dance, but I see Pietschke lying on the floor. She is very pale and her face looks bloated.

This is also an admonitory dream. The dreamer foresees the destiny that awaits her if she surrenders to "frivolity." Life is a serious matter, and must not be approached in the spirit with which one goes to a dance. Pietschke symbolizes "passion and vice."

(3) Another lady's warning signal is a man named Wallerstein. He was a lusty young fellow who was supposed to have been ruined through debauchery.

At a dance I catch sight of Herr Wallerstein. He turns his face towards me. It is disfigured. His eyes project, have blue circles round them, and the features are distorted by passion. He is hideous.

Wallerstein symbolizes vice, and we are sure that we shall meet him having the same significance in several of the lady's dreams.

(4) The next dream is open to misinterpretation. The dreamer is an obsessional parapath whose father was a strict and extremely pious Jew. Not long after the father's death the patient turned Christian and was baptized. Since then his illness has grown worse, the parapathy taking the form of a dread of Jehovah's wrath.

I am in bed with my grandmother. Then my father enters the room and says threateningly: "You rascal, if I catch you in your grandmother's bed again, I shall punish you as you deserve."

All the family was very strict in Jewish observance, except for the grandmother, who was tolerant and enlightened. The grandmother in the dream represents the rationalist enlightenment. The dream means: Since you have abandoned your pious regard for your religion I shall punish you. An anxiety dream.

(5) A stammerer is continually dreaming of a certain Fräulein Widmann. I will record two of his dreams:

a. *I am walking along a lonely country road. Fräulein Widmann is walking ahead of me. I watch her disappearing, and have less and less hope of overtaking her.*

b. *Fräulein Widmann comes up to me and makes herself most agreeable. I say: "You have come late, but not with empty hands." She laughs, and rejoins: "You need only trust yourself to me."*

Fräulein Widmann is a fellow-worker in the office where he is employed. She is a red-cheeked young woman, in splendid health. The first dream denotes an abandonment of the hope of getting well. This was the first dream he had after beginning the treatment, and indicates a wish fulfilment, the wish being hostile to me and my method. "I don't want to get well, and have no hope that you will be able to help me." The second dream implies an acceptance of health, and indicates that health, too, may have its good side. His hesitation is, however, conveyed by the fact that he has to be urged to entrust himself to Fräulein Widmann. He does not feel sure of himself, and needs continually renewed inward commands that he is to fling aside his illness.

These few examples may suffice. I shall have further opportunities of discussing individual dream symbols.

Supplement in 1935.

These expositions could be multiplied without stint, but the foregoing instances will enable any doctor to discover the individual significance of dream symbols.

Now comes a paper penned the same year, and published in the same periodical.

The Cloak as Symbol

In the "Int. Zeitschrift für Psychoanalyse," No. 4, p. 279, Freud writes: "In women's dreams, the cloak ['Mantel'] symbolizes man ['Mann']. Here, perhaps, assonance plays an important part."—My own experience does not confirm this statement. I have collected a great many cloak dreams, and in most of them the cloak signifies love. This applies to foreigners as well as to Germans—and it must be remembered that the English (for instance) think and speak of a "cloak" more often than of a "mantle," so that the assonance of which Freud speaks does not occur. Besides, the well-known imagery of the "mantle of Christian love for one's neighbor" already signifies the connection with love. Love wraps us in a warm, protecting cloak. Now and again I have found that the cloak represented the father, or could be symbolically interpreted as paternal or parental love. The following dream, a young woman's, is a transparent instance of such symbolism:

I am sitting on a bench in the open, and am freezing. My father comes and wraps me in his cloak. Then Alfred, my betrothed, gently takes away this cloak and wraps me in his own soft, warm cloak. Now I feel beautifully warm.

Another woman's dream:

My mother wants to wrap me in her cloak. It is too short, and does not keep me warm.

These examples may suffice.

Dreams of Persons Dying

A DYING WOMAN'S DREAM [1]

In my book *Die Träume der Dichter* I give interesting examples of the way in which, during grave illness, imaginative writers dream of death, and how they picture a future life. Of exceptional psychological interest are the dreams of Victor Blüthgen, I. I. David, and Strindberg. How readily can anyone superstitiously inclined take the promptings of his own fancy for revelations from a higher power! I am here able to record the dream of a woman of eighty-four who seemed near to death. She fell into a deep swoon, but recovered under medical care. She then related the following dream:

I fell to the ground, where I wriggled like a worm, lamenting. I was lying in front of a dark gateway, the portals being widely opened. Beyond the gateway I discerned a lovely green meadow, brightly lit by the sun. Many of the dead were there, dancing merrily. Among them were my late mother and sister. They tried hard to draw me to them, but did not succeed. I was aware of their superhuman efforts, and awoke.

It is characteristic that nearly all dreams of life beyond the grave depict it as peaceful and happy. They are typical wish fulfilments and consolatory dreams.

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[1] "Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse," 1914.

BENVENUTO CELLINI'S HALLUCINATION[1]

When Cellini was very ill, he had a repeated hallucination that a terrible old man came to his bedside and tried to haul him by force into a great boat.[2] "Then I would call for my partner Felice to come to me to chase the old scoundrel away." Mattio Franzen, who was with him, said: "He has read Dante, and in his utter weakness his mind wanders."[3] This clinging to youth, to escape death, was in accordance with an ancient superstition which still lingers in the folk mind. Felice had been an apprentice, and became partner. Cellini was exceedingly fond of his servitors, and chose by preference handsome youths, though at this time he does not seem to have been conscious of his homosexual leanings, and there is a place in his *Memoirs* where he speaks of homosexuality as a loathsome form of depravity.

Hallucinatory personifications of death are common in artists and other persons with a lively imagination. I record several instances in my book *Die Träume der Dichter*. Indeed the faculty for seeing hallucinations is a noteworthy element of artistic talent. When Cellini accompanied by two "magicians" was practising hocus-pocus by night in Rome, "there appeared many legions of spirits, so that the Coliseum was full of them." On a subsequent occasion, "there were a hundred times more than there had been the first night," and "four huge giants appeared."[4] Thus are to be explained the phenomena alleged to occur at spiritualistic séances—when not pure humbug. Mass hallucination is produced by the joint expectation of wonders.

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[1] "Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse," 1914.

[2] In a paper *Ueber Träume und Phantasien von Schwerkranken und Sterbenden*, published in vol. II of the "Niederländische Zeitschrift für Psychologie," 1934, Alice Sperber gives several examples to show that the wish for a future life is universally demonstrable in the dreams of the dying. (Note added 1935.)

[3] Quoted from Miss Macdonnell's translation, Everyman edition, p. 173.

[4] *Op. cit.*, pp. 133 and 134.

A Prophetic Dream of Winning Numbers[1]

A lady-patient whom I was treating for severe depression had previously made a lucky hit in one of our Austrian "little lotteries," having staked on the numbers of which she had dreamed. Now, during treatment, she dreamed of certain numbers, viz., 80, 85, and 2. Should she try her luck with them?

I declined to take the responsibility of advising her. She could do as she pleased, I said. For my part, I had no belief in prophetic dreams of winning numbers.

A few days later she told me that the numbers had actually proved winning ones—at least 80 and 85 had won. The third prize had been drawn by 6 instead of 2, but there was a connection here, for the gentleman who had appeared to her in a dream and told her which were to be the winning numbers lived at No. 6.

The patient has very few associations to her dreams, and is scarcely intelligent enough to grasp the nature of dream interpretation. I asked her to tell me the dream which had led to the previous win. It ran:

I heard a voice saying: Stake on numbers 17, 12, and 5.

I could not evoke any association to explain these numbers. She talked volubly about lotto and predestination, and was very fond of the word "number." Of a friend she said: "Oh, Clara is a good number. She'll never have a nervous break-down."

I asked for the latest "winning dream." Here it is:

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[2] "Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse," 1914.

Herr Springer said to me: "Stake on the numbers 80, 85 and 2. I am 80, my wife is 85, and we live together as happily as a pair of turtle-doves."

In the associations it transpired that Herr Springer became a widower six months ago. Her brother knows a Baron Springer, who is a devotee of the race-course. This brother won the first prize in a jumping match (springen = jump). He is a famous rider, and particularly good at jumping. But his wife won't let him ride now, because an acquaintance of hers was killed by a fall from horseback. Here crop up the thoughts of death, which have previously been adumbrated in her dream about Herr Springer, the widower. Further associations disclosed that the patient has death wishes as regards her sister-in-law, with whom she is on bad terms, and who has sown discord between brother and sister. But the brother and his wife get on famously, living "like a pair of turtle-doves." They have two children.

To the numbers the patient can produce no associations. I ask her what year she was born. 1885. Her brother? 1880.

The source of the numbers has been ascertained. 85 and 80 were the years of her own and her bother's birth. The 2 signified that she would be able to live with her brother again after the sister-in-law's death. There were additional determinants which I pass over.

More impressive was the elucidation of the first prophetic dream, to which she had been able to produce no associations. I knew that in youth a traumatic experience had changed her from a girl full of the joy of life into a sick woman. (In several of my cases a trauma at puberty has had a fateful influence upon a girl's whole life. They were such matters as a young homosexuals, and this hampers them when they attempt heterosexual intercourse. Here is a good instance of such dreams:

I have to chase a girl who is walking along the street in front of me. From behind I admire her splendid figure. Seized with strong desire, I run after her. Suddenly a barrier like that of a level crossing is released and blocks the street. I awaken with violent palpitation.

Some dreams of the sort describe the hindrance as a beam, a pillar, a grating with obliquely disposed bars, or an iron post —always a formidable obstacle.

In other cases this oblique barrier may represent the hymen, especially if the dreamer suffers from gynecophobia.

SYMBOLS OF THE MIND

current as well, but on the surface of the stream one sees only undifferentiated water.

It is diverse mental trends which are thus symbolized. Freud maintains that all water dreams are birth dreams, and Rank endeavors to support the hypothesis by an elaborate and extensive study of mythology. For my part, I incline more and more to the view that water dreams are dreams about the dreamer's own mind. I have published confirmatory material in my book *Die Träume der Dichter*. I will confine myself here to a few examples.

I am swimming vigorously in a big pool. What chiefly impresses me is that, though I cannot usually swim under water, I now dive to the bottom and bring up shellfish and seaweed.

This dreamer has almost forgotten his childhood, and deplores his forgetfulness. Now, in the dream, when swimming in the pool of his mind, he has no difficulty in diving to the depths. Since in this patient analysis proved futile, I infer that he was unwilling to communicate his associations.

A woman dreams:

I stand beside deep and limpid waters. About to plunge into the depths, I notice that the water has changed into a green field.

She wants to dive into the limpid depths of her mind. The lake, thereupon, changes itself into a green field. This green field covers the tombs of her memories. She has kept faith with herself, and during the analysis has produced very few memories. This resistance is the expression of her resolve to keep to herself the precious materials of her youth, and never to disclose these mysteries to a stranger.

Similarly I should interpret the following dream of one of Freud's lady-patients.

Spending the summer beside Lake —— she flings herself into the dark waters at the place where the pale moon is mirrored.

According to Freud, this must be regarded as a birth dream. We are to interpret it by contraries. "She flings herself into the water" means "she comes out of the water," i.e., she is born. The locality of a birth is disclosed to us when we think of the French vulgarism according to which the "derrière" (the "backside") is spoken of as "la lune." The pale moon symbolizes the white rump, out of which, in the infantile theory of sex, the baby is born. The patient wishes to be reborn by means of the psychoanalytical cure. Thus the hope underlying the dream was: "May my cure, my rebirth, be continued during my summer vacation at Lake ——."

I do not propose to dispute the accuracy of this interpretation. Still, I venture to doubt whether it was suggested to Freud by the patient's uninfluenced association. Let me take this opportunity of insisting that it is long since I gave up trying to interpret dreams by contraries. I am firmly convinced that the manifest content of the dream will plainly disclose its main significance to the experienced interpreter. Control experiments made by colleagues using the method of free association have again and again shown me the superior advantage of my own plan. I therefore no longer "turn a dream inside out" to discover its meaning, nor do I find it necessary to adopt any of the artifices which have brought dream interpretation into discredit among many serious thinkers—who maintain that in this way a dream may be made to signify anything you please.

Let us return to the dream of Freud's patient. All that I can see in it is derision of the doctor. The dark water is the psyche.

Not till the summer comes will she fling herself in the dark water. This means that not until the summer comes and she is far from Freud will she call back into the conscious the memories and the stirrings of the subconscious. Where shall this be done? In the very place where the pale moon is mirrored in the water. The meaning is plain enough. The pale moon is Freud. For her he is not the sun, which warms her and illumines; he is only the pale moon. And what does he read in her mind? Merely his own image, reflected in the surface of her psyche. This, then, for me, is the meaning of the dream. Addressing the analyst, she says: "I shall produce neither associations nor memories during the analysis, but shall await the time when you are on leave and I am at Lake —— in the fresh air of the mountains. Then I shall revive all the associations, all the deep thoughts, which are hidden from you because in my psyche you can find only the reflection of your own ego."

The patient has her little dig at Freud in this wish dream, which expresses her determination to go on with the cure by self-analysis next summer. No doubt the other interpretation, a bipolar counterpart, may also represent one of the stirrings of her mind. But my own way of looking at the dream discloses the dreamer's hostility to the doctor, the resistance, and the endeavor to push the analysis to a conclusion unaided.

A knowledge of this symbolism helps us to understand two famous poems, Goethe's *The Fisherman,* and Schiller's *The Diver.* A dread of the knowledge possessed by the subconscious is likewise disclosed in Schiller's *Das verschleierte Bild von Sais.*

The Labyrinth

Now comes a student's remarkable dream:

Last night I had a dream which, childish though it may seem, remains vividly present in my memory. The entrance to my room was obstructed by a long, thick cord. It began close to the door, and serpentined across the whole floor along crevices between the blocks of the parquet. Laboriously I endeavored to extricate it, and got as far as the middle of the room, where I encountered an inextricably tangled knot. While strenuously at work on this, I awoke.

During the previous day the dreamer had received a parcel tied with a much-knotted string, and he had had a hard job to untie the knots.

Of course the dream may be considered to be nothing more than a refiguring of the difficulty with the parcel, but my experience leads me to think there is more in it than that. In a marvellously plastic image it represents memories as a tangled skein. The dreamer comes to a knot where they grow confused. In every parapath there are such knots, and analysis is the art by which we untie them. In this dream the dreamer thinks about the solution of a problem which is most important to him, but can find no escape from his conflict.—The clue given by Ariadne to her lover Theseus, with the aid of which he found his way in the labyrinth of her father King Minos, may also symbolize the exploration of the depths of the psyche.

The Watchman

Dreams of a special kind are those in which the consciousness is represented as a hindering personality. Before I grasped this, I did not understand such dreams, and helped myself out with other determinants. It is plain, however, that functional interpretations are our most useful guides, since they give us direct information about the functions of the psyche. How clear the meaning of the dream that follows becomes, once we are acquainted with functional symbolism.

I want to enter a wonderful garden. At the gate stands a watchman, who will not let me go in. I see that Fräulein Elsa is inside. She tries to reach a hand to me between the bars of the gate, but the watchman will not permit her. He takes me by the arm and leads me home, saying: "Why don't you behave sensibly? You know that is not allowed."

In general I have believed a watchman to symbolize the husband or the wife, keeping watch on the wife or the husband. That interpretation will apply here. The dreamer is a married man, and is in love with Fräulein Elsa —— though so far he has not admitted as much to himself. This makes the meaning of the dream plain enough. But a second and more important role of the watchman is consciousness, or (if you like) is the totality of all the moral inhibitions to be found in the conscious.[1] Consciousness stands on guard to prevent the emergence of alien or improper desires, the performance of immoral actions. That is how we should usually interpret the watchmen, policemen, and the like, who appear in dreams. I need not give any more examples of this, and shall pass on to a fine instance of the impersonation of a parapathy.

Upper and Lower Stories

A student suffering from depression dreams:

I find myself in a remarkable gymnasium, which has two floors. Lectures are going on on the upper floor, gymnastics lower down.

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[1] Freud would call the watchman the "super-ego," but he is only an "inter-ego" (1934).

I look for a place where I shall be able to listen quietly to the lecture.

While the conscious is listening attentively to the analyst's good counsel and trying to carry out his directions, in the subconscious sphere of thought various independent dances are going on. The erotic significance of this dream is manifest and expresses over-determination. The conscious and the subconscious are respectively signified by "over" and "under."

But spatial relations and localizations can be differently symbolized. During analysis, a student dreams:

I am having a talk with a gentleman, a professor I think. The conversation takes place in a sort of veranda, closed in with glass like a conservatory, the place being an annex to a large drawing room. I think: "Why are we talking here, instead of going into the drawing room?" Then it occurs to me: "Aha, the glass veranda is brightly lit, but the drawing room is dark."

We are talking about matters of which he is fully aware in the conscious. Close at hand, however, there are other matters to be discussed, and we have not yet gained access to these, being still in the anteroom of the conflict. I, says my patient's dream, can only see what is obvious (the brightly lit veranda); what is obscure is beyond my ken. Here, as in the previous dream, the analysand's relations to the analyst and to psychoanalysis in general are plainly disclosed. We see that in this dream the relations between "upper" and "under" cannot be taken in Adler's sense. They may also have a sexual signification, such as most dreams have.

Let me insist once more that the analyst's main object must be to appreciate the light which the patient's dreams throw upon the "analytical situation."

The first student's dream reproaches the doctor with being "superficial." The second student's dream says that gymnastics are going on upon the lower floor while the analyst orates upstairs. [The German word for gymnastics is "Turnen." This has here a double sense—the thoughts take their own "turn," while the analyst is otherwise engaged.] The dream says bluntly: "The most important matter altogether eludes you."

The Museum

Now let us consider another dream:

In a museum I meet Professor von Niessen, under whom I used to sit. He has just set in motion the model of Frahm's apparatus to check the rolling motion of a ship (see below, p. 122)—very swift. I remember having recently watched a glass of water subjected to such rocking movements, and how there would nevertheless occur a sudden pause in the movement of the water. I fear, therefore, that there might be a failure with short waves. Then it occurs to me that the movement of the waves of the sea and the movement of a rolling ship are two different things—the difference being like that between impressions, on the one hand, and their effect upon the psyche, on the other.

This dream would be hard to explain if we knew nothing about the functional representation of parapathy in dreams. It is, in fact, very fully accounted for by the incidents of the day before and by the clinical history of the patient. This patient is subject to dreams in which he is attacked by a burglar, and furiously endeavors to defend himself. This trouble is a form of pavor nocturnus (night terror), which most doctors regard as larval epilepsy, or as epilepsy without qualification. The dreamer wakes up, and goes on dreaming. Or we may say that the dream persists as a waking hallucination. In the doorway or beside the bed he sees a man who threatens him, kneels on him, or tries to stab him. Striking out against the man with his fists, he hits the wall on the framework of the bedstead. He is afraid that the man will threaten his mother. Often during the attacks he takes refuge in his mother's bedroom. In the dream he himself sometimes threatens his mother.

I have been treating him for a fortnight. He is firmly convinced that he would get well if only he could achieve intercourse with a girl. Though twenty-three and very vigorous, he has never yet performed a complete sexual act, getting on with occasional masturbation. All his attempts to find a partner in a liaison have miscarried. The fact is that he "arranges" the miscarriage. Either he behaves so loutishly (though a well-conducted fellow in the main, and no fool) that his would-be partner soon gives him the go-by; or else he is so timid in his advances, that he sheers off when the girl, as convention prescribes, shows herself reluctant. I infer that at bottom he wants to remain chaste, and thus avoid the risks of love. It is his way to consider all the possibilities, and to magnify the unpleasant ones. He imagines himself being sued for maintenance as father of an illegitimate child; as being infected with venereal disease, desperately ill, ataxic; as having fallen in love with a frivolous, uncultured girl, and then being forced into marriage. In a word, he has an abundance of excellent "reasons" for protecting himself against these formidable consequences, and his alleged impotence saves him from the anticipated reverses. That is why he cannot enter into a liaison. He does not really want to.

He surprised me when he told me he had made an assignation for that day, for I had strongly urged him against any advances to women while under treatment. Still, analysts learn from experience that parapaths are prone to seek actualities that will turn their minds away from the contemplation of their parapathy in the past or present tense; to revenge themselves on the doctor who welcomes the transference coldly, by seeking other loves; and to run their lives upon plans of their own, instead of upon plans laid down for them by the physician.

"I can tell you beforehand that this date of yours will never come off."

"Why on earth not? The girl promised to meet me as appointed."

"No doubt—but I am sure you will manage, somehow or other, to botch the affair."

I was confident in my prophecy, for I have known many similar cases in which the date did not "click" or the liaison came to naught before it was really begun. The patient noticed some trifling eruption on the fair one's skin; she had an unpleasant smell (the depreciatory tendency was at work); he furbished up inhibitions.—All rationalizations to enable him to say that luck was against him once more.

The youth waited in vain at the rendezvous, and was in such a rage when his inamorata did not turn up that he was afraid of doing something violent. That night he dreamed the dream recorded above.

When asked for associations to the dream, he gave the following. The day before, he was playing with a glass of water, half full. Rocking the glass and watching the little waves thus artificially created, he noticed that a moment came when they ceased, and the surface of the water was still. Von Niessen was his favorite among the professors, and in von Niessen's class he worked so hard that he earned commendation, though not usually an arduous student. Frahm's apparatus is intended to hinder the rolling of a ship and thus prevent sea-sickness. It consists of a system of communicating tubes filled with water. When the ship rolls to port, the water in the apparatus flows to the right and counteracts the port trend. Conversely, when the ship rolls to starboard, the water in the apparatus flows to the left. This induces a modicum of stabilization. A model had been demonstrated, and he had also seen a ship fitted with a Frahm apparatus.

The next association was very remarkable: "I am vexed that I know so little about weaving. One really ought to know exactly how a loom works." [The key to the association is less obvious in English than in German. In the latter tongue the "shuttle" of the loom which goes to and fro carrying the woof through the warp is called the "Schiffchen"—the little ship.] I recognize at once that we are concerned here with the "tissue" or "fabric" of the parapathy and the thoughts. This leads to a functional interpretation of the dream, arrived at by a flash of intuition.

A museum often symbolizes the brain or the mind, where memories are stored. The conscious is the museum attendant, who keeps watch over the treasures. (Later we shall consider another dream in which this symbol occurs.) The patient has built a stabilizing apparatus into his psyche, something that will check excessive perturbations of the ego. It will limit the oscillations of the bodily organism (for here the ship symbolizes the body, the physical life, the impulses, the material part of his being). I am the professor demonstrating the model, and, enlightened by my study of his dreams as to his present and his past, am disturbing his psyche and liberating impulses which have hitherto been kept in leash. Frahm's apparatus no longer functions effectively, can no longer control the rapid oscillations of his affects. The stability of his mind is endangered by the craving of his body to sleep with a girl. He is afraid that his safeguards may prove inadequate. He might yield to his impulses for a moment, and would then be lost. For an instant the water in the glass he was playing with stood still. If the Frahm's apparatus does not work properly, the ship will roll on her beam ends. Then the patient would perform the act symbolized by the rolling movements of the ship (and by the to-and-fro movements of the weaver's shuttle through the warp). He dreads a failure with short waves. The oscillations of his psyche are very extensive. He anticipates the worst. If he should fail to be as effective as heretofore in his protective and inhibitory ideas, if the stabilizing apparatus should function too slowly, he would be lost. But then it occurs to him in the dream that the movement of the waves of the sea and the movement of a rolling ship are two different things—the difference being like that between impressions on the one hand and their effect upon the psyche on the other. This explains what otherwise might have seemed obscure in the dream. He is an unhappy duplex creature. His body (the ship) and his mind (the waves—his thoughts and feelings) are antagonists. The body demands gratification of its impulses, the psyche demands chastity.

Light is thrown upon the cause of the parapathy by the following facts. He has an elder brother, who went wrong, came in conflict with the law, and bolted to America. This brother's fate had been a warning to him. As a boy he swore that he would never be like his brother, would never diverge from the right path. (He complains that in Vienna people walk on the wrong side of the pavement, on the left instead of on the right.) He wants always to go right. This is his leading aim, and any departure from it would be dangerous. But feeling too weak to cope with these perils straightforwardly, he avoids defeat by having recourse to subterfuges, by bungling his appointments as above described.

It is obvious how admirably this case illustrates the mechanisms described by Adler. His elder brother's fate, too, was a warning to him, a "memento" in Adler's sense. It might seem to confirm Adler's theories further that this young man had a well-marked sense of inferiority, and often spoke in a way that bore witness to the fact.

But I cannot follow Adler in the importance he attaches to the inferiority complex. Adler holds that this complex arises because of some organ inferiority, and that the aim of the parapathy is to overcompensate the inferiority and convert the minus into a plus. I do not agree with my colleague, for I hold the sense of inferiority to be the symbolical expression of the patient's endopsychic recognition of the undue strength of his own impulses. The parapath regards himself as "a bad lot," as inferior in the moral sense, and transfers the inferiority into the somatic sphere. He avails himself of the somatic inferiority to safeguard himself, and he "constructs" a somatic inferiority if it does not exist. (Adler admits as much, and therewith, as it seems to me, his doctrine of the primary importance of organ inferiority falls to the ground.) Objectively my patient shows not a trace of inferiority. He is a tall, vigorous, handsome fellow with an engaging appearance. But he believes himself to be hideous, and fancies that his penis is undersized—which is not the case. Thus he accounts to himself for his non-success with women, and uses his erroneous ideas as a further safeguard against the temptations of sex. Besides, he has an ingenious way of accounting for his failures. He is one of those who believe themselves to have a "great historic mission," saying to himself: "If you had sound nerves and a better brain, if you did not suffer from night terrors, you would have gone far." Thus his "inferiority" serves as an excuse for backwardness, and as an aid to his mission, which is to promote chastity and virtue in every possible way. The bipolarity of his thought is conspicuous. Physically he is an anarchist who believes in "propaganda by deed," and in his dreams he makes murderous onslaughts on notables. On Emperor William II, for instance, who in a speech at Königsberg arrogantly described himself as "King by God's grace." Because the patient is so much under the harrow of morality and the law that he has been forced to take flight into parapathy, his tendencies towards health and liberation demand the utmost amplitude. His mental pendulum, like the water in the glass, swings as far as possible to right and to left. He is simultaneously a loyal subject and an anarchist ultra. His greatest terror is that he may go out of his mind. The water might stand still, and then he would perform his disastrous deed—which would be like that of Herostratus who set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus in order to win notoriety. Anarchism is this criminal's "historic mission." His portrait would be in all the papers, he would become a historical personage, and fame would lift him out of the ruck. This would be an aim worth dying for.[1]

The next dream I propose to consider also introduces the museum as symbol of the brain in which memories are stored, or simply as a symbol of memory. The dreamer was a girl who, being betrothed to a man she had chosen against her mother's will, produced various parapathic symptoms in order to postpone the marriage. She was continually assuring her intended husband: "I will marry you as soon as I am well." But she did not get well, for she did not want to leave her mother. She was a living proof of the fallaciousness of Adler's intention that when a parapath has incestuous wishes they have only been "arranged" by the patient to frighten herself and to convince herself of the intensity of her own sexual desires—that they are only a "modus dicendi." I have no adverse bias where Adler's investigations are in question, but I feel bound to say that all the clinical histories recorded by those who have embraced the school of individual psychology seem to me to manifest a desperate eagerness (like those recorded by the Zurich school) to circumvent incest. Anyhow, my own experience conflicts with theirs. I am far from regarding the incest problem as the central problem of parapathy, for I know many parapaths with whose illness incestuous desires had nothing to do; but I know many more whose troubles can only be explained (by one who keeps his eyes open) as the outcome of incestuous trends. Anyhow, here is the patient's dream:

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[1] The cause of his trouble was that he felt homicidal towards his father, who had thwarted him in a love affair.

I enter a museum where there are a great many lovely old pictures. I look for my betrothed's portrait, but can't find it. In the last room, however, there is a large picture which bears the legend: "Mother Love."

This is a retrospective dream, in which the dreamer revisits the "museum," the storehouse of infantile memories. But it is also prospective, for she says: "I shall be unhappy in marriage, for my husband will never be able to replace my mother."

The next dream is another museum dream, of which my original interpretation was purely material. *Die Sprache des Traumes* contains a number of analyses in which I was already using functional interpretations. But in others the functional significance was overlooked, as happened with regard to Dream 75, of which I here reproduce no more than an extract:

My brother had to leave Vienna, and had already packed. I went to the rooms on the first and second stories. The second story was *like an attic. With me was an old watchman, dressed like a museum attendant, and carrying a bunch of keys. He explained a lot of things to me. . . . On the floor were planks and miscellaneous furniture like that in an old curiosity shop.*

That is as much as I need reproduce here of a long dream, to show that a "museum" symbolizes the storehouse of memories. The watchman represents memory itself, or perhaps consciousness. We see that only in the dream does the patient pursue his analysis to an end, and that the brain is symbolized as the second story and as the attic. But the attendant carries a bunch of keys and can explain a lot of things. The dream pokes fun at the analyst, and shows the dreamer's inclination to keep important memories to himself. "My brother had to leave Vienna" means, "My illness wants to forsake me. But I do not intend to put up with this. As watchman I carry the bunch of keys to my old lumber room, and I am the only person who will explore these rooms in the realm of dreams."

The Automobile in Dreams [1]

When we compare the dreams of times long past (many of which have been handed down to us) with the dreams of the younger generation, we are astonished to find that there has been no change in the fundamental problems and the primal conflicts of mankind. Although the language of the dream has altered, the spiritual content has undergone no modification. Obviously the most outstanding of the new discoveries and inventions will make their way into our dreams. We can study kindred phenomena in the fantasies and hallucinations of those who suffer from mental disorder. Very striking is the way in

[1] First published in 1935.—EDITOR.

which the most recent political trends are used in the dreams to show forth our inward struggles. Even more interesting is it that all the advances of technique are made available for the symbolization of mental conflicts.

The motor car with its elaborate mechanisms would seem to be peculiarly well adapted for the depiction of the complicated problems of the psyche. I shall illustrate this by numerous examples, beginning with two dreams of an impotent young man. After two failures with a prostitute, this student came to the conclusion that he was impotent, and hastened to communicate the disagreeable tidings to his betrothed and her mother, perhaps in the hope that they would cancel the engagement. The mother-in-law-to-be took the news phlegmatically, saying with an indulgent smile: "That sort of thing often happens to young fellows in love. It is of no consequence whatever." As for the young lady, she gave him to understand that she had no objection to his trying again, with another meretrix. But he thought it better to consult me, and formulated the alternative: "If you don't cure me, I shall kill myself." I explained that his betrothed's mother was well-informed. Failure to achieve coitus with a puella publica was a trifling matter, and might even be regarded as typical of a young man who was deeply in love. He could marry without fear as to the consequences. But he insisted on the analysis, and here is his first dream:

I have got into a motor car but do not know how to drive. A man sitting on the back seat instructs me. After a while I get on swimmingly, and we come to a square where many women are standing. My affianced's mother greets me with delight.

We note the representation of the parapathic symptoms. He is impotent but has found an instructor (the doctor) who supplies him with the requisite information. He can drive a car, he is potent, he no longer feels ashamed of his weakness when he sees a woman, and (most important of all) his betrothed's mother is delighted at his success.

This is an encouraging dream, one which justifies a favorable prognosis. Polygamous inclinations are disclosed (there are "many women" in the square), contrasting with the monogamy of his earlier fixation, which made it impossible to separate love from marriage. In the transference situation the analyst is his father, whereas his mother is symbolized by the mother-in-law.

His mother died when he was fourteen, and this was a heavy blow. The father was devoted to the mother; the marriage was a model one, and the widower's existence was consecrated to the memory of the dead wife. This supplies one of the grounds for the patient's impotence. Convinced that for many years his father has abstained from sexual indulgence, he identifies himself with the father and remains faithful to the deceased mother.

Six weeks later he had another automobile dream which signified a complete change in the situation:

I have passed the examination for a driving license with flying colors. In front of the Opera House the doctor and my brother drive up in an auto. I get in and begin to drive towards the Museum. Really I don't know how to drive, or understand the use of the various controls. Nor can I steer. I cross the street just in front of another car. A lady (the doctor's wife) shouts a warning. Several times I get on to the pavement. As quickly as I can I get back into the roadway, being afraid lest a policeman should see me. Then I swerve on to the pavement once more, though the curb is high. At last I get back into the roadway, which here climbs steeply. With a violent wrench at the steering wheel I turn much too sharply into a side street. Impossible to drive on here, for this narrow by-street, though less steep than the one I have left, is blocked a few paces ahead by a thick layer of unworked rod metal; and farther on the passage is tortuous, confused and impenetrable. The car has not completely stopped, the engine is still working, and the *auto would like to go ahead. I must stop it somehow. I feel that I have thrust my foot in front of one of the driving wheels, and I ask: "How can I stop the damned thing?" The doctor and my brother get out. My father comes up and says: "You don't know how to drive one little bit." I reply: "Quite true, I can't drive." I beg the doctor to show me, or tell me, how to stop the engine. They stand in front of the car without saying a word. Once more I seek to be informed how to use the levers and other controls from the driver's seat. They let hot water run out of the motor, and say I need only drive up and down a little, then it will be all right. "So be it," I shout. "If you won't tell me, take the consequences" . . . and I turn sharply to the right. During this conversation my father says: "You're making a stink once more. By that. I recognize my littlest son." This remark wounds and infuriates me, for I am shorter than my younger brother.*

Simplifying this dream to one sentence, it means: "I have got into a blind alley." He is, in fact, in a blind alley. He has picked a quarrel with his affianced, saying that her letters to him are cold. For three weeks he has not had a line from her, and will not write, since it is "her turn." He feels sure that they will soon break off the engagement.

In the dream he has passed the driving test with flying colors. He is potent, and nevertheless he cannot drive. He sets off in the direction of the Museum. This museum is the storehouse of his memories. He is infatuated in his worship of relics, collecting every conceivable token of the past. Again and again he has made up his mind to destroy his collection, but on each occasion he keeps a good deal, being unable to decide upon the sacrifice of all the items.

He foresees the danger of unleashing his impulse (the motor car). He cannot guide his impulse nor guide his life. There is imminent risk of a collision, and my wife (a mother imago) warns him. He drives on the sidewalk, may run over blameless pedestrians, the road grows steeper, the task more and more difficult. He swerves round a corner, abandoning his original direction, and then turns to the right—this representing his anagogic tendencies. But there is no thoroughfare. Hindrance is heaped upon hindrance, and the impulse which has slipped its leash cannot again be brought under control. The engine goes on running inexorably, and in vain does he appeal for help. But I, the doctor, know that the motor is overheated, and let the hot water run out. The father turns up and reproaches him. The patient, says his father, is trying to besmirch his mother image, to "raise a stink." We have a plain disclosure of the rivalry with the brother, who is taller though younger. Hatred of the father (the infantile constellation) is likewise manifest.

The dream is a warning dream, showing that the patient is afraid of succumbing to his sadistic trends. (Running over pedestrians.) During the analysis this sadistic impulse peeps through the veils of repression. His impotence is the outcome of his dread of his sadistic attitude towards women. From extreme activity he takes flight into the weakness of passivity.

The next automobile dream (another patient's) shows a very different picture:

I have just covered a long stretch, doing so in a battered old Ford. I pull up in front of a hotel, and ask if I can get a room, proposing to stay the night. The house stands on a slight elevation, and looks as if it had been built of the cheapest obtainable materials. I enquire the price. To encourage me the hostess shows me the bed, which has, instead of pillows, a heap of coloured towels. Tidying the bed, she asks ten shillings a night, bath included. The bath is downstairs in the hall. The charge seems to me preposterous, since for that I could get a bed in a first-class hotel. I come away in a rage, and go back to my car. What do I find? The left mudguard has been damaged—nearly half of it carried away. The car is packed with acquaintances, but I cannot fully recognise any of them. I shall probably have to stay the night in this hotel.

The dreamer is a man of forty-six, who has actually covered a long stretch, probably more than half his life. That this life has not been a happy one is shown by the symbol of the battered old Ford. His sexual impulses have remained ungratified, fixation on the mother (with whom he still lives) having made him impotent for the most part. He has found a lady-friend about five years older than himself, and with her (since she is a mother image) he is potent. He is inclined to marry her, and yet he is reluctant to do so, for he still hopes to find a young, pretty, and well-dowered wife. The defect in the left mudguard indicates that his impulse has been seriously frustrated (by his paraphilia). He has never had complete erection except in intercourse with his elderly lady-friend. With other women he gets no more than a partial erection, and cannot penetrate. (Half of the left mudguard has been carried away.)—In automobile dreams a tightly inflated tire often appears as symbol of a satisfactory erection.

Here is another automobile dream of the same patient:

We are walking down a steep gradient on a mountain road, and meet a shabby car whose driver is having great difficulty with it. Though it is making a terrible clatter, it can hardly get ahead at all. We reach a narrow grated gate just as the auto should pass us. Making a leap into the air, the car suddenly pulls up. We jump aside, for the water in the radiator is boiling, and we are afraid of being splashed with hot, rusty water. The driver restarts his car and drives through the narrow gate. But instead of turning left, downhill, where he might find a garage and a competent mechanic to repair his car, he turns right, and drives uphill, very slowly. I foresee that he will not get far, and am exceedingly sorry for him. The water in the radiator continues to boil, and the engine is making a frightful noise. For him to drive downhill would be hardly less difficult than uphill. I think that there must be something that has worked loose or got broken, either in the engine or in the *transmission. It seems to me that the man would have done better to have his car attended to by an expert before driving on uphill.*

This dream is an excellent instance of the objectification of a conflict. Ostensibly it does not concern the dreamer himself, but a stranger whom the dreamer cannot identify. We recognize once again a warning dream intended to advise him against marrying before he is thoroughly cured. The competent mechanic is the analyst. The dream exhibits the antithesis between appearance (fantasy or wish) and reality. He would like, following his anagogic trend, to climb the steep hill (his life task, his sexual aim), but the frightful noise the engine is making, and the exertion that will be requisite, are utterly disproportional to the prospects of success. His fancy is overstimulated; he asks too much of himself and the world. The sexual aim is represented by the gate. The turning to the right is his intended marriage, not with his elderly lady-friend, but with a young girl. Will he, who suffers from ejaculatio praecox, be able to consummate the marriage and take full possession of her. Something has gone wrong with the machinery, something has come unstuck or got broken. The transmission between brain and spinal cord does not function properly. The warning of the dream runs as follows: "Before trying to reach too far, restrict your demands (the katagogic tendency) and get yourself cured."—In subsequent dreams we learn that the battered old "tin Lizzie" symbolizes his mother.

A doctor whom I am analyzing for training purposes (because he himself wishes to become a psychoanalyst) produces an interesting dream:

I have had an accident when out driving in my car. In the crash, the clock fell on the floor. Someone (a stranger, or maybe it was my uncle or my father) takes the clock to pieces and sets it to rights. Perhaps only the glass was broken. I wonder whether there was any real need for taking the clock to pieces.

Somewhere, somewhen, the dreamer had sustained a shock, but probably a slight one. The clock must be taken to pieces (analysis). Something in his mind has got out of gear (the watch as a functional symbol for the heart or the mind). There is obvious resistance to the analysis. It is not clear in the dream who was actually driving the car. It may have been the patient or may have been his father. Who was to blame for the accident? This question is left open. In the transference the analyst takes on the paternal role.

The dream has a deeper meaning. It concerns an action which the dreamer regards as needless. He has done something that would have been better left undone, and this something is symbolized by the motor-car accident. His progress in the journey through life has been arrested.

Here is the automobile dream of another doctor:

In an old car, I am driving slowly along a road which is undergoing reparation. Sitting beside the chauffeur I notice that on the right there is no parapet, while on the left are rocks. Suddenly I hear noises, and think something must have gone wrong in the petrol tank. I get out and walk back quickly along the road. From a considerable distance I see flames bursting from the car. Then comes an explosion. It occurs to me that I did well to get out in good time.

Once more the motif of an aged and presumably battered car. The topic of the analysis is mooted by the talk of roadmenders engaged upon reparation (he miswrites this, instead of "repair"—reparation properly signifying compensation paid for damages committed by the payer). He is not himself driving, but sits beside the chauffeur. The position of the automobile is dangerous—a precipice on the right, rocks on the left. He leaves the auto because he hears ominous noises, and he walks some way back along the road. Then he sees and hears an explosion. He gets out in the nick of time.

He suffers from strangulation of affect which makes him incapable of strong emotion. Such persons know that their feelings are stagnant, and they dread an explosion, an outburst. He is married, and not happy in his conjugal relations. Leaving the car means that he would like to get a divorce before there is an explosion.

Marriage restricts him. He wants to emerge from this narrow circle into a wider world. His second automobile dream has the same motif.

I am with a companion on a road leading through a wood. In my hand I hold a globe round which runs a deep groove, a complete circle. It occurs to me that this is the way round the earth, the way we want to travel. A motor car would be helpful. We go down to a house, a garage of sorts, and ask when an auto will start. The answer is that we shall have to wait till all the places have been taken, and that the fare is fifty shillings or crowns. To me it seems that the charge is excessive, and God alone knows how long we shall have to wait. We go out and notice a millwheel, water-driven. I think: "That is how an auto moves and how traffic is effected."

Expressive is the contrast between the millwheel and the motor car, between the wide world and the stillness of home. The mill is a warning. "God's mill grinds slow, but sure." He knows that he will have to pay for his offences. The auto here signifies masturbation—auto-erotism.

In many dreams an important motif is encountered twice over. Here it is the circle. The globe round which a groove runs is the millwheel which turns full circle. The profounder significance of the dream is as follows: Life is a circle, round which we get back to the beginning. In the previous dream the dreamer walked back along the road. He is weary of life and would be glad to die. He will have to wait till death overtakes him, till he is fifty. Death wishes as regards his wife have induced a sense of guilt which discloses itself as a suicidal impulse. (No one kills himself without having wished to kill another.) The motif of paying too much recurs again and again (sense of guilt).

Another patient produces a variant of the automobile dream:

I have bought a motorcycle, and think how right Dr. M. was when he recommended me to do so. I try in various ways how easy it is to start a motorcycle. I remind myself that one must drive left in Austria. All the same, I meet a cart that is driving right, and we nearly have a collision. After a halt, I can't get my motorcycle to start again. Someone says: "Perhaps your petrol tank is empty." I show him that the tank is still nearly full. Then he says that probably water has leaked into the petrol tank from a big cistern. This water (? rainwater) ought to have been emptied sooner. Now a mixture of water and petrol has got into the machinery. It is a quarter to three. At a quarter to four I must be home for dinner. I will find a mechanic who will put my motorcycle to rights.

Dr. M. recommended this patient, who is impotent, to see what he could do with a prostitute. The patient is a German from the Reich, and, remembering that in Austria the rule of the road is to keep to the left, whereas in the Reich you must keep to the right, thinks he can allow himself a lapse in Austria. But he is afraid of a collision. (Collisions are frequent in automobile dreams.) The motorcycle symbolizes his instinct. After starting the engine, he cannot get under way. At first his interest in a woman is easily aroused, but the hot fit speedily gives place to the cold. His impulse is not overmastering, as it should be. Rainwater has got into his petrol tank. He must hurry up and get well quickly or he will "miss his dinner." The mechanic is the analyst.

The next dream has a very different construction.

There were two ways of getting to Pest. I could drive with the rest of the family in my father's auto, or I could swim down the Danube. I chose the latter, telling the company that the land route was much longer. When I reached Pest, I went to see an old *woman. As I left her I saw all my people assembled in front of her house, and they derided me for having made so tremendous a swim to see such a person. Soon after that I went home with all the others. My mother, who was with us, did not want to let me drive, but I insisted, and drove them all back quite safely, though the road was so greasy that the car skidded very often, and though there were steep gradients both up and down.*

The typical dream of a doubter. There are two ways of doing things, and he is subject to continual ups and downs. The old woman symbolizes his past. His strong mother fixation (the father's auto) and his family fixation are both manifest. The danger of his fantasies is vividly depicted. His car skids, this being an additional symbolization of his doubts. Always he sees alternative ways, and finds it hard to choose between them.

The imagery of the next dream is far more complicated.

I was on the point of getting into a taxi, but the driver was busy polishing the wind-screen, and said I must wait a minute. I agreed. Then a lady came up, opened the door, and was about to get in, when the driver told her his cab was engaged. She took offence, and went away in a rage. Now a dressmaker's assistant came, carrying a parcel that contained a white gown. She wanted to get in. I said: "No, this taxi is engaged." But she still wanted to get in—and the cab changed into Herr K.'s auto. I got in by the back door and she sat beside the chauffeur. Now it was an ordinary taxi again. We drove on for a moment, and then I heard a whimpering cry. Suddenly we were close to a police car. The policemen were sitting on the mudguards, which were dirty. I saw a young man, lean and hatless. He was a fugitive and was holding a long squirt charged with a dangerous fluid (oil of vitriol). He squirted at harmless passers-by, one woman in the back, another in the face. The latter screwed up her eyes; she had been blinded. The driver was inquisitive, pulled up and looked back. I ordered him to drive *on. He did so, but no more than a few paces, and then stopped again. I was terribly afraid of the man with the squirt.*

Then I went up in a balloon. It was very small, like a child's toy-balloon of semi-transparent extensible rubber sheeting; and though it was so tiny, I could get in. There were two of us. It was night, and we ascended to a great altitude. Then we got out of the balloon, dropped some thin, sticky threads, and climbed up these back into the balloon. On the threads, at intervals of a yard, were corks. I must not touch the threads, but must jump from cork to cork. I performed all kinds of gymnastic feats in doing this. I called down to the second woman advising her to do the same, to touch the corks only, not the string, and to make yard-long jumps.

The patient who had this dream was an unmarried woman of thirty-two, belonging to an old family. She had had various intimacies with men. The dream emphasizes the distinction between a taxicab, which plies for hire, and a private car. Herr K. has a car of his own, is a married man, and one of her lovers. The dream opens with a description of her auto-erotic manipulations and her amusements with her lovers (the polishing of the wind screen). The first lady who wants to get in is Herr K.'s wife. She is repulsed, and goes away in a rage. The girl with the white dress who sits in front beside the chauffeur is herself in the days of innocence. It is the voice of conscience, which unceasingly exhorts her, and makes it impossible for her to have the sexual orgasm. She feels besoiled. The policemen are the guardians of morality. The shining mudguards have been splashed with dirt. The young man with the squirt is a painter to whom she gave herself, though she believed she could love no one but Herr K. After this, she had an unpleasant vaginal discharge, and believed she had been infected.

The latter part of the dream begins with the description of a rubber condom. When her lover wears such a preventive she has no fear of either infection or pregnancy, and can therefore take a high flight. But she has inward inhibitions which she cannot overcome (must jump a yard at a time), "performs all kinds of gymnastic feats," and still fails to achieve the orgasm. The threads with the corks on them remind her (when she is asked for associations) of a seaside resort where the bathers were kept within bounds by such a cord with cork floats. However, she had ventured a yard beyond this limit.—In her waking life she has been too venturesome and has paid for her freedom by becoming affected with grave parapathic disorders.—The sexual symbolism of the dream is easy to understand.

The next dream is likewise illustrative:

I am driving downhill in an auto. The speedometer indicates a scorching pace, and I wonder how much I shall have to pay.

The dreamer feels that he is in his declining days. Time is rapidly passing. Soon he will stand before the Supreme Judge, and will have to pay for his sins.

In the next dream the "central" conflict is plainly disclosed:

I have bought a new car. It doesn't work. I take it to a garage, and one of the mechanics overhauls the engine. To console me he says: "You will be surprised to see how well it runs now." I try to drive a few paces, but the car won't budge. Then I catch sight of an old, yellow auto, and think: "Perhaps that one would work all right. But first I shall have to sell this new car of mine."

The patient is an impotent man of twenty-nine, with a strong sister fixation. For years he and his sister amused themselves by undressing one another. His typical fantasy is the forcible unclothing of the object of desire. Against his parents' will he married a woman two years older than himself. He has not succeeded in consummating the marriage, being unable to overcome his sister fixation. The yellow car belongs to his cousin, a girl who resembles his sister. It was because she was so like his sister that he did not marry her, for he wished to free himself from the trammels of the incest complex. Marriage to the cousin would have brought him great material advantages, for she is rich, whereas his wife was undowered. He married out of contrariness, wishing to defy another ruling passion, the money complex. The main significance of the dream is that he wants to rid himself of his wife, by divorce, at any cost.

Here is the automobile dream of a girl of twenty-two:

My car is continually breaking down. The engine knocks badly. I take it to a garage where they tell me that the hole in the jet is too large, so that too much petrol is sprayed into the cylinder. I must have a jet with a smaller hole, and then the mixture will not be so rich. I drive away, and my brand-new car is suddenly transformed into an old one. To my amazement it now runs to perfection.

At the age of eight the patient had a severe trauma. Her father tried to possess her, but did not succeed, owing to the mechanical disproportion. This unhappy experience gave rise to a "complex of shattered authority." She now leads a loose life, but does not achieve the orgasm. She has always chosen lovers who are strongly developed (the large-calibre jet). In her fantasy (the transformed auto) each successive lover becomes the father imago. Hence the inhibition and the frigidity.

Another unmarried woman dreams:

My wind-screen has been broken by a stone, and I am now exposed to wind and rain. My eyes fill with tears. Shall I ever reach my destination with this damaged car?

She has lost her virginity and cannot get over it. Belonging to a respectable middle-class family, and piously brought up, she was induced by the talk of her women friends to give "free love" a trial.

A woman unhappily married, completely frigid in intercourse, has a dream whose significance is obvious:

My car won't start. A man tells me: "The sparking plugs are dirty, and the current cannot pass. Since there is no spark, there can be no explosions in the cylinders."

Similar is the dream of a man of thirty-four, who complains that his wife is frigid:

The engine of my car knocks and groans. I think it is not properly lubricated, and I intend to give my chauffeur a dressing-down. This sort of thing never happened with my old car and my previous chauffeur. I'm sorry I parted with the old car and dismissed the chauffeur. Suddenly one of the wheels comes off, and I am afraid of falling out.

The old car is his mistress, whom he had thought of marrying, but whom he deserted in order to make a "good match." He did violence to his feelings, and wedded a rich woman whom he did not love. Instead of the mistress (a girl he had seduced), he now has a wife with whom the union is ill-assorted. She is not an artist in love, and her vaginal mucous membrane is so dry that he has to use a lubricant. He is filled with remorse, and would like to divorce his wife, towards whom he entertains death wishes.

The next dream also discloses the dreamer's central or guiding idea:

I am driving down a steep hill. The engine knocks, and I am not making satisfactory progress. Have I overloaded her with baggage? A policeman shouts, as I pass: "There's something wrong with your distributor." I have to go on foot to the nearest garage, and am afraid because I am alone and it is dark. Also it has begun to rain. I take my revolver with me. A suspicious figure, transparent as a mist wraith, dogs my footsteps. I say to myself: "It is only a mist wraith, or a hallucination." He says something which sounds like "Nevermore," fades out, and disappears. I feel for my revolver, and am disgusted to find that I have forgotten it after all.

The patient had a tragical experience during the war. He volunteered, to fall sick with severe anxiety states while in course of training. Throughout the war, he passed from hospital to hospital. His brother served, and was at the front most of the time. A week before the armistice this brother visited him in hospital, and told him to his face that he was a poltroon and a shirker who had shammed illness to escape the dangers of the war. A violent quarrel ensued. His brother parted from him in anger, and there was no chance of reconciliation because on the day before the armistice the brother was killed outright by a shell burst. Thereby the patient became sole heir to a great fortune, of which otherwise he would have had no more than half. In the dream this is symbolized by the "distributor." The policeman is his conscience, and the mist wraith is his brother's ghost. The gloom of his thoughts and feelings is expressed by rain and darkness. After his brother's death, his parapathy grew worse. To maintain his self-respect he must at all hazards keep up the fiction of a genuine illness. He is not a poltroon, not a shirker, but is really ill, and believes that his illness must have an organic cause. He thinks it must be a tumor of the brain, and doubts the diagnosis of the doctors who say that he has nothing more than a functional nervous disorder. If he could pluck up courage, he would kill himself (the revolver). He used to entertain death wishes as concerned his brother, hoping to be sole heir. Now he must pay for this by severe pangs of conscience.—In association to "Nevermore" he mentions Edgar Allan Poe's poem, *The Raven*. He has lost peace of mind, and will never recover it.

Let me draw the reader's attention to the frequency with which the garagist, the motor mechanic, appears in these dreams. We are naturally inclined to think of the psychological healer, the analyst. But do not the dreams also bear witness to an anagogic tendency, which makes our patients demand a change of heart, atonement for crime? Is it not strange that so ultra-mechanical apparatus as a motor car should be pressed into the service as an emblem of the mind? Patients often assure us that it would be preferable to be informed that they were suffering from organic disease rather than they should have to admit that the working of the mind had gone wrong. The patient whose case we have just been considering found it easier to face the possibility of brain tumor than to recognize having felt an unforgivable joy when tidings came of his brother's death. (A primal reaction of selfishness.) The lady of easy virtue who fled from the man with the squirt because another woman had been blinded by the "dangerous fluid," will not admit that she herself has repressed her moral principles (the white dress), that she herself is blind and feels so besmirched that she will never regain her pristine sense of innocence. Nevertheless the Great Mechanic will understand. He will know that there is a realm beyond good and evil, that the motor mechanism within us may drive us human beings to destruction, that often it is only a lucky chance which enables us to bring our car safely to the garage. The best intentions may be frustrated by the puckishness of Cupid. All the patients whose cases have come up for consideration in the present chapter are guiltlessly guilty.

The next case shows how the main life conflict may be shown forth in an automobile dream:

Early morning, a few minutes before seven, and a glorious summer day. I leave our warm-weather quarters in S. to make my way to high school. In front of my father's garage I decide that I will drive to school. But all my efforts to keep the car going prove futile. My brother is driving about the garden in a similar but somewhat smaller car. My sister is also driving, in a much smaller car, so small as to be little more than a toy. Motor mechanics and *garagists, and my father as well, turn up, and get to work on my car, but in vain. They clean the sparking plugs, regulate the mixture, flood the carbureter with petrol; but neither with the starter nor by cranking-up can they get the engine to fire. Once, indeed, she fires, and makes a few revolutions; but directly I try to get under way, everything fizzles out. I think that the jet must be blocked, unless the magneto (distributor) is out of order. I test the electrical connexions. My father flies into a temper because I try out the lighting in the headlamps instead of contenting myself with the switches on the dashboard. We start wrangling, and then he gives me a box on the ear. I push him away, and he turns to depart. On impulse I follow him, and return his box on the ear, whereupon he begs my pardon, and promises to foot the bill for the repairs. Meanwhile we have wasted the whole morning, which annoys me very much. At length one of the mechanics succeeds in starting the engine by cranking-up, and, making a great noise, I set off in first, and keep on with this gear, for I want speedy revolutions lest the motor should die once more.*

The reference to an infantile trauma is unmistakable. We discern jealousy of the sister and the brother, and hatred of the father—though he loved and loves him more than anyone else in the world, and in whose mind he would like to be the supreme, nay the only interest. His mental disturbance is projected upon the car, which he vainly tries to start. He tries everywhere, but cannot discover what is wrong. The attempt at self-analysis ("auto-analysis") failed because he did not use the right switchboard, but tested only the headlights. This signifies that he was merely feigning an attempt to discover what was wrong. But since every dream analyzes itself, he realizes at the end that his faulty relationship to his father must be the source of all his inhibitions. The decisive trauma must have occurred before he was seven; he has wasted the greater part of his life ("the whole morning"). His car is in a very bad way. He needs a large number of revolutions per minute—must speed up affects that he may find a new object and break away from the family. How long will the new love last? He is afraid it may die at any moment.

At about this time (when seven) he was suffering from asthma. His father, acting on the advice of a doctor, tried to cut short the paroxysms by a kindly meant box on the ear. The asthma and the box on the ear are plainly indicated in the dream.

I may appropriately introduce here the dream of a well-known racing motorist which (though not an automobile dream) finely demonstrates the power of conscience.

Herr G., fifty years of age comes to me for treatment because he is suffering from severe depression. Here is his first dream:

I go to Herr Zahlmeister, the millowner, and say to him: "I know you have the string of pearls in safe-keeping." He says that is so, and hands the string over to me. I decide to give the pearls back to Frau X. at once.

The dreamer is a married man, and the father of four children, to whom he is sincerely attached; but he is a Don Juan, one of those men who are continually in search of new conquests, to prove themselves irresistible. He is now in the stage of "hang-over" after his last "great love." Having made the acquaintance of a lady who, being unhappily married, was embittered and frigid, after a long siege he induced her to give herself to him. He was passionately in love with her, as he is with every new flame. As luck would have it, her husband had a boating accident and was drowned. The lady was now free, and a period of untrammelled happiness was expected. But the death of the husband had cast a shadow upon the liaison. Then, during a stay on the Riviera, where they had looked forward to enjoying one another's company for the first time without restraint, the lady had an attack of septicaemia which carried her off after a long and painful illness. It was then that my patient began to suffer from depression. Though for him life had been a fine art, he had to struggle with suicidal longings. The pearl necklace played a peculiar part in this love story. During an excursion with her lover, the lady lost it. Her husband, who came to join his wife for a hot-weather vacation, made a sort of penal investigation, and under the "third degree" she was forced to admit that she had lost the pearls when walking with my patient. The irate husband sought him out, and practically accused him of having stolen them. This was the first fly in the ointment or the first rift in the lute. The lover began to think that he would have been better off had he never seen the lady; and his mood grew still more despondent when the husband's accidental death set her free, and made him think that the fair one would be a chain round his neck for the remainder of his days. He could not marry her, but he knew that to sever all connection with her might be a fatal blow.

In the dream the matter of the pearls is quickly and happily settled. The pearls are in safe keeping and the husband will hear nothing of the compromising excursion. Frau X. is alive, Herr X. is alive, and the subsequent tragical deaths have been annulled.

Why does the dream take him to a mill, and what is the significance of Herr Zahlmeister ("Mr. Paymaster")? Herr Zahlmeister was a well-behaved husband, happily married, and everyone knew him to be faithful to his wife as well as a good father. Herr Z., then, was in every respect a contrast to my patient, and his name has a certain significance. When asked for associations to "mill," the patient promptly replied "the mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." The patient suffers from a sense of guilt, because he regards himself as doubly a murderer. He had longed for the husband's death, and his death wish was fulfilled. (The omnipotence of thought.) The widow became a burden to him. During her tedious illness, he often thought: "She suffers horribly, and the doctors tell me there is no hope of recovery. How much better it would be if the end came quickly." Now, in accordance with the lex talionis, he ought to take his own life. But the dream points to another possible solution. Neither she nor her husband is dead; he gives her back the string of pearls (a symbol of undying affection), so he can go on living. Thus the first dream led unhesitatingly to the central conflict, and pointed the way to release (by oblivion and annulment).

One reason why the case is so interesting is that it was that of a man who looked upon himself as a superman, and who was one for whom the word conscience was unmeaning. He was astonished when he heard my interpretation. Only a few visits were possible, since he had to participate in a motor race. He collided with a tree, and was extricated in a dying condition from the wreckage of the very car in which he had driven his inamorata to the Riviera. Was this death purely accidental, or a form of self-punishment? Who can tell?

Thus automobile dreams show us how in the dream all human passions and affects tend to seek a "modern" method of expression. Impulse and inhibition, criminal leanings and moral considerations—in a word, anagogic and katagogic trends alike—secure in this way a symbolization whose meaning is clear to the expert.

PART TWO

PROGRESS OF DREAM INTERPRETATION

Chapter Seven

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PROGRESS OF DREAM INTERPRETATION[1]

Functional and Material Interpretation

SINCE FREUD PUBLISHED his first work on dream interpretation (Traumdeutung, 1900) I have been busily at work upon the subject, but my opus magnum, *Die Störungen des Trieb- und Affektlebens,* has so largely monopolized my energies that I have been unable to report at regular intervals upon advances in dream interpretation. Meanwhile, however, I have communicated my experiences to so many of my pupils, teaching them how to interpret dreams by my method, that it seems expedient, at this date, to give a summary of the progress made in the last twenty years.

It is hardly necessary to dilate upon the importance of dream interpretation in psychoanalysis. Freud rightly calls it "the royal road into the realm of the unconscious." Since I myself regard dreams as part of the domain of the unconscious, I cannot but endorse these words. Only one who is a master of the art of dream interpretation can be a good psychotherapist, he alone will be able to recognize the patient's hidden attitudes and thus to direct his treatment rightly.

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[1] First appeared in "Fortschritte der Sexualwissenschaft und Psychoanalyse," vol. III, Deuticke, Vienna, 1929.

In my earlier writings upon this topic I have again and again pointed out that dreams can only be interpreted in their bearing upon the patient's life conflict. In *Die Sprache des Traumes,* and still more in my subsequent essays, I have repeatedly referred to functional significance and to its relation to the analysis.

An example will illustrate what this means. Here is a dream to be interpreted:

I break open a locked door, and in doing so I destroy the lock, so that the door can no longer be closed properly.

Here is the "material" interpretation:

The dreamer has become acquainted with a girl, a virgin. He intends to seduce her. Defloration is symbolized by the act of breaking open the door and the destruction of the lock (the hymen).

Here, on the other hand, is the "functional" interpretation:

I am forcing my way into my own interior. To do so I must destroy something precious. The new knowledge annihilates a fiction, which has hitherto served as a safeguard (self-protection).

Note the contrast between the two interpretations. The former kind of interpretation is content with a material translation of the symbols, which are usually regarded as exclusively sexual. The latter is effected in relation to the functions of the mind.

We shall see, ere long, that the two kinds of interpretation are supplementary, and reciprocally influence one another.

Dream Problems—Life Problems

In the course of my research it has become ever plainer to me that we have hitherto underestimated the extent to which condensation occurs in dreams. The dream is a microcosm in which the whole mental macrocosm is mirrored.

Here is a generalization which seems to me incontrovertible:

(I) THE DREAMER'S LIFE CONFLICT FINDS EXPRESSION IN EVERY DREAM.

My pupils often come to ask my advice about a case. I listen to the clinical history and to an account of the most salient incidents of the patient's life. Then I ask for a dream. "An important one, I suppose?"—"Oh, no," I answer. "Never mind about that. Any dream will do." But I am always glad to get the first dreams the patient has after the beginning of the analysis, for these usually give the plainest expression to the conflict constellation. (Such "initial dreams" will be considered in Chapter IX.)

The problem of mental cleavage is seen in the next dream which was dreamed by a man of forty-two.

The Dream about the Whale

I am sitting on the shore, and a number of persons lie or sit on the neighbouring rocks. A whale appears, and plays in the water close at hand. This goes on for a long time with various phases. For a time I feel sympathy with the whale, but soon this kindly feeling changes into intensifying hate, so at length I decide to make an end of the beast. It grows perpetually craftier and slier in its movements. I dislike it more and more. Different scenes follow one *another. Being quite near to the water's edge, I watch its doings, and wonder what it is planning. At length I make up my mind. The whale must not be allowed to interfere with the amenities of a seaside resort, and therefore it must be destroyed. I go home, get my fowling-piece and cartridges, an ample supply of food, clothing, and other articles—probably in order to be able to stick it out a long time on the coast. There I lie quietly for some time, amusing myself, and having a delightful rest, when suddenly the whale reappears on the horizon. For a long while it wallows near the shore, while I watch it. A man on the shore is fishing. The whale snaps at his bait, swallows hook and line and a board that reaches into the water, follows the fisherman, and apparently intends to bolt him as well. The fisherman is rather surprised, not having expected to hook so formidable a prize. Now I go back to the place where my things are lying, being resolved to shoot the whale. But I am held up, for my cartridges have been covered by the sand. I extricate two of them, and call to my neighbours to dig out some more and bring them to me. I know that it is very risky to try to kill so big a whale with an ordinary fowling-piece. Perhaps if I wound it I shall only make it angrier. Anyhow I must have more ammunition available. As I approach the place where the whale threatened the fisherman, the beast has left it, and is swimming lustily along the coast. I follow it, running down a path which borders the water and crosses ridges and furrows in the sand. The mechanism of my fowling-piece is familiar to me, an old, rusty and out-of-date type of scatter-gun. After awhile I find that the whale has got beyond my range, having long since left the part of the coast that is suitable for bathing, so that I shall have to run on for several miles before I can get near it. Then I wake up, and am surprised at the length of my dream, which has dealt with a period running to several hours.*

To understand the dream we must know something about the dreamer. He is in the prime of life (forty-two), well-built, healthy, and successful. But up to now he has not been able to find a suitable woman for his wife. He used to have some casual affairs, but nothing that cut deep, nothing which could lead to a permanent union. For three years he had been intimate with a divorced woman, believes he really loves her, has travelled with her, and shares her artistic enjoyments, but cannot make up his mind whether to marry her or not. There are various objections. She is thirty-five, and he thinks he would be wise to find a younger mate. She has been an actress, but would keep house well for him. Still, may not her character have been tainted by the stage? In a word, there are various unfavorable traits, and as the analysis proceeds it grows plainer that the counter-considerations are all voiced by his mother, who still shares his house. His father left his mother a good while ago, procured a divorce, and when my patient was still quite young he knew that some day he would have to provide for his mother. But his mother does not really need his help. She has a modest pension, lets rooms, and can manage all right. He has tried to make his mother and his mistress become friends. They seem well suited to one another. But their reciprocal jealousy, though masked by conventional civility, led to disagreeables, so that with a sore heart he had to give up the scheme.

He is a doubter. This is plainly disclosed in the dream. Intellect and emotion are in him continually at war. I once described this struggle between logos and pathos as like a struggle between an elephant and a whale. The creatures can never get at each other. My patient can physically be almost described as an elephant, so this dream illustrates my parable. His intellect tells him that he ought to put an end to his mother fixation (of which he is well aware), that he ought to marry, that he could not find a better wife—she "mothers" him charmingly, and would be a good mother-substitute. But the dream shows that he does not really want to end the struggle. He goes on hesitating until it is too late, though he acts as if he intended to kill the whale. In the dream he begins by expressing his sympathy for the whale. His attitude towards his mother oscillates between love and hate. When she makes difficulties which interfere with his choice of a companion, hatred wells up. But he will never marry so long as his mother lives. He cannot marry against her will, and she finds flaws in any woman who interests him. His mother might force women on him, but they would only be such as she was sure he would not like. The whale symbolizes the mother. The patient makes as if he intended to overcome her, but he is not in earnest. He is no less fixed upon her than she is upon him, and nothing but her death, which in the dream he seeks and at the same time avoids, could sever these ties. Even death might fail, since the empire of the dead, which is defended by the pricks of conscience, is stronger than the empire of the living. He feels how his mother plays with him. In this seaside resort he was spending his holidays with his mistress, when a letter from his mother summoned him home on business. He knows full well that the mother complex is dangerous. He is the fisherman of the dream, and his mother might swallow him whole if he were to offer her a bait. His feeling of sexual inferiority qua the mother (this dates from childhood), the lack of ammunition, the rusty old fowling-piece—all these details combine to show that his potency is impaired. He has, indeed, been impotent with all women except the one who is now his mistress, and that is why he would like to marry her. Wonderfully expressed is the way in which he runs after the mother through all the phases of her later, rather adventurous life, without ever being able to reach her. The dream says: "You must renounce. Never will you be able to destroy her or reach her. Abandon this fiction." There is a deeper truth which he will never adequately experience, but which has made him a doubter. His father was an army officer sent on service to the tropics, and his mother was a grass widow. For this reason he doubts whether he is his putative father's son. Why did his father, whom he has often seen since the divorce and with whom he stayed for a considerable time, divorce his mother? The dream, which indicates many conflicts, serves admirably to mirror his mental life.

The patient knows his Bible exceedingly well. The story Jonah has always impressed him powerfully. Mariners flung Jonah overboard, hoping to stay the tempest, sent by the Lord because Jonah had sailed for Tarshish instead of going to Nineveh, as commanded. "Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah, and Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights." Like Jonah, the dreamer would fain calm the tempest in his soul, would gladly at length find repose.

In many dreams we notice relations to space and time. In the present dream such relations are overstressed. It deals with a period running to several hours. The dreamer lets time go by until it is too late for what he proposed to do. He is a day-dreamer, and in his day-dreams he continually slips back into childhood when he was allowed to sleep in his mother's bed. In the dream, too, his mother is depreciated. She is the rusty old fowling-piece. He would like to rid himself of his overcharged ideas.

Every long dream contains references to death and birth. In this one we find the womb fantasy (being swallowed by the whale) and the killing of the beast (birth and rebirth).

These dreams of failure to attain are typical, and always relate to an unattainable goal.

The next dream discloses a similar situation:

I am in a railway train. A second pair of rails runs parallel with ours, and upon these rails is another train. I know that I ought to change into this other train, so I wait till we reach a station where I shall be able to change.

Here, likewise, we have an insoluble problem, that of homosexuality and heterosexuality. There is an unattainable incest ideal. But there is also death, for the station is a well-known symptom of death. The life train and the death train run along side by side. Cleavage within the mind is often symbolized by two vehicles or pedestrians that move forward on parallel lines. Death always marches on beside or behind us.

The dream of the whale also showed parallel movements. We have to do with an obsessional patient, and death plays a conspicuous part in his dreams. He openly asserts that he has no fear of death, but his dreams convey a different message. He refuses to admit that he is afraid of death; but in his dreams his steps are dogged by a dark figure. Frequently a man in dark clothing walks beside him. In one dream a peasant carrying a scythe is reflected as a parallel situation.

Our first dream interpretations during an analysis are apt to be superficial. This is, indeed, unavoidable. Each successive dream demands a new interpretation, and we have not yet sufficient light to rectify the earlier ones. It might seem an attractive plan to stick to one dream and trace its meaning to the uttermost bounds, but the analyst who tries to do this is a bungler. For every dream gives a fresh revelation of the patient's attitude towards analysis and the analyst, of what is termed "the analytical situation." Thus we come to recognize the positive and the negative transference, we trace the sources of the resistance, and the resistance itself can be used to promote self-awareness.

Dream Series—A Serial Novel

Here is another important rule:

(II) EACH SUCCESSIVE DREAM CONTINUES THE THEMES OF THE PREVIOUS ONES.

A patient's dreams in their entirety are like a serial novel, each instalment ending with the subscription "to be continued in our next." The disclosures may become plainer, or new paths may be opened up, most of them being really detours that lead back to the main road. No dream, therefore, can be interpreted in isolation, for interpretation is necessarily serial. An isolated interpretation of a dream could only be effected in a patient who produced no more than one dream, or in pupils who come to be analyzed for experimental purposes. But during analysis such a pupil becomes transformed into a patient, producing more and more dreams, and the attempt to restrict the field of enquiry is frustrated by the intrusion of the doctor-and-patient relationship.

Yet another rule: (III) THE DREAMS OF ONE NIGHT MUST BE PLACED UPON A COMMON DENOMINATOR. Again: (IV) IN A LONG SERIES OF DREAMS, EACH OF THEM REPRESENTS AN EFFORT AT DELIVERANCE OR SOLUTION.

The dreamer continually draws nearer to self-awareness, which usually comes with the last dream.

As an instructive instance I will recount five dreams which came in one night to a lady of fifty-one:

1. *I have to put something away in a cupboard, and there are strict orders that it must have been properly treated first. (Knives, spoons, and forks must have been electrically cleaned and polished.)*
2. *A wooden foot bridge crosses a stream. On the bridge stands*

a swimming instructor, teaching people how to swim. I don't need any lessons, for I can already swim.

3. *A painter who wears a bathing dress sits painting a landscape. It is a pleasure to watch how he adds one colour after another while the picture grows before my eyes.*

4. *The bedding is being looked over to see what must be renewed.*

5. *I am alone in the house with N. We make elaborate preparations, close the windows and doors, arrange the sofa. Then follows congressus a tergo, in which I have a complete and extremely pleasurable orgasm, awaking immediately afterwards with a headache.—The dream concerns something which I can't picture, and which N. has promised to show me.*

Let us consider the case more closely. I am conducting a second analysis, successive to one by another analyst, as I often have to do. The patient, who was suffering from weariness of life, put herself in the hands of a gifted analyst about twenty years younger than herself. The transference was extraordinarily powerful, this fact being recognized by the analyst, who was stand-offish, and thereupon the patient began to woo his favor, but unsuccessfully. The lady, being cultured and high-principled, did not perceive the sexual nature of her fixation. She admired the intelligence and courage of the doctor, and she did him various services both great and small, but never secured the expected tokens of gratitude. In this respect the analyst was the image of her father, with whom she had lived on the best of terms since her mother died when she was a girl of twelve. The father had jealously discouraged suitors, and thus made marriage impossible; but the daughter never became aware that there might be a mutual sexual fixation. She masturbated, the act being always accompanied by one of two fantasies, either that she was being embraced by a man (the father!) or that she was being given a vaginal douche by a woman (the mother!). After her father's death, she had a fleeting liaison with her cousin N., and in intercourse with him had orgasms. After she had been analyzed by K. she could no longer produce the douche fantasy, and could not bring about an orgasm by masturbation. Instead, she only had vague erotic fantasies, one being of a phallus which floated freely in the air and was not associated with any particular man. She again grew weary of life, and was so absentminded that it became increasingly difficult for her to concentrate upon her work. (She was a teacher of languages.)

In analysis I made it clear to her that from youth upwards she had been repressing her sexual thoughts, and ostensibly finding satisfaction in intellectual pursuits. This mechanism, which was especially plain in the daughter-father relationship, was repeated as a typical attitude in the transference of the first analysis. By the analysis of her dreams I was able to convince her that she was leading a double life, and that by being perfectly candid towards herself she would be able to end the bad habit of day-dreaming. I also showed her that she was assuming the daughter-father attitude in relation to myself.

Next day she brought me the above-quoted dreams, and made the following written communication:

"When I was on my way home today, I suddenly had the feeling that Dr. K. had become fused with the imaginary phallus; and it was the first time in the course of this analysis that I saw something definite before me in sharp outlines—no longer vague, hazy, and ill-defined. I write this down, because the moment seemed to me highly significant; as is also the difficult avowal that I have become aware of an increasingly strong sexual attitude towards Dr. St., which I find profoundly stirring—all the more seeing that a few days ago I should have thought this utterly inconceivable. I hope I have reached a turning point that will favor further advance."

Let us now consider the five dreams. The patient had them during the night that followed the day when she realized that her intellectual attachments were only a screen for ties of another sort to which she gave expression in her day-dreams—although only in cloudy and confused images which, appearing in a frenzy of affect, departed as swiftly as they came. The same repression gave rise to a moral censorship of the dreams. Her true thoughts and feelings were never allowed plain manifestation in her dreams, with the result that the cleavage of her emotional personality became intensified, since there was a third no-man's-land beyond that of the reproduced dreams.

In the first dream, order is at length to be restored. She is to put knives, spoons, and forks away in a cupboard after they have been electrically cleaned. (The reference here is to the first analysis and the transference to K., from which she has not yet broken away.[1])

The table-furniture (knives, forks, and spoons) were concerned with providing her with both mental and bodily nourishment. Her mind must be definitively freed from the fantasies—the knives must be both bright and sharp. There is also an obvious sexual meaning. Knives, forks and spoons are to be put away in a cupboard (coitus symbol); but the language of the dream is still veiled and symbolical.

In the second dream she is beside running water. Life has flowed by, leaving her on the bank, and the coveted man has always been on the other shore. Although the water must be fairly deep, since people can swim in it, it is crossed by nothing better than a frail wooden foot bridge. (Association: Only three loose planks.) How easily she might fall in. No matter. She can swim, and the others are still learners. The swimming instructor represents the analyst (also the father), who is busied with others, and she can only reach him by a frail wooden bridge instead of by a firmly built, solid structure. Once more we have a mingling of spiritual and erotic images. Swimming is a sexual symbol, but also denotes her ability to keep her head above water in the river of life.

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[1] In a dream she had a few nights earlier, there had been talk of a short-circuit between the electric power (heating) installation and the light installation. This was a very remarkable dream. The analysis was intended to bring light into the darkness of her mind, but simultaneously there had occurred a heating effect, and owing to this the light had been dim.

The third dream marks a transition. The swimmer is painting, or perhaps the swimming instructor is the painter. A great artist, skillfully, color by color, is producing a picture of her mind. She admires his skillful use of the brush. (Here we pass to sexual symbolism.)

The fourth dream has become plainer still. The bed is being made ready for the love festival.

At length the fifth dream brings the fulfilment of her most ardent wish, an early (infantile) irrigation fantasy being revived in a new form. The preparations are elaborate, for there is ample time. Of course she is no longer young, but the pleasure will be all the greater after protracted expectation.

Why had she a headache on awaking? Because she did not venture to introduce the doctor into her love scene, but substituted N., the cousin with whom she has had experience of sexual congress. Beyond question, however, N. represents the analyst. He has promised to show her something she can't picture. (The analyst may be permitted a seemingly trifling, but really important, correction. The fifth dream, in which she is shown something she "never could have dreamed of," is a wish fulfilment. I, "N," the analyst, had made no such promise.)

Astounding is the progressive intensification disclosed in this series of dreams, sweeping away all hindrances, and culminating in the wish fulfilment. The common denominator in all the dreams is the dreamer's repressed sexual love for her soul-mate.

Recalling Dreams

I have had no experience of patients who never dream. Other analysts speak of such patients, but they are not met with in my own experience—of late years, at any rate, since I have mastered the technique of analysis. All my patients dream, even those who declare they have never dreamed before. Nothing more is needed than to teach them how to attend to their dreams. Usually a dream is suppressed instantly on awaking, and patients must learn to renounce this artifice. There is no such thing as dreamless sleep, but only an unwillingness to remember dreams. We dream all night, without intermission; and all day as well. The dream accompanies us from the hour of birth till the hour of death.

The power to remember dreams depends upon various factors. Some have the faculty of forgetting dreams instantly. These are persons whose sleep is very profound. Such deep sleep may also be caused by soporifics. I make it a rule, therefore, not to analyze anyone who takes hypnotics. A morphinist must be weaned by a preliminary psychological treatment before we undertake the analysis that will disclose the underlying parapathic trouble. If we wean the patient from the use of narcotics, he will recover the power of remembering his dreams. Nor must we forget that insomnia often results from dread of the forbidden dream situations. Analysis is a re-education to truth. The patient must learn to look boldly at the bugbears which haunt him. The sight of the Gorgon's head must not prevent his remembering the object of terror he has glimpsed in a dream.

Ordinarily we find it enough to tell him to pay attention to his dreams. I no longer give the customary advice to keep pencil and writing block on the bedside table, nor do I ask the patient to wake himself up thoroughly in order to record a dream. During the course of an analysis, the production of dreams occurs spontaneously. Its interruption denotes resistance, which should be intuitively recognized by the analyst and referred to its causes. But I instruct my patients to write down their dreams the first thing in the morning, that further condensation and distortion may be obviated. I find this method adequate.

There has been ample experience to teach how rapidly our memory of a dream fades. Freud is right in declaring that when the dream enters consciousness it has already been sifted, has been altered by the dream censorship. The most important parts have been effaced, and Freud holds that those sections that can subsequently be recalled to memory are more important than those that are promptly remembered, for the censored elements were those which were speedily repressed. That is why I instruct my patients to note down a dream the instant they wake, and to bring me this written record. Many show themselves strongly averse to obeying me in this matter. Sometimes they say they had no time, or that it would be very distressing if some member of their family (the wife, perhaps, or the father) got hold of the notes—which implies an arbitrary assumption that this member of the family would be as skilled a dream interpreter as the analyst.

Most of them prefer to communicate a dream by word of mouth. The dream will then, of course, have been sifted during the interval. Owing to his peculiar attitude and to his specific scotoma, the patient will certainly keep to himself parts of the dream which would have been inscribed immediately on awaking. It may interest my readers to know that I first began to make advances in dream interpretation after I insisted upon written records. I have often been able to overcome a patient's reluctance to obey me and bring a written record, by making him dictate the dream to me. Then he feels he is wasting the time for which he pays, and rather than do this he will conform to my wishes.

I shall now give an instance to show how rapidly a dream can be modified when it is retold. The case is that of my colleague N., whom I initiated into the technique of psychoanalysis. Shortly before one of our sittings, a lady patient told him one of her dreams, of which she had brought a written report. He attended very carefully, and as speedily as possible passed on the dream to me by word of mouth.

Here is his version of the lady's dream:

I am visiting my cousin in hospital. He is in a big ward. The other beds are empty. His wife is leaning against the window. I do my best to cheer him up about his illness, and then go out. When I return, my cousin congratulates me on having spoken so consolingly to her husband. Then my maidservant comes in and tells me that a knife has been broken. I go out again and then return to the ward with two large rusty bread knives and a small wooden spoon, which I lay on the window-sill. Then I suddenly find myself climbing with difficulty upon a road which goes steeply uphill through the snow. Along the side of the road are trees and bushes, withered and leafless. One of the knives slips from my hand, and buries itself deep in the snow. I have to thrust my arm far in before I can find the knife. I grasp it by the blade, but don't hurt myself. Then I hear a warning shout. Stepping aside, I notice a child coasting downhill very rapidly on a toboggan. When quite close to me the toboggan upsets, and the child remains hanging as if dead in the branches of a bush. Then the scene changes. I am at home, but cannot recognise my rooms. My maidservant has in her arms the child that had the accident, and she seems to have been washing it. I deplore the accident, and beg the unconscious child not to die, for if it were to die I should lose my most precious thing on earth. Someone in the room (is it my mother?) does not seem *to be edified by this remark. The child gives a sign of life, moving its head to one side. Taking it from the maidservant, I carry it myself to bed, and tuck it up carefully.*

Now I ask Dr. N. to bring me the report of the dream as it was actually written by the patient. This runs as follows:

At hospital, where Karli is, Lisi is sitting beside the window, while I am standing close to Karli's bed and trying to console him about his illness. When I have gone out for a moment, Karli says something nice about me to Lisi, and when I come back Lisi tells me that I have greatly encouraged her husband. I have to go out again because Mitzi tells me she has broken a kitchen knife, and that I shall need to buy another. I come back with two big rusty knives and a wooden cooking spoon, and I put them on the window-sill in the room where Karli is lying. With the knives in my hand I go away, and climb a steep road that is thickly covered with snow. Along the edge of this road are trees and bushes. As I clamber up through the snow, one of the knives I am carrying drops deep into the snow, and I pull it out by the blade and don't hurt myself at all. All at once I hear a shout of warning, and looking up I see a little boy coming down on a toboggan. I step aside swiftly, and he dashes past me, tumbles off, and is left hanging in the air at the end of a branch. To all seeming he is dead. I am very much excited, although I have no connexion with the boy. Someone who is there takes him down from the branch. In the next episode Mitzi is holding the child naked in her arms; it is alive, I am standing by with a towel, and rub its head and body to dry them, as though I had myself been giving it a bath. Mitzi says that the boy will soon be dead, and at this moment he turns his head to one side, as if insensible. I burst into tears, and beseech the boy not to die, for if he does there will be no-one left to me—and as I say this I feel that someone or other who is still in the room is distressed by it. The boy recovers consciousness, remains alive, and we carry him to bed.

Throughout the dream, however, I had no feeling whatever that the child was mine.

At the first glance the report made by N. seems fairly accurate, but there are important differences between it and the written dream—differences due to my pupil's complexes:

N. describes a large hospital ward in which there is only one patient, the other beds being empty. This misrepresentation is determined by my pupil's peculiar attitude, for he regards himself as the principal object of his own mental drama, and the other "dramatis personae" as of altogether minor importance. He, the chief, is irreplaceable, and no substitute can be found; that is why he "forgets" the sentence in which Mitzi—a mere maidservant—tells her mistress it will be necessary to buy another knife. Also he stresses the "difficulty" with which the dreamer climbs up the steep road, this being, no doubt, a reflection of the difficulties N. finds in fulfilling his anagogic trends. Also he ignores the "swiftness" with which she steps aside after the warning shout; and the whole scene with the child that has the accident is blurred. (Dr. N. harbored death wishes as regards a younger brother.) He omits the important sentence, "Someone who is there takes him down from the branch." (The protecting father, who would not allow N.'s young rival to be whipped.) Again, he makes no mention of the towel, an article which has bulked large in N.'s educative analysis; nor does he say anything about rubbing the child's head and body. Also it is not, as he says, the maidservant who washes the child, but the dreamer, i.e., the mother. He omits Mitzi's statement that the boy will soon be dead (N.'s younger brother again). He has the child "carefully tucked up," and omits the dreamer's concluding statement, "I had no feeling whatever that the child was mine." He introduces the mother as the person who is piqued or distressed, but the dreamer gave no clue as to who this person was.

All the changes made by N. when he edits the dream are determined by his own complexes. The same consideration decides every analyst's attitude towards the problem of dream interpretation. The interpreter sees in the dream what he wants to see (his own preconceptions), and he stubbornly overlooks what he doesn't want to see or cannot see (which amounts to the same thing).[1]

This makes intelligible our demand that anyone who wants to become an analyst must first have himself analyzed. But the question arises whether every analysis is equivalent to a complete cure and to the overcoming of all scotomata. Does not each school contemplate the dream through its own spectacles? Is not dream interpretation a personal impression, deprived for that very reason of universal validity? It is essentially individual. The objection is unanswerable, and that is why I must again and again insist that the present book merely expounds how Wilhelm Stekel contemplates dreams.

After this discussion, let us return to the lady patient's dream. She is a married woman of twenty-nine, with only one child, a boy of five. For some months she has been suffering from fits of depression and anxiety states. As soon as she wakes in the morning her dominant idea is, "If only this day were over and done with." She has become so strongly introverted that her affection for husband and son are driven into the background by her feeling that she is sick of life, and she is frequently seized by suicidal impulses. The onset of these troubles has been associated with a change in her mode of life. Since she married she has had a number of amours and intimacies, with multifarious polymorpho-paraphiliac sexual experiences, without enjoying any strong orgasm. Noteworthy is the strange fact that she only has an orgasm when the phallus is not introduced very far, so that its rhythmical movements take place, not in the vagina, but between the labia. If her husband stimulates the vulva and avoids effective penetration, she can get an orgasm in intercourse with him. For several years before marriage she led the life of a demi-vierge, allowing her lovers every intimacy short of complete possession. She says she was deflowered by chance on one such occasion, but subsequently for several years maintained the fiction of virginity. The depression set in when she abandoned irregular intimacies and the auto-erotic practices which had always enabled her to enjoy an orgasm.

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[1] Cf. my essay *Weltbild und Weltanschauung des Gesunden und des Seelenkranken,* "Psychoanalytische Praxis," vol. III, Verlag S. Hirzel, Leipzig.

Now for dream interpretation. What can the analyst infer from the dream recorded above? She visits Karli in hospital. He is fifteen years older than she, is happily married, has two children, and is now suffering from duodenal ulcer. The opening of the dream shows her to be a person with kindly feeling, but it also says substantially: "I should prefer no matter what organic disease to my present psychical troubles." She envies Karli and his wife their happy life together, which contrasts so strongly with her own marriage. In her, something has been broken (this is symbolized in the dream by the broken kitchen knife). She promptly buys two knives. (She must have another man besides her husband.) There is a reference to domestic life—the cooking spoon. A fine antithesis to the knife: one blunt, the other sharp; one harmless, the other dangerous; woman or man. She goes away with the knives in her hand. The road is steep, and heavily covered with snow. (Frigidity and a goal hard to attain, anagogic trend.) One of the knives buries itself deep in the snow. She has to thrust her hand far in, in order to get hold of it. (This was the patient's subsequent amplification of the written report, and not my colleague N.'s faulty repetition.)

It is a plain reference to her parapathic symptom (the phallus must not penetrate too far, for she can't endure it. Reference to a trauma about which we have as yet learned nothing, one which lies deep beneath the surface of the snow, i.e., beneath repression). But she did not hurt herself at all in getting hold of the knife (for it was not really a knife, but a phallus, a rusty old phallus). Now comes the cry of warning. Something in her own mind utters the warning. The death-wishes she feels as regards her child appear in a bipolar vacillation between love and hate. (She shows immoderate anxiety about the child's life.) It is not her child, and yet it is.

I do not carry on the interpretation to the end. Enough to say what we can learn from this dream. She is weary of life, and would be glad to end it. She cannot forsake the child, and would therefore like to kill it and herself too. (That is why there are two knives.) The "someone or other who is distressed" by what she says is probably her husband.

The cry of warning shows that she is aware of the great danger. The analyst has to insist on this danger, and does so. She admits the death wishes she feels as regards the child. The prospective tendency is plainly manifest in the dream. Maternal affection gains the victory. The dream opens with a sick man lying in bed (Karli); and ends with the sick child, who is now also in bed. Both the patients have good prospects of recovery. She can comfort others, but will she be able to comfort herself.

If we look upon the dream as the mirrored image of her thought, we discern the severe inner conflict, the vacillation between duty (the child and the cooking spoon), on the one hand, and insatiable hunger for life, on the other, which wearies her because it is insatiable. The thoughts swing like a pendulum between good and evil, to end at length with the victory of good. The cry of warning is the voice of conscience, the inner voice that commands her to drop the murderous knife, the knife that has grown rusty and become blunt. Plain is the memory trace of a knife that has inflicted a deep wound—the trauma. It must not be recalled to active memory. Coitus must be practised as a contrast.

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO DREAM INTERPRETATION

Chapter Eight

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RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO DREAM INTERPRETATION

The Logic of the Dreams

I AM FIRMLY convinced that some day we shall have made such advances in dream interpretation that the individual's dream language will disclose to us his character and his qualities, his weaknesses and his overcharged ideas. A person of frank disposition, one who has nothing to hide (so far as that is possible), will have dreams very different from those of one who is perpetually fleeing from self-awareness, and therefore distorts his dreams until they become almost insoluble enigmas. The illogicality of a dream does not necessarily mean that in his waking life the dreamer is illogical. On the contrary, dreams that appear logical enough may be the fruit of a sick brain; and the apparently senseless dreams of healthy persons may appear to us illogical for the simple reason that we fail to understand their secret meaning.

The dream has its own secret logic, so that we are justified in speaking of the "inner logic" of the dream.

We know, indeed, that what appear to be the most nonsensical parts of a dream are really its weak spots, attention to which will enable us to elucidate its meaning. Here is an instance of an ostensibly illogical (nonsensical) dream:

I am climbing a steep mountain. Two parallel paths lead to the top. The one I am on is marshy and slippery in places. It is blocked by a fence. A young man wearing an overcoat and carrying a portmanteau vaults lightly and elegantly over the fence, whereas I, though not bothered either by overcoat or by portmanteau, take the obstacle laboriously and awkwardly.

Here we encounter familiar themes. The anagogic tendencies are plainly expressed, but also the dangers that threaten the dreamer before he can reach his goal. It seems absurd that the man wearing an overcoat and burdened by a portmanteau should get over the obstacle more easily than a man who has no such hindrances. Earlier dreams have shown that the portmanteau signifies marriage, the overcoat symbolizing the warm, protective nearness of a wife. The purpose of the dream is to encourage the dreamer to marry. A married man is better safeguarded than an unmarried man against the temptations of life (homosexuality and heterosexuality, two parallel roads, which also denote bachelor and married man). He can more easily surmount the hindrances of life.

Very different was the ostensibly logical dream of an authoress. Logical though it was, it disclosed her inner cleavage:

Tolstoy's daughter hates Roosevelt. She writes articles criticising him. For this reason no newspaper will accept anything of hers.

The dream only becomes intelligible when we bear in mind the rule that in a dream various persons serve to mask and to replace the main figure. Thus we have here to regard Tolstoy as the dreamer's father, and Roosevelt as her stepfather. Her mother divorced the father when their daughter was four years old, and married as second husband a certain Mr. Alwin. When the daughter was thirteen and her mother was away from home, she slept in her stepfather's bed. The stepfather made his first sexual advances, and repeated them the following night. The first night she successfully repelled him, but the second night there were intimacies which went further than either the girl or the man fully realized. They were regarded as no more than amusements which left her virginity intact; but they decided my patient's fate. She hated her stepfather, whose character was of the worst possible type, but at the same time she craved for him. Her mother divorced Alwin, and went back to her first husband. Thereupon Alwin proposed marriage to his stepdaughter, but she indignantly rejected him. Then she married a man who proved kind and considerate, but, all the same, Mr. Alwin remained the leading figure in her dreams and fantasies. It is beyond my purpose to give here a detailed account of how the cleavage became fateful for her whole life. Intellectually she detested Alwin, but affectively she longed for him. She constructed an imaginary world in which she could become Mrs. Alwin. In the real world she had done with him, but the guiding fiction that she was or might be Mrs. Alwin rendered it impossible for her to find happiness in the real world. The dream only becomes intelligible when it has been translated thus:

The daughter of a genuine father (Tolstoy) hates her stepfather because he ruined her life. She ran counter to him in various ways, rejected his sexual advances (whether extra-conjugal or conjugal), induced her mother to forsake him. Now she has utterly lost the capacity for orgasm, because her fantasy is specifically tied to her stepfather. The reader's understanding of the dream will be promoted when I mention that the dreamer's father was of Russian descent, and was on the whole a Tolstoyan. Her stepfather (Roosevelt in the dream) was an American.

The patient produces a masturbation fantasy and a logical dream:

I am masturbating with the nozzle of the irrigator, letting hot water run over the clitoris. While doing so I try to picture my husband, but do not get an orgasm. Then I picture the analyst. Still no orgasm. I grow excited, as if afraid that someone might come into the room at this critical moment. I have a rush of blood to my head and to both hands, and the hands grow hot. Also I become exceedingly anxious, being filled with dread that I am going to be executed in the electric chair. My hands are now stiff and numb; they are what one calls "dead." My terrible anxiety prevents the orgasm.

Next night she had the following dream:

I want to change my dress, for I have to attend a lecture given by Herr K. who was dean in my student days. I look for a room where I can change. Soon a woman comes in, then a man. I move on from one room to another, and at length I find the room I want. But in it there are many tables, over which I have to climb. I am afraid of breaking one of the tables. Behind a table I change my dress. A couple comes in; I am afraid they want to do something and that I am in the way. At length I put on a blue dress, and am surprised that my breasts show so conspicuously through the bodice.

She wants to masturbate, and would like to picture Mr. Alwin, whose penis she once handled. But this would bring about an orgasm (execution in the electric chair), and she resists it, for it would be a crime against her mother. In the next dream the analyst and Mr. Alwin are introduced as the dean. She wants to change herself (change her dress), and finds it difficult. Her homosexual attitude towards her mother makes first a woman appear, then a man (Alwin). Table symbolizes bed. Several times she has been false to marriage, but now she wishes to remain true. No longer will she be false to marriage. She will put on a blue dress (fidelity). But she cannot efface the memory of Alwin. He toyed with her breasts. That was the beginning of their intimacy. Thus do the masturbation fantasy and the dream supplement one another.

Mr. Alwin is her overcharged idea. (The "tragedy of the physical.") She must not have an orgasm, for she does not wish her memory of Alwin to be revivified. Her fixation upon him was alien to her, and she only became fully conscious of it during the analysis.

The patient often has dreams in which she uses a second language—sometimes a language she does not know. This gives expression to the cleavage of her mind, to what Scheidegger calls the mind's "bookkeeping by double entry." She has conscious hatred for Alwin, and unconscious desire. The strange language, the second language, signifies the cleavage of her mind in one of its departments. An incomprehensible language used in a dream means that the dreamer does not understand himself, that he cannot find his way through the labyrinth of his mind.

I pointed out in the last chapter that almost every long dream interprets itself. Thus we see that there are two worlds, neither of which can know anything about the other. Wonderful, indeed, is this dream world through which two currents flow side by side, without mingling. Strangers appear, persons about whom the dreamer has not thought for years. They are allegorical, they represent qualities; our own qualities, experiences, victories, and defeats. Why do we not see ourselves in our various doings and qualities? Is it not remarkable that we can remember a dream wherein we see ourselves as in a dream? Is there, then, a third ego (the integral personality), who can watch the game of chess between the conscious player and the unconscious, between the ego and the counter-ego?

It would seem to be essential to mental equilibrium, to the balance of the mind, that (as the law of bipolarity prescribes) in the mind there should be contrasts, holding counterpoise in the scales. As Konrad Ferdinand Meyer so aptly wrote: "I am not like a well-arranged book, but a human being full of contradictions."

Auto-Analysis

This introduces us to another and very important question. Is auto-analysis possible? Can we interpret our dreams adequately without the aid of a dispassionate dream interpreter?

The question as to the possibility of auto-analysis must, in general, be answered in the negative. Experience convinces me that even the best analysts are blind to the meaning of their own dreams. Freud, in his *Interpretation of Dreams,* overlooks important complexes where his own dreams are concerned. My gratitude to this great master, from whom I myself learned the art of dream interpretation, has always restrained me from the attempt to analyze his dreams, an attempt which others have lightheartedly and facetiously undertaken. I have often had occasion to analyze analysts and to reconsider their interpretations of their own dreams. To one such instance let us now give close attention.

From time to time Dr. Kappa sends me his dreams with his own interpretations. I analyzed him for six weeks, after other analyses had proved ineffective. He admitted taking opium almost daily, for he said that without it he could not get on with his work. Upon my urgent recommendation, he discontinued the use of this drug. Periods of increased creative energy followed, but also fits of profound depression, attended by thoughts of suicide. As regards his personal history it should be mentioned that until puberty he had enjoyed sexual games with his sister. He believed that he had quite broken away from this trouble, but my brief treatment opened his eyes. In day-dreams and night-dreams (the former favored by opium) his sister presented herself as the principal performer in his life conflict. His desire for the repetition of the children's sexual games was continually sounding from amid the medley of the clamorous voices of the dreams. With each dream my colleague sent me his own interpretation.

Now let us consider five of the dreams, which were all dreamed during the same night.

(1) *I am in a concert hall, where I have listened to the first concert and am waiting for the second. The manager of the concerts comes up to greet me, as if I were going to give the next one. A tall, stout girl who was sitting to the right of the orchestra disappears behind the stage, to return after a while. She says: "I have never enjoyed myself so much in the whole of my life."*

(2) *I pass through two doorways with glass doors. I open a small door, from behind which a little dog peeps out. A second dog, as large as a lion, steps forward. He jumps through the doorway into the middle of the crowd and causes great alarm. I try to close the door, but the lock is out of order, so I don't succeed. At length a lady goes up to the dog, who is now lying in the corner, and says to him "nom-de-plume." Then he changes into a little baby, which sits up and cries.*

(3) *I have captured a gigantic criminal, who in physique resembles a workman. He implores me to let him go. I hold him with the aid of handcuffs made fast to his right wrist. I take him into a room whose door is a wooden fence, like a garden fence. I am afraid he may escape. Though I am almost heart-broken by sympathy, I dare not let him go.*

(4) *I am in bed with two girls, and am lying on the outer side. A serious-looking old lady is watching us from the other side of the room. The girl in the middle is naughty. She would like to go away but cannot. I should like to go too, but am not allowed to go. The girl slips beneath the coverlet and practises fellation on me. This is very agreeable, but I am afraid that the old lady will discover what we are doing. At length I get out of bed. The rest is hazy. I pick something up from the floor and give it to the lady.*

(5) *Dr. L., one of my colleagues, tells me that he has treated Dr. L. (i.e. himself). He says: "Dr. L. admits that he is to blame." I have the impression that he is speaking of venereal disease, or something of that sort. I am enraged by his indiscretion and feel ashamed for him. I perceive a nude male body which lies stretched out on the floor. The thighs, which protrude from the right side of the body, are pressed against one another; they have grown together. A web of skin connects the two limbs, so that they are useless. With a finger I stroke this web of skin connecting the thighs.*

These five dreams dreamed during one night all deal with the same problem. In the first dream Kappa wants to repeat something he has already done (the second concert). The stout girl is his sister. Manifestly she enjoys the repetition of an earlier scene. He is the artist (the singer). The patient's auto-analysis tells us nothing about these matters. He regards the dream as an ambition dream (as it indeed is). But he completely overlooks its main significance.

(2) His conflict is symbolized by the little dog and the big one. He is running away from his own impulses. The lady is his sister. She goes up to the big dog and whispers to him that he is to hide himself (must use the disguise of a nom-de-plume). He becomes a child once more, being unable to renounce his infantilism.

Kappa's analysis: "The lion is myself, a lion of the concert platform. It seems as if my inhibitions were to be overcome, so that I shall be a lion." (Correct.) "The end of the dream indicates my lack of self-confidence. I am a child. I'm afraid my interpretation must be wrong." (In fact he has again missed the chief significance.)

(3) Represents his morbid, his criminal ego, which he has to hold in leash, but which he would gladly leave at liberty. His asocial impulses and incestuous wishes must be kept under restraint.

Kappa's interpretation: "The affect is compassion. This part I can't understand. Of course I am inclined to regard myself with sympathy. Perhaps I feel sympathetic towards the incestuous wishes which I have to repress." (Correct.)

(4) Repetition of a scene from childhood.

His interpretation is correct. He insists that nothing of the sort ever happened, for he was always the active partner. The scene, he says, is to be looked upon as a wish fulfilment.

(5) First of all he blames himself for indiscretion. (He has disclosed something in which his sister was concerned. That is to say his annulment of the preceding dream was false.) Venereal disease stands for incest. But he admits that he was to blame. The insoluble and inseparable fixation upon the sister is symbolized by the web of skin.

Kappa's interpretation: "Dr. L. is a father imago." (He gives a description of Dr. L.) "I think the dream reveals my attitude towards my parapathy, which ought to be hidden. The paralyzed limbs represent my physical impotence." (He is not impotent at all, but he craves for a potency such as no man possesses.)

We see that he recognizes certain details, but that the most significant matters lie beyond his ken. Translated into the language of the waking consciousness the five dreams mean: I crave a repetition of a scene from childhood, and this is also unquestionably in accord with my sister's wish. I dread my own thoughts, so I must hide and repress them. How glad I should be if I could overcome all inhibitions. How did the first scene run? Was not my sister also active? I dare not admit that. I was and remain the guilty one. Assuredly. The trauma has crippled me. My fixation upon my sister (the two limbs represent brother and sister) is inseparable. We are the Siamese twins. Only a surgeon (the analyst) could detach us from one another. But the result of this detachment would be that we should both perish.

This communication is very important. We have to do with an analytically trained doctor who can skillfully interpret his patient's dreams. Why is he still blind, though his eyes have been opened? He succumbs to the tendency to repress once more. (Secondary repression.) Nor is his case exceptional in this respect.

When my pupils ask me whether auto-analysis is possible, I usually say: "It is as impossible for a man to analyze himself as it is for a man to play chess against himself. One cannot at the same time be accusing counsel, judge, defending counsel, and reporter. Every attempt at auto-analysis leads swiftly to a frontier which the would-be auto-analyst cannot cross."

I have often had to analyze very able persons who, being well versed in the leading works of psychoanalytical literature, have tried to practise auto-analysis—and failed. I have always found that self-knowledge is barred at one point or another by the veto of the second ego. Or I may put the matter thus: a psychoanalytical scotoma cannot be overcome by the power of self-knowledge. There may be exceptions, but I have never met one. I have often been able to perceive that items of knowledge were accurately gained, but that the errors which knowledge should have dispelled persisted nevertheless. The auto-analyst expects knowledge to be tantamount to cure, when really it is no more than the first step on the way to cure. Often, as in Dr. Kappa's case, "secondary repression" is inaugurated by self-knowledge and auto-analysis. A patient believes that he is ridding himself of a complex, but he is self-deceived, seeks rationalizations on wrong roads, and merely shunts the inward conflict into a siding. In the game between the conscious player and the unconscious, the former invariably falls a victim to his own artifices, so that in the end he does not see what he ought to see but at bottom is unwilling to see.

There are persons who again and again repress knowledge in favor of a fiction. Kappa annulled the data of the analysis and took refuge in his "second world," the world of day-dreams. That is the chief danger of all narcotics. They facilitate the onset of a twilight in consciousness, a twilight in which the nebulous figures of the past assume shape and color, so that every fulfilment of the secret yearning becomes possible. Kappa has overcome the craving for opium, and is trying to adapt himself to reality. But the pleasure of day-dreaming continues to exert its lure, and he annuls the truth which the analysis had remorselessly displayed. He prefers spiritual blindness to the light of knowledge because he does not wish to be forced to enter upon a new life through the gloomy region of definitive renunciation. The draught in the goblet of truth tastes too bitter.

In auto-analysis the adversary within us wins the game that the conscious self is trying to play against him. The unconscious self outwits the conscious self. The reading of psychoanalytical books and attempts at auto-analysis are powerless in their struggle against this indiarubber mechanism (W. Schindler's phrase) which draws the patient back from reality into dreamland, from adulthood into childhood, the more earnestly he tries to desist from his pursuit of an infantile end.

In a similar case the patient was instructed to seize his fantasies with the conscious as soon as they began, and instantly to renounce them. But when he caught himself red-handed, he would say: "You can dream this one out, for it is the last time. Henceforward you will renounce this pleasure."

Here, too, the trouble was a sister fixation, and the sexual games of childhood, which had been indulged in until after puberty. When they had been definitively renounced, under stress of the analysis I was conducting, the wish took sanctuary in day-dreams. But the patient believed he had rid himself of his complex.

The following auto-analysis is a classical instance of the way in which an easily manifest complex is stubbornly overlooked, and a search is made for other causes of action, which are "rationalized."

> The case was that of John, an extremely intelligent physician aged twenty-nine, who complained of anxiety states, an irresistible impulse to masturbate, and psychical impotence. The anxiety states come on when he is in the flat which he shares with a sister six years older than himself. In the evening or during the night the anxiety appears as a dread of something uncanny, as a fear of ghosts. He may also be attacked by anxiety on the main staircase of the block of flats when he comes home in the evening and the stairs are dimly lighted. When he tries to have sexual intercourse with a woman, he either fails completely or has ejaculatio praecox.

His parents are dead. He shares a dwelling with the before-mentioned sister, knowing that ten years ago she had a liaison with a married man, but, having been disappointed in this experience, now wishes to have no sexual relations whatever.

The patient is a freethinker, having quitted the Church; in political matters he is a communist of the extreme left.

I will now give some brief extracts from his auto-analysis:

Symptoms: (1) Irresistible impulse to masturbate, especially at night, but sometimes by day when he is sleepy, sometimes when he is in a bathroom, or elsewhere quite alone. Every night he excites his genitals by rubbing against the bed on which he lies, making movements like those of coitus. Usually he cuts the masturbatory act short before ejaculation occurs. On the average he has an ejaculation after several days or nights (three to nine), and (on rare occasions) may have an ejaculation twice in one night or on two successive nights.

(2) From time to time he has an attack of anxiety when he is alone in the dark, or anxiety may even come on when he is in a well-lighted room.

(3) Unpleasant feelings, such as a shiver running up and down his back when he is in a room with other men or with one man only, especially when there is bodily contact. It is less severe when they are men with whom he is well-acquainted, and with some men he does not have this feeling at all.

His super-ego disapproves of the masturbation, since it conflicts with the self-preservative impulse. From the ego comes castration anxiety (dread of impotence), but this only occurs immediately after an ejaculation.

Castration complex: "When I was a boy of five I asked my mother to show me her penis. She said she couldn't, because it had been cut off. I masturbated from the time I was four until I was thirteen. Then I read a medical book about masturbation. The author took an exaggerated view of its evil consequences, and I reacted by conceiving a morbid terror of masturbation. Thenceforward I tried to warn all my playmates, and endeavored to break off the habit of masturbation."

The patient fancies (and it may be true) that his mother misused him for sexual purposes. He remembers that when he was five he once awakened to find himself closely embraced by his mother who was making violent movements with her legs. (The memory seems fairly definite.)

At five he began to masturbate much in the way which is now customary with him. In his fantasy he calls the practice "lying" on his bed, and he believes that everyone (including his mother and sister) does the same thing, but for some reason or other hides it from children and keeps the practice secret. When the thought of this recurs to the patient, his sexual excitement increases and he feels a desire to masturbate, but does not immediately yield to it. Though his memory is rather vague about this, the patient believes that when he was quite a little child he once saw his mother violently resisting a no less violent sexual onslaught by his father. But this notion only recurred to his mind after he had become interested in psychoanalysis, and after his sister told him their mother had said that since his birth she had had no further intercourse with her husband.

During childhood the patient was troubled for a long time by periodical attacks of indisposition. Every Saturday he suffered from headache, vomiting, and loss of appetite. (This was when he was seven or eight, and was already attending school.)

Although he had an ejaculation this very afternoon, he again has a strong desire to masturbate. Apparently we have here a reaction of the unconscious against the attempted analysis. Then come thoughts of the harm that masturbation can do, and of how one can be tied for ever to this evil practice. Sexual desire for the maidservant. The notion that it is impossible to divert the impulse towards others as a means of sexual discharge. Wish for the storing-up of sexual desires, that sloth in the fixation upon a sexual object may be overcome, and that he may be enabled to have sexual experiences like other men. The desire that his inhibitions may cease to trouble him, or may be conquered by asceticism. Picturing the maidservant having intercourse with a neighbor. Thought: the urge to masturbation may be counteracted by vigorous bodily exercise.

At this juncture I cut short the patient's account of his auto-analysis, which was being read to me as an introduction to my treatment. I tried to account for his irresistible impulse to masturbate, and asked him whether he and his sister slept in the same bedroom.

"No, we have separate rooms, but they communicate, and the door is kept open, for if it is shut I have paroxysms of anxiety."

"Are you aware of a longing to possess your sister?"

"I have often masturbated to the accompaniment of the fantasy that I was having connection with her—but this has nothing to do with my anxiety."

Then he went on to say that he has erections when he dances with his sister; that she certainly must feel this; that he often thinks about her; and that he would have no scruples about sleeping with her, if she were willing.

In spite of these avowals he cannot recognize that his anxiety states are the outcome of the sister complex. At bottom he is still a pious Catholic, and his dread is dread of himself. He fears that the impulse might overpower him and make him get into bed with his sister. He can prolong a masturbatory act for hours without ejaculation. This is training to facilitate his having coitus with her without impregnating her.[1]

Let us now continue his report of auto-analysis.

[1] "Coitus reservatus," the "Oneida method."—TRANSLATOR.

A propos of a passage in Freud's *Neurosenlehre*, the patient says that he once saw his mother's penis, a large, thick one; and that a girl-friend of his youth, Gusti by name, had a penis like his own. Of course these must have been hallucinations. He thinks that when he was three or four years old he once saw the Christ-child flying through the room, carrying a Christmas tree laden with ornaments and gifts. This was when he had been put to sleep on Christmas Eve, just before the Christmas presents were to be given. He knew that he had awakened to have the before-mentioned hallucination. He felt convinced that it had been a hallucination, not a dream. From the age of seventeen to the age of twenty-one the patient often had vague hallucinations that a woman was sitting on his bed, stroking his hair, and handling his genitals; instead of girls of undetermined personality, he sees his sister and a friend; these hallucinations occur in the waking state in conjunction with seminal emissions or fancied (hallucinatory) emissions. In chance companionship with a young woman (as when a girl friend comes to visit his sister), he has tremors all over, and is afraid that they will be noticed.

Dreams: *The patient is lying in bed. Twilight. Between the double windows there is a manikin.*[1] *Crazy dread; nightmare; fear which makes me feel that my head is going to burst.*

Dream of being alone with sister. No light in the flat. The sister has suddenly vanished. Terrible anxiety. Alarming images (skeletons, corpses, father and mother), known—even during sleep—to be hallucinatory visions of dead persons.

More recent dream of being alone with sister; the electric light is on, but only dark red, then it goes out. The flat is uncannily dark. Great anxiety.

Dreams of having performed coitus with mother and sister.

Dreams that father has risen from his grave; or had only seemed dead, but is really still alive. Mother is dead, however. Patient is

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[1] In the original sense of that term.—TRANSLATOR.

exceedingly loving and tender to father, though memory tells him he used to behave nastily to father.

Dreams that I am still at school. I dread the prospect of the leaving examination, but then I remember that I have already passed it.

As annex to a remark on Freud's *Neurosenlehre,* patient recalls that from the age of five to the age of eight he was in love with his sister, and liked to have his arm stroked by her when he was lying in bed. This aroused voluptuous sensations. After his parents' death he felt that he had loved his father, but blamed his mother for not having reciprocated his father's love. Before the father's death, the patient had been unjust and unloving towards him. Patient recalled that when he was about six or seven he used to believe that there were two kinds of human beings: those who were greatly attached to the excrements passed through the anus (his parents, he thought, belonged to this category); and those who preferred urine. He believed that rubbing either of these excrements into the hands would transfer anyone from one group to the other. But odors were mainly decisive in this matter. At eight, when he was in the second class at the elementary school, the patient fell in love with a Protestant schoolfellow. He remembered that up to the age of fourteen he had been a bad gymnast, being afraid of gymnastics, and (fearing lest his playmates would despise his performance) he suffered from shame and a sense of inferiority. From fourteen to eighteen he was a good gymnast and courageous, but was afraid of exercises on apparatus which made it necessary for him to hang head downwards, turn somersaults, and the like; all exercises whose difficulties could only be coped with by the display of great energy.

Homosexual love for X., taking a practical form, with mutual indulgence. Dread of being raped by his brother when he had to sleep in the brother's bed (this was at Vienna, when he was eighteen). Almost out of his mind with sorrow and disappointment when his sister, whom he had believed to be a virgin, confided to him that she had had an intimacy, with consequent pregnancy, and artificially induced abortion. Great indignation, disillusionment. The sister was very affectionate, and often slept in the patient's bed; they kissed, caressed, and intertwined their legs. At fifteen, masturbation was resumed. Futile campaign against paederasty and masturbation. Made able to reject them by reminding himself of his medical studies, but debilitated by his fellow-students' disdainful attitude toward his participation in this work. Weak nocturnal emission. After a month or two, masturbation again, and he continued it from curiosity.

Mother's illness. When alone with Mother in the twilight had thoughts of her being raped (or perhaps not raped!) by a stranger. Ultimately came to regard these thoughts as anxiety dreams. Father's illness: cries of terror and panic-stricken appeals for help during sleep. Mother: Graves' disease, twitches, convulsions. Shortly before death, Mother was delirious. In certain respects Father's behavior was incalculable; collected countless newspapers, old and new, and had attacks of rage with intense nervousness when these were taken away from him.

The reaction to auto-analysis was a colossal increase in anxiety, and an attempt at an explanation of the analysis. Here it is:

Constitutionally the patient has exceptionally sensitive nerves. This has been noticeable ever since birth. He has very little faculty for sublimating the impulses. His need for love is passive, but very strong because he nearly died when being born. This also explains his liability to attacks of anxiety. The genital organization of the libido has remained at the stage of auto-eroticism. Objective love is still at the pre-genital stage of the primacy of the erogenic zone. The sadistic and masochistic component of the sexual impulse has been partly sublimated, but partly manifests itself in symptoms. Masturbation appears in this case to be a reaction to the development of anxiety, which in its turn is referable to situations that create anxiety and to repressions thereby necessitated. The aim of further analysis must be to discover these situations and the impulses that are consequently repressed. On the other hand the masturbation is an outcome of the withdrawal of the object cathexis, of the frequently disappointed libido, and of a regression to the stage of auto-erotism. As age advances, the suppression of masturbation becomes continually more unlikely and more impossible, and the possibility of other sexual experiences more slender and remote, inasmuch as coitus with a woman was much less enjoyable than a masturbatory act. Often, indeed, in attempted heterosexual intercourse, no erection took place, but only ejaculatio praecox. He has vigorous inhibitions as regards material things, is ashamed to ask for money due to him, to handle money, or to show that he wants money. He is equally ashamed to show that he is interested in a woman, and that he seeks intimacy with her. When he is advancing towards the conquest of a woman, he retreats if she makes difficulties either from shame, or from jealousy, or if she exaggerates the difficulties; or if a woman talks about virtue and fidelity, even though he knows she does not mean to be taken seriously; but also if she tells him she has had sexual experiences with men and has found them agreeable. Physical bad effects of masturbation: hypersensitiveness of the nerves and cutaneous nerve-endings of the genital zone and anal zone, itching and pains, great decline in potency, digestive trouble (windy spasms, tendency to jaundice, heart-burn, sense of distension in the stomach). Lack of staying power for mental and physical exertion, was already noticeable in early childhood. He had a feeling as if he could remember arboreal life, when he was afraid of wild beasts; and he often felt inclined to behave in a monkeyish way, climbing trees and swinging from bough to bough.

What confusion the study of Freud's works has introduced into this brain. How could an intelligent auto-analyst overlook his sister fixation, and his longing for the repetition of early sexual experiences. This huge scotoma becomes even more incomprehensible when we study his dreams. They abound with allusions to sexual games with his sister, culminating in full possession. Here is the latest dream:

I lie in bed, holding a rose-garland in both hands. Most ardently I am praying that I may remain chaste. Then a white figure approaches my bed and says: "I have heard you and shall believe you." Letting the garland drop, I thankfully embrace her—to awake having a seminal emission.

There is hardly a hypothesis in Freudian literature which he has not applied to himself. In his auto-analysis there is page after page devoted to the castration complex. He says he asked his mother why she was differently constructed from himself, and declares she told him she was castrated in youth. I believe this memory to be spurious, to be the patient's imaginative construction.

I have cut his auto-analysis down by two thirds, since my own mind, with its strong disinclination for the abstruse, was loath to burden my readers with such a farrago of nonsense. He gives detailed accounts of the wanderings and transformations of his libido and libidinal cathexis, the sister being presented in these as no more than an object of infantile desire completely superseded. His love for his sister is now, he assures me, purely spiritual, exclusively Platonic. Though originally libidinous, it has, he says, been completely sublimated, just as his homosexuality has been.

He was very proud of his auto-analysis, and considered that nothing more was needed from me than a trifling supplement. He would like to know, for instance, why the auto-analysis had not improved his condition, and had indeed made it worse. But to the lucid message of his dreams he was totally blind.

Cautiously I tried to enlighten him. He was most enthusiastic, and his hyperbolical expressions of gratitude and flattery made me fear the worst. After three sittings he stayed away, sending the flimsiest of excuses. My advice that he should separate from his sister and have a home of his own was rejected. Such a step was impossible and needless. He was afraid of the truth, and preferred the twilight of an auto-analysis which was no more than a pseudo-analysis.

Such examples of the misapplication of psychoanalysis are becoming so common that one is half-inclined to wish that the use of this method could be reserved for a few choice spirits. We come back to the old truth. The dream is defenceless against false interpretations, and the interpreter is often guided by his own wishes.

The next instance shows how an analyst may be blind to the most important problems of his patient.

The case is that of a foreign student aged twenty-five, in receipt of a stipend from the State on condition that he would work in the colonies for ten years as a jurist. The allowance was sufficient to allow a man, whose means had hitherto been exiguous, to live very comfortably. He came to the capital, and postponed his studies from day to day. His business was to learn the various languages and dialects which he would have to understand when he became a colonial magistrate. When two years had passed, he had learned nothing. He found himself almost unable to read a book. But if he definitively abandoned his studies, he would have to refund to the State the sums that had been advanced. During his second year's stay in the capital, he consulted an analyst, who achieved nothing in eight months. At length he was advised to come to me, a provisional diagnosis of schizophrenia having been made. His previous history may be epitomized. There were two children in the family; himself and a sister about a year older. The parents were in poor circumstances. They brought him up piously, and inculcated strict ideas as to the fulfilment of duty. His sexual life was limited to masturbation, against which he struggled fiercely but ineffectually. Two timid attempts at intercourse with prostitutes failed, for he could not even get an erection. When he came to see me he brought a manuscript book in which were recorded all the dreams he had had during the previous analysis.

The first dream ran as follows:

I am to cross the sea by ship. We are about to leave port when the captain notices that floating beams bar the exit. He has the hindrances removed, and signals to the engine room "Full speed ahead." But the steamboat makes no headway. There are iron chains of magical strength attached to the stern, and they hold us back. The captain is desperate, and says: "There's something utterly wrong about this." We are taken back ashore in an airplane.

His conflict is plainly disclosed in this initial dream. He wants to set out for the colonies, but there are hindrances both ahead and astern. (Simplification: a hindered start.) Here is the great question: "What is the magical power which restrains him, and prevents the start?" What is the pleasurable reward for his parapathy? What the hidden trend, the hidden gain, of his suffering? Plain enough. He doesn't really want to go to the colonies. What withholds him? In subsequent dreams many women appear, and they are suspect. One might fancy that some great love must be the restraining influence. But he has never been seriously in love. He has had mere flirtations, and has never shown signs of one of those great passions which intoxicate. At length, after about thirty dreams, his sister appears.

We are children and play Indians. My sister throws a lasso round my neck. I change myself into a mustang. She is a cowboy. Now something strange happens. I become smaller and smaller, the lasso stretches, and I try to escape. But my sister, the cowboy, grows larger and larger. At length I manage to extricate my neck from the noose. I don't know what happened after that.

The sister accounts for his failure to do his work. It is because of her that he does not want to leave Europe. His sister is a shorthand-typist in a solicitor's office, and is also studying law. The expert can now unravel all the dreams. The patient has a strong sister fixation, though this was left undiscussed in the first analysis.

The patient can only continue the analysis for four weeks. Three of these have passed, and he has produced multifarious resistances. He admits that his sister plays the leading part in the dreams, but says he cannot imagine why. He does not love her, she does not please him, he is only interested in her girl-friends, and so on. Not until the last few days has he admitted certain intimacies with her, and told me he used to entertain hopes that they would open an office together. That had been his original plan of life, and a journey to the colonies would mean the abandonment of his childhood's ideal. One of the final dreams during the treatment was the following:

I am in Asia, wholly surrounded by natives. I see many tents and mud huts, in front of which are brown-skinned children, moving actively about. I enter one of the tents, to find a couch decked with lovely rugs. On it an odalisque is lying. She is the wife or daughter of the Sultan, and she stretches her arms out to me imploringly. We have to undertake a campaign, and I am to be the leader. She whispers into my ear: "Stay at home here, I have a foreboding that you will die if you go to the front." With a heavy heart I tear *myself away, having the bitter conviction that I am doomed to fall in battle.*

He has to enter the battle of life. But to bid farewell to the odalisque will cost him his own life. The setting of the dream is the picture of the colony to which he will have to go when his training is finished.

Very plain is the suicidal trend which the patient announced to me when he first applied for treatment: "If you cannot cure me, suicide will remain the only possible way out of my difficulties." Translated into the language of his conflict, this runs: "If I renounce my sister for ever, I shall be going to my death."

Compare the above dream with the sublime account given by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the distinguished poet. It also describes a tragical farewell.[1]

> I was lying down, tired out by a long walk through the mountains. It was still summer, but towards the end of summer, and when, in the middle of the night, a storm tore open the veranda door, while the waves of the lake roared as they broke against the pillars, I said to myself (half asleep): "These are the first of the equinoctial gales." Betwixt sleep and waking, I was thrilled by an indescribable happiness because the world is so wide (the world over whose half-lit hills and dales and tarns the storm was now raging). Such was my feeling as I sank as if into a soft, dark wave, and was forthwith in the middle of a dream, outside and above, in the half-lit livid night, in the storm, upon the vasty slope of a great mountain. But it was more than the slope of a mountain, it was a huge landscape; it was (I knew this, though I could not see it) the terraced border of a gigantic table land; it was Asia. Around me was a raging storm, and the livid, half-lit night disseminating a turbulent unrest; a tremendous migration. A whole population

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[1] Taken from Jezower, *Das Buch der Träume*, Verlag Ernst Rowohlt, Berlin, 1928.

surrounded me, and in the darkness this whole population was busied striking its tents, and loading its possessions on to packhorses. Close to me were groups of men who, without saying a word, were hastily freighting camels and other beasts of burden; but it was very, very dark. I, too, lent a hand with a tent that had not yet been struck. I was alone in this tent, and I pulled up the tent pegs. By the half-light I could see the beautiful band that was attached to the lower border of the tent; it constituted a highly ornamental finish, made of strips of dark-brown leather stitched upon light undyed leather. Incessantly there went on around me the dull murmur and movement of the enormous migration. I felt that all was being done in obedience to commands that no-one must dispute. Without more ado I was sure that the tent at which I was working was part of his tent, of the tent of him who had commanded this great flitting, and by whom all the orders were issued. As if to confirm this idea, I stumbled over a heap of mule cloths, and, having thrust aside a hanging in the tent where I was, I saw into the main tent. It was even darker there than where I was. Hard to see anything at first, but soon I could make things out plainly enough. The tent into which I was looking had neither furniture nor adornment; naught but the dark walls. To one side upon a large coverlet, upon a dark-red or violet-red coverlet, was lying a young woman, indescribably, obscurely pale and beautiful. From her arms a man detached himself, a tall, lean man, who rose and, under my very eyes, crossed the empty tent towards the opposite wall. The young woman (she had nothing on but broad bracelets) mutely stretched her arms towards him, as if beseeching him to return—but he was not looking at her. For my part, I could scarcely see his face, but I knew that he was elderly, elderly and powerful, with a beard that was bifid and waved as he moved. He wore an earth-colored turban. But his long, slender body, naked to the waist, and his long, thin arms, resembled those of a young man, full of ease and valor. From his hips hung down a long apron of an indescribable yellow. I shall recognize this peculiar yellow whenever and wherever I may see it again. It was more splendid than the yellow of old Persian tiles, more radiant than the yellow of a yellow tulip. Now, having reached the wall of the tent, the darkest wall, he drew aside a curtain, so that a large window was uncovered. The wind blew in, and puffed the right and the left sections of his bifid white beard backwards over his lean earth-brown shoulders. The beautiful woman raised herself imploringly, and I think she called him tenderly by name, but the air did not conduct to me the words she uttered. I saw him only, and looked out through the window from which he had drawn away the curtain. In the framework of this window could be discerned the half-lit night, the limitless terraces of the upland, and the silent readiness of a numberless population about to migrate. But his mere presence at the quadrangular aperture in the tent, which was on an elevation that placed it above all the others, aroused a tumult, that was tumultuous though still silent, in the entire mass of those making ready to start; and even the clouds seemed to scurry more swiftly across the mountainous country that was lighted by the pale moon. This man and no other was Agur.

To make the dream more easily intelligible, I should explain that the poet's father was a baptized and ennobled Jew. Hugo was, therefore, a Christian by birth. In his sublime fantasy he returns to Judaism and tears himself from the embrace of Christianity. Here is a second interpretation, according to which this dream is a poetical description of Moses' historic mission. Moses leaves Pharaoh's daughter, who adopted him in infancy, to lead his people from captivity into freedom. (The exodus from Egypt.)

He, the man of might, is lord of the world, and is here given the name of "Agur" (the origin or meaning of this name is unknown to me). Perhaps it denotes the "categorical imperative" which issues to every man's mind commands that none may dispute.

But what deeper meaning underlies this exodus of the six hundred thousand? Was the poet dreaming of a liberation of the enslaved Jews? Or is it not more likely that his message means the need that the old should break away from the young, the father from the son, the lover from his mistress?

Since we have already reached Asia, after arduous travel across the illimitable realm of dreams, I should like to reproduce here and to interpret the dream about the storming of Jerusalem which Dr. F. Parkes Weber published in *Gedanken eines Arztes über Seele, Natur und Gott* (Ferdinand Enke, Stuttgart, 1933). This is the work of an admirable physician, no mere "medical man," full of profound thoughts, and packed with intimations. The opening chapter is entitled "Observations concerning Thoughts and Dreams, and concerning the Freudian Explanation of Dreams." Weber discusses various issues with Freud, and at length utters a challenge to the interpreters, asking them what they can make of a great dream. I will take up the glove. The dream runs:

The Storming of the New Jerusalem

I was well on in the fourth quarter of my earthly life when, after I had been reading some of Dante's Divina Commedia and looking at some of William Blake's designs, there came to me one whose face I could not see, and said to me: "I will show thee how in this world active men spend their lives. They all wish for power, and often die in the attempt to obtain it. There are many strongholds, the entry into one of which they feel will satisfy their earthly desires; but all those to whom power seems to mean true knowledge, which can be used to guide and illuminate the progress of mankind, seek to gain admission to the 'City of God,' the 'New Jerusalem.'

The whole life of those who seek admission to this chosen city is spent in the pilgrimage towards it, and in endeavours to enter it. Many die by the way, but many more die in attempts to storm it, for though there are proper gates of entry, so few are thus easily admitted that the storming of the city is in perpetual progress by the continued efforts of the multitudes who cannot enter by the gates."

I felt delighted, though somewhat terrified, when my unknown visitor conducted me through the aether to show me the storming of the New Jerusalem. On the way we passed over many another city and stronghold, in and around some of which there was great stir, but, though I sought for explanations, my guide told me his time was limited, and he would not stop, and soon we came near the dazzling ramparts of the New Jerusalem. By ladders of all descriptions every minute thousands of men were endeavouring to scale the walls, on which there were no visible defenders, but the brilliancy of the lights seemed to blind the attackers, so that most of them fell back powerless.

Then my guide showed me the real gates of entry, through which, however, only very few were permitted to gain an easy admission. He told me that every possible other mode of entry was being tried, and took me to a relatively dark portion of the walls. where was the city cloaca. There stood a large notice, EXIT ONLY, but nevertheless a small army of the besiegers was trying to gain an entry that way. They constituted, indeed, a gallant body of men, though drenched in the mud, and defiled with faeces. The more difficult and extraordinary the path, the greater praise does the endeavour deserve—"per aspera ad astra"—they said; and, to rally and refresh each other, they carried banners with all manner of strange symbols and slogans on them, many of which my guide told me hardly anyone could understand. I recognised most of the symbols even if I could not always understand their special meaning. Some of the rallying words and expressions, such as the "Oedipus complex," seemed familiar to my ears; but some of them *seemed altogether suggestive of insanity; for instance, "anal sadistic parricide," or "parricidal and sadism," if I remember rightly. My guide, however, informed me that, strange as it at first sight seemed, some of this grimy band not only had gained entrance to the golden city, but had revolutionised and regenerated the whole study of psychology. He convinced me even that some of their names had become immortal in the minds and on the lips of grateful and admiring men, and so he left me. It was a dream.*

The Dreamer's Postscript

I do not know whether anyone will think it worth while making a psychoanalytical study of my dream! But among my own reflections on it are the following: There are many different ways that lead at length to truth; false reasoning sometimes gives rise to unexpected advances in knowledge, and treatment on incorrect theories occasionally results in, or is followed by, cure.[1] I doubt whether many of the symbols and expressions on the banners had really the important significance claimed for them. Moreover, even if "oral libido" and "anal libido," and analogous explanations, are true for the foetus and the infant, it does not follow that similar explanations hold good for ordinary adult life.... The result of "sublimation" should, I suggest, be regarded as the essential reality, and that, whether evolved or not from any pre-existing trend, it is not necessarily the result of any infantile or adult oral, anal, or urethral "libido." I would further suggest that those who preach the introduction of a classification of mental disorders based on oral, anal, or urethral sadism or masochism, and such like, are themselves, metaphorically speaking, guilt of oral (or aural?) sadism towards their hearers. It might be suggested that the substance of my dream depended partly upon the confusion between ideas (and terms) relating to psychopathology and the ideas on the psychology of ordinary everyday life.

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[1] Footnote by dreamer: To show how easily mistakes can be made in regard to the explanation of symbols, I will instance the following: In my collection of medals I possess one of the French general, M. S. Foy (1775-1825), who was famous as a brilliant orator, and knew how to put his heart into his words. Hence the reverse design of the medal in question consisted in a heart and a tongue within a circle of listening ears. A tongue and a heart are not easy to picture on a relatively small and cast medal, and much surprised was I to read a printed description of the reverse of the medal as representing a phallic design.

Elsewhere in his book Weber writes: "I do not believe that the elaborate Freudian explanation of dreams and morbid ideas by symbols is justified in the majority of cases by the actual facts." He admits that sexual matters play a more conspicuous part in dreams than in waking life. But he goes on to declare that of many of those who are in search of "origins," it can certainly be said that their heads were full of snakes and phallic symbols before they began. It also seems to him that the same remark applies to some of the sexual explanations which Freud's disciples are inclined to give of almost everything. The sexual symbolism was already in their own heads.

This extremely interesting dream of the distinguished English physician will not be interpreted here in all respects. I shall content myself with a functional interpretation. The dreamer had been reading Dante's *Divina Commedia,* and had therefore taken the poet by the hand to guide himself on his journey into his own underworld (the Inferno). William Blake was a poet and draughtsman whose work can only be understood by considering it to be symbolical. (Black, for instance, denotes the devil.)

Weber's dream signifies the struggle for knowledge. Each science resembles a fortress which has to be stormed. In the dream, many of the stormers are so much dazzled that they cannot see the defenders. But the light of knowledge may also strike the knower blind, and perhaps the dreamer is one of those who have been "blinded" in this way. Anyhow, after the light of knowledge comes the dark portion of the dream. A possible way into the city is along the cloaca. Valiant men who do not dread defilement take this course, and win fame. The guide (who plays the part of Vergil, Dante's guide through

Hell), actually declares that they have reploughed and renovated the whole field of psychology. Surely, then, it is plain that the "New Jerusalem" stands for psychoanalysis, or, more narrowly still, for dream interpretation?

In the dream, Weber envies Freud and his disciples for having mastered the art of dream interpretation and opened new paths for science. Perhaps the dream is aimed against Ernest Jones, one of the best-known English Freudians, for the next chapter of the book I have been quoting is entitled "Nightmares and Freudian Explanations," and Jones, as is well known, has published an important treatise *On the Nightmare* (1931).

The dream discloses the struggle that goes on in the dreamer's mind between anagogic (divine) and katagogic (satanic) trends. The Devil plays a prominent part in Weber's book.

It would be attractive to discuss the sexual content of the dream, but for obvious reasons I must abstain from this. Still I may refer to some of the dreamer's associations that are recorded in the book. In an essay on cancer, there is an imaginary conversation between A., an epithelial cell of the rectum which wants to transform itself into a malignant adenocarcinomatous cell, and B., another cell which forms part of the wall of an adjacent bloodvessel. The talk embodies an explanation of the law of mutation.

A. says, inter alia: "For some time I have found the intestinal excreta more irritating than they were. There is no scar tissue hereabouts, but if I lived in the tongue instead of in the rectum, I should fancy that a few old spirochaetes must be on the prowl." (In a note the author says experience shows that cancer of the tongue often begins in the site of a former tertiary syphilitic lesion.)

B.: "I do hope you don't effect the mutation of which you speak, for if you do you will perforate the wall of my bloodvessel, and then there would be a frightful haemorrhage."

A.: "Don't you worry about that. I shall walk through you more easily than Moses and the Jews walked through the Red Sea."

B.: "I can achieve immortality."

Once again we see the struggle between the satanic and the divine trends which permeates the dream that describes the storming of the New Jerusalem. Weber holds peculiar views as to the mission of the Devil, who represents a man's temptation to yield to his primal impulses. Satan is in this sense Seneca's adversarius virtutis, the opponent sent by nature—the opponent but for whom courage and energy would flag owing to non-use. Thus by unceasingly intensifying conflict, the Devil promotes man's spiritual and moral development.

Therein I share this valued author's views, and I hope, therefore, that he will excuse me for my venture in dream interpretation. I, also, have endeavored to storm the New Jerusalem. I, also, have frequently been compelled to plumb the depths of the mind, and to make my way to knowledge by passing along a cloaca. But I have shown how man must struggle with his impulses, and have proved that in each of us conscience points to the best path for overcoming our katagogic trends. How shall we cleanse our Augean stable until we have discovered where it is, and have learned that currents of purifying waters are needed for making ready the "nobleman" of days to come?

In Jerusalem arose the doctrine, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as theyself." To us, as to Parkes Weber, the New Jerusalem appears only in a dream. Perhaps that dream will become reality some day. If we ever grow fully aware of the importance of the science of dreams, the wise injunction of ancient Greece "know thyself" will be remodelled as "know thyself from thy dreams."

Wake Dreams

Much more important than the analysis of the dreams that come during sleep is the communication of waking dreams.[1] I hold that dreaming (undirected thinking) is perpetual, by night as well as by day. Our thought is always polyphonic,[2] proceeding simultaneously at various levels. Why is it that people find much difficulty in remembering their day-dreams, and are frustrated in the endeavor to capture them and communicate them to their doctor?

No doubt in part because the day-dreams proceed in the state of an affective intoxication, in part because they lie at a different level of thought from the level of full awareness, being rather "thought-feelings" than clear images. Very often, too, they have never been "verbalized," and are therefore hard to clothe in words.

Complete knowledge of a day-dream would completely destroy it. The reality coefficient of day-dreams is very slight, and would fall to nothing if analytical knowledge and consequent irrevocable renunciation were applied to them.

However, such knowledge must be an affective process, not a purely logical or intellectual one which remains in the upper levels of consciousness without exerting a fermentative influence in the depths.

Dreams show us that there are two kinds of knowledge: knowledge that is confined to the understanding; and knowledge that also penetrates the realm of feeling, so that it can have its fateful and ineffaceable effects in the lower strata of consciousness.[1] The dreams, then, disclose this affective "knowledge," which really consists of "unwillingness to know." Persons who thus lead a double life, a waking life and a dream life, have learned to eavesdrop the plain meaning of their dreams, and by cunning devices to expunge its truth. They misapply analysis to defeat analysis. Herein we discern a quasi-homeopathic treatment by the application of hidden complexes which transform knowledge into ignorance.

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[1] In a study entitled *Gesungene Tagträume* ("Psychoanal. Praxis," 1932), Gutheil shows how important it is to analyze melodies that rise in the mind as if by chance. (A translation of the above study appeared under the title "Musical Day-Dreams" in the Psychoanalyst Review, XXII, 1935.)

[2] See the chapter *The Polyphony of Thought* in my "Sadism and Masochism," Liveright, New York, 1929.

Dream as Mirror of Thought

The dream is a mirror of waking thought. Twofold thinking, internal cleavage, inward depersonalization, is plainly expressed in such dreams. The polyphony of thought is likewise manifested in dream images. Common symbols of thought are: a great press of people, one of whom pushes his way to the front; there is a scuffle because someone wishes to force his way through the others; the leader (the leading idea) mounts the platform; a man pursues the dreamer (he represents his fixed idea); etc.

Persecution by an idea (the "endoptric phenomenon") is graphically represented in a dream of Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist:[2]

> *I dreamed that I was in a great expanse of desert, an arid, boundless region. I went quietly ahead, knowing the way that would soon lead me forth. Then I heard a peculiar noise behind me, short steps of someone tripping along and making a rhythmical pit-a-pat as he walked. At first I paid little heed. But when this continued to dog*

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[1] Cf. William James, *The Will to Believe*, 1897.—TRANSLATOR.

[2] From Jezower's *Buch der Träume*, Verlag Ernst Rowohlt, Berlin, 1928.

my own steps, the persistent, regular sound began to annoy me. Getting sick of it, I turned irritably. Then I caught sight of a little old woman in a grey dress. It was she who was following me. When I stopped short, she did the same. My thought was: "I suppose she doesn't know the way, and is following me because she also would like to get out of this horrid desert." She did not look up at me, and when I glanced at her face I perceived that her eyes were closed. She was blind. I was right, then, my footsteps were her guide. "Mother," I said, "come along, and I will show you the way out." She made no answer, and did not move. "Well," I thought, "I suppose you must be deaf as well as blind.—Do as you like." I walked on, and immediately I heard behind me the pitter-patter of her swift little steps. A most sinister feeling took possession of me. Quickly I turned round again, to see that the woman, as if taken unawares, promptly closed her eyes—a pair of light eyes. Once more she was feigning deafness and blindness. It seemed so uncanny that I didn't know what on earth to say. I turned smartly forward, walked quickly ahead, and immediately there came from behind the pit-a-pat of the old woman's feet, so that I felt: "You are not leading the woman after all, she is pushing you, to make you go wherever she likes.—I'll soon put a stop to that." So I went in zigzags, continually changing my direction—but all the time there came from behind "pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat."

Was there no end to this desert? Looking up, I saw far, far away, on the horizon towards which my road led, something quite black. What was it? I looked more carefully. "Hullo, it's my grave. Towards that you're pushing me, are you? Wait a minute, and I'll outwit you." Turning sharp to the right, I went on in that direction. The woman followed me closely. After some time I looked up once more, to see that on the horizon the black pit still awaited me. My present path, too, led straight thither. "I won't let you push me into it, you accursed crone," I exclaimed; and I sat down firmly on the ground. There was no longer a sound of footsteps, but I *could feel that the woman was still near me. When I now raised my eyes more quietly, it was to see the pit itself coming towards me, slowly at first from afar, but more quickly as it drew nearer. Shuddering, I jumped to my feet, turned round, and close behind me stood the old woman, now much taller than I. With large, light-coloured eyes, now widely opened, she looked at me maliciously, smiling craftily down at me, and she raised her claw-like fingers over me. I tried to hurl myself against her, and while making the effort I awoke.*

How much more beautiful and vivid is the imaginative writer's dream than that of the merchant (the whale dream) and that of the official (the railway train dream). Here we see plainly enough that what Jokai is trying to repress is the thought of death. The pit and the old woman are variants of the same motif. (Remember the rule: Every important motif is emphasized by repetition, so that it becomes a recurrent motif.) When quite an old man, Jokai married a young woman, wishing thus to prove his perpetual youth. But is not that which follows him in the dream a fragment of the past? He may represent himself as blind and deaf; a reproach pursues him and thrusts claws into his flesh; there must be something he has to repent, something that belongs to a distant past, an incident that has determined his life, which leads him, presses him on, dogs his footsteps. Sometimes he knows what it is; sometimes he does not want to know. (A recurrent scotoma.) His life resembles a desert; he has lost paradise, the paradise of self-satisfaction, and he is looking for it. The pit, death, would be the paradise, would be peace, but he fears death, perhaps because he has a secret sense of guilt.

Just as important as the representation of parallel lines in the dream is the phenomenon of asymmetry, and that of diverging ways. Both internal conflict and the conflict of life and of marriage can be plastically figured in the images of the dream.

Here is an excellent instance:

I am in a motor car with my wife, who is driving from Baden to Vienna. At a level crossing she drives so carelessly that the Baden electric train hits the back of the car. We are pushed a little forward, but no-one is injured. I have a feeling of spiteful pleasure, and deplore that nothing worse happened. I get out to examine the car, and see that the back wheels have been twisted out of position, so that they are no longer parallel. The whole car creaks as it moves. My wife points out that the petrol tank is leaking. I drive on slowly to the nearest water pump. It is built of stone, is really a small obelisk, and in a niche there is a bas-relief (the Holy Virgin).

This man has been married five years, and the marriage is unhappy. Disputes and clashes are continuous. The accident symbolizes one of them. The car symbolizes the marriage. This has now become rickety, and the petrol tank (the passion which should be its motive force) has sprung a leak. The driver drives on to get water. (Contrast between water and petrol.) He entertains death wishes as regards his wife, and deplores that the accident has not been more serious—for had it been, he might have been freed from her. The obelisk is a tombstone, but also a monument, a last memorial to the one woman he really loved and cannot forget. (Mother imago.) Also note the contrast between satanic tendencies (diabolically spiteful pleasure) and anagogic-religious tendencies (the Holy Virgin). The conspicuous symbol, the back wheels which have been knocked out of truth, is also a reference to his parapathy (anal eroticism, the nates as an erogenic zone).

In the next dream we find a new variant of the symbol of distance.

I was on board a boat which looked like a river tugboat. The captain was an elderly man. Suddenly I was alone on the craft, and felt as if I had lost the crew somehow. I realised that it was necessary for me to voyage ahead on the craft and find the missing crew. I saw some other vessels coming up astern, but they could not steam faster than mine. I entered a sort of canal, which was bordered on either side by naked rocks. Several times the tugboat banged hard against the rocks, but by pushing with a pole I managed each time to get it on a better course once more. At a sharp bend which led into open water I felt as if I should not be able to avoid a collision with a ship coming in the opposite direction, but the collision did not occur, perhaps because, at the danger point, I shouted "Ahoy!".

Soon afterwards I saw the captain in the place where I had expected him and the others to be, and I talked to him about the machine. I began to describe a part which seemed to me missing, but he interrupted me, and actually brought me this missing part. He seemed greatly pleased that he had put it in safe-keeping, without knowing what it was for. It was a sort of safety valve.

This dream must be considered from various outlooks. From the psychological outlook we see that the patient is a slow thinker. (The ship is a tugboat.) The captain is the leading idea; he is an elderly man, a thought from the past. The dreamer is lonely, has had to abandon many of his hopes, but still expects to find them worth hoping for. Behind him are many other ships (as in Jokai's dream), which cannot overtake him. (Obsessions.) A bad thought wants to emerge. Symbol: He is steaming along a narrow canal, and there is danger of his being dashed to pieces on the rocks, but by pushing with a pole he manages again and again to get on a better course once more. (Thoughts of death are repressed by hopeful ideas.) But now comes the real danger. A thought arises, and a dangerous one, for it relates to a conflict with his wife (collision). He warns the other ship, shouting like a child. Now he speaks of his mind and his body. He misses a part of the machine. (His potency.) The captain is the doctor who is to restore his potency. (Earlier than this there has been unmistakable sexual symbolism.) But he is organically ill. He is a defective human being. Is not this illness of his a sort of self-defence, a safety valve, which prevents him from perishing?

I have frequently insisted that parapathy is a kind of self-defence; an attempt at cure, though with unsuitable means. In many dreams we can recognize that the illness is a safety valve, not always so obviously as in the foregoing dream, but nevertheless plainly enough.

I am flying in an airplane when a fierce storm rages, and I am surprised that we do not crash. The pilot explains that his own invention keeps the plane flying stably in spite of storm, however violent.

The patient suffers from strangulation of affect, which safeguards him against falling in love and its consequences. This strangulation of affect is, therefore, a safety valve.

In my motor car I am driving down a steep hill. My wife, who is sitting beside me, asks why I don't put on the brake. A deviation might lead to our being dashed against the rocks. I assure her that there are automatic brakes on the car. When it is being driven downhill, the speed is thereby reduced to a minimum. She says: "Why is not there also an apparatus to prevent milk from boiling over?"

His marriage has been a great disappointment. Death wishes as regards his wife, whose humdrum philistinism hampers the cultivation of his artistic talents, have become intensified into criminal impulses. His phobia is a safety valve. All the same, the dream just recorded emphasizes his wife's pettiness (the boiling-over of milk). He dreads his fits of temper, and could easily "see red." He must watch out, and take precautions against his own violent impulses. The brake works so well that he is able to ignore his wife's nagging (for instance, about the boiling-over of the milk). His indifference, resignation, apathy, and general lack of interest, are safeguards against his dread of himself. He cannot go out unless his wife comes with him, for he must demonstrate that he can't live without her.

Why do not patients know that the very trouble of which they complain helps to safeguard them against their antisocial impulses? A man may be completely impotent because he could only achieve a voluptuous sensation by raping a woman and intending to murder her afterwards. Who staged the impotence which saves him from a long term of imprisonment or from capital punishment, and how has it been staged? What gives him the inward conviction that his impulses might overpower him, and warns him that for this reason he had better avoid sexual indulgence? Must we not assume that, over and above conscience, there is an internal organ for maintaining equilibrium, an organ able to ensure that such a person will not exceed the limits of what is permissible? We may be sure that repression itself is the product of social and ethical factors. Should not we expect, however, that in his dreams a sadist would be able to give his impulses free rein? Experience teaches us that even dreaming is subject to cultural influences—for otherwise dream distortion would not occur. A deep-seated knowledge manifests itself in dreams, not merely a knowledge hostile to the conscious, but a knowledge which, even in the dream, can only venture to disclose itself when veiled or masked. Obviously, then, dream life is also influenced by the struggle between experience and "repression" or "annulment" of experience. I have always regarded as suspect those dreams which are easily understood. The more transparent a dream appears, the more certain we may be that it wants to hide behind an innocent-looking façade.

A splendid instance of the "polyphony of thought" will now be considered. It is a stereotyped dream, which recurs in numerous variants.

I find myself in a large concert room in the seat of the conductor. In front of me is a full orchestra, which is looking up to me as conductor. Behind me is a crowded and brightly lit hall. My seat as conductor is high and narrow. I have to sit upright, and cannot loll at ease, for fear of falling off it. I have no score, and don't know what symphony is to be performed, but everything is ready, and the performers are only waiting a sign from me to begin. I don't dare to look round at the audience behind me, though I feel that they are all looking at me. I must start, for the whole orchestra is awaiting my sign which will coordinate the various phrases into harmony and rhythm.

I look anxiously at the orchestra, trying to pick out the leading instrumentalist, with whose aid I shall be able, easily enough, to control the other voices and phrases, this being essential to an orchestral performance.

My chief anxiety is that I am still uncertain on which side the leading instrumentalist is. But if I can only pluck up courage to give them a sign that they are to begin, and wield my baton, I shall hear and recognise the leading instrumentalist, and shall instantly *take the measure of the symphony, and, having grasped its style, shall be able to go ahead sympathetically.*

Anxious and much concerned though I am, I set to work, and all goes well. But I remain anxious lest my interpretation should be wrong, and lead to a catastrophe. The whole performance might end in chaotic disharmony, and I should have made an intolerable mess of it.

Here the dream breaks off. Either I have forgotten how it ended; or else I awoke in a paroxysm of anxiety, but also with a sense of relief at having escaped the terrible responsibility.

This remarkable dream may be considered from various outlooks. First let us regard it functionally. The orchestra is the image of his mind. He has to conduct the symphony of his life and his mind. We notice first that he is uncertain about himself, and also uncertain about the tasks of life. He does not know how to "conduct" himself, or how to ensure self-command. The "conscious ego" is symbolized by the conductor. In face of the multitude of voices, he feels perplexed and helpless. He must guide, and yet he himself is one of the led. He wants to attend to one voice in particular, but does not know whether this voice will be sounded to the right of him or to the left. As I explained in my book *Die Sprache des Traumes,* in a dream "right" denotes the way that is normal and right in the moral sense, while "left" denotes the forbidden and the sinful. Heterosexuality is on the right, homosexuality on the left. A voice, the all-powerful dominating voice, will help to give him the semblance of conducting and will guarantee the strength of his will. But he feels that in a trice everything may change. He dreads chaos, catastrophe, intolerable defeat. His seat is narrow, and he cannot loll at ease. He must always be on guard, must continually watch out, must unceasingly hold the reins of his impulses firmly gripped.

The dream shows how much he respects public opinion. He feels that he is being scrutinized, that innumerable eyes are concentrated upon him. We see that for him there is a gulf fixed between "will" and "can." He is not really a conductor. Indeed he has no score, this meaning that he has no proper plan of life. Ambition forces him to play a leading part; but his sense of inferiority asserts itself, warning him against situations that might culminate in public exposure. When we enquire about his aspirations, his great historic mission, we learn that he suffers from a Christ parapathy. He wanted to become a second Christ, a Messiah who would redeem the world, and give it a new religion. If he is not to be Christ, he will at any rate be a leader. But he lacked energy for this, and was always seeking persons on whom he could lean, whose teachings he could accept and pass on as a disciple. In his fantasies, however, he has gone far, and clings to the fiction that the world expects great things of him. The uncertainty to which the dream gives expression reflects the present condition of his life. He has abandoned his previous occupation (that of manufacturer), and wishes to become a creative mental worker. There are many alternatives. Shall he become a poet, a novelist, a statesman, a musician, or a painter? So numerous are the possibilities, that he does not know which to choose. Of late he has been greatly attracted by psychoanalysis. Well, he won't decide now, but will wait till illumination comes. This illumination must come from outside.

The dream would appear even more interesting if I could discuss the various sexual emotions which can be glimpsed, but discretion restrains me. It is plain that there are discordant voices in his sexual orchestra. The danger of catastrophe arises from the danger that a mezzo voice may suddenly intervene, and disturb the harmony of his mind. Even greater is the peril due to a sadistic counterpoint, which appears in his conscious life overcompensated as active philanthropy.

He describes himself as a "play actor" who has, both before himself and the world in general, to fulfil a role which exceeds his powers.

The dream about the three bands gives an apt description of polyphony of thought.

I go into a restaurant to find that three bands are playing there at once. One is in front of me, one to the right, and one to the left. Although the bands are playing three different tunes, and each at a different tempo, they accord perfectly, so that I can hear nothing disharmonious.

This dream may be interpreted thus. There are three distinct trends in the dreamer's sexual life. He is a fetishist; women have sex appeal for him; and before he applied for treatment he was fully aware of occasional homosexual inclinations. Yet all these currents combine to form a single melody—his sexual life. They harmonize perfectly in his mind, which is here symbolized as a restaurant. Three women (mother, aunt, and governess) played important parts for him in childhood. His ideal woman now is a condensation of the three.

All these dreams show that we are warranted in speaking of a "dream mirror." In the dream, the illness, the suffering, and the central idea are mirrored. All the secret conflicts come to light, so that we are justified in the belief that the dream betrays what the patient wants to hide from us. Nay more, we can even say that what the patient does not wish to admit to himself is exhibited to him by his dreams.

We have seen that dreams are of great importance for the diagnosis of oncoming mental disorders, being, in fact, diagnostic adjuvants of the first rank. Moreover, dreams are of the utmost value in prognosis. For instance, those who suffer from melancholia or depression may have contrast dreams displaying a euphoria quite distinct from the mood that prevails in the waking state. They enable us to give a favorable prognosis. We can confidently assume that there is very little risk of suicide, whereas melancholic patients who have gloomy dreams must be kept under close observation.

From the outlook of the technique of dream interpretation, it would be a disastrous error to let the dreamer know how oncoming mental disorder can be manifested in dreams, for thereby we should intensify suicidal leanings. If we find that a patient dreads insanity, we must reassure him, and at the same time, emphasize the dangers of a "flight from reality," we must teach him to renounce day-dreaming, and encourage him to take an interest in the actualities of life. Beyond question, such warning dreams must be very carefully handled by the analyst. Analytical shock must be sedulously avoided, the doctor following the rule: "Find out as much as you can, keep your knowledge to yourself, but be guided by it."

Series of Persons in Dreams

I shall now give an example which will show us the artifices of the dream work from a new side. We are often held up in an analysis because the dreamer is continually introducing new persons into his dreams, and because the identification and characterization of these persons occupies a large part of the time at our disposal. This obscures rather than clarifies the meaning of the dreams; the dream imagery may seem fairly comprehensible, and yet we suspect that deeper conflicts are hidden behind trivial scenes. For there is considerable truth in Nietzsche's saying: "Either one does not dream at all, or else one dreams interestingly." The fact is that we are always dreaming, and that every remembered dream is interesting, for it is charged with hidden affects, and were it not so charged it would not be remembered.

In his pioneer work *Die Traumdeutung* (*The Interpretation of Dreams*) Freud proves that the dream protects itself against being remembered. Yet what a mint of trouble he took to characterize all the persons who appear in the dreams he records, and to demonstrate their relations to the latent content of the dreams. In doing this he failed to notice that the majority of the persons who appear in a dream are apt to represent and to mask one person alone. The dreamer's overcharged idea must present itself in every dream. The dreamer has recourse to the mechanisms of displacement and objectification in order to hide this idea from himself and from the interpreter. He introduces into his dream a series of persons who are substitutes for the person who would give away the internal drama; the supers form a crowd which conceals the principal figure.

Here is a rule which must never be forgotten:

MANY OF THE PERSONS WHO "WALK ON" IN A SERIES OF DREAMS REALLY REPRESENT THE DREAMER'S PERSON-IN-CHIEF—THE PERSON WHO IS THE CAUSE OF HIS MENTAL CONFLICT AND HIS PARAPATHY.

In the chapter entitled *Dreams of a Homosexual Man* I was able to show how the traumatic experience gives shape and color to all the dreams. Now I will go on to demonstrate how difficult it is to recognize the principal person behind the masks, and how these masks are changed in order to prevent recognition.

I come to the case.

A medical student aged twenty-three complained of impotence. Two attempts at intercourse with prostitutes failed. He became convinced that his impotence must be organically caused, and passed into a condition of grave depression in which he had thoughts of suicide. (See the dream on page 131, and the history of the patient.)

The case was rendered peculiarly difficult by the fact that the most important "wet dreams" could never be remembered. Dreams that culminate in seminal emission reveal the patient's sexual aim, but also his internal conflict. At my request the patient did his utmost to remember these dreams. At first his endeavors were futile, but in the end he was able to get hold of a few, one of them being long and very important. Here is the first seminal dream he recorded.

I have gone in swimming, and embrace a girl who wears two bathing suits, one of them a loose black one, and, underneath that, one which is light-green and fits tightly. I think: "She is wearing two because she has lost flesh lately, and the black one is now too large for her."

In this dream there is a condensation of two persons, his dead mother and Erna his betrothed. The black bathing suit symbolizes death; the light-green one, life. Past and future are conjoined in his mind (the water symbolizes his mind), and this enables him to achieve a releasing orgasm. The salient point is that we cannot learn from the dream how the girl looks to him "inside."

In a series of interpretations it is incumbent on the analyst to remember that the next dream in the series supplements the previous one, and goes on spinning the theme of the analysis.

I am swimming very well, especially on my back. I needed only four minutes in which to cross the pool. One of my colleagues, a man who is as a rule most elegantly dressed, is there. Now, fully clad, he is sitting with the water up to his neck. He has not shaved lately, and his cheeks are sunken. I wonder at his appearance, and cannot feel sure that it really was he.

Once more the patient dives into his mind, and hastily surveys its contents. Four minutes suffice. (In a dream there is no negligible quantity.) The four minutes ofter turn up in his dreams, deriving from a secret calendar. One likeness is perpetually showing itself in his mind, the likeness of an elegantly dressed man, who on this occasion, however, is distinctly "shop-soiled." The dreamer speaks of him as a colleague. (In fact, he was his father's colleague.) Later it transpires that the well-dressed man is the principal character in the dreamer's internal drama. With this character a traumatic experience is connected. But was it really he? The doubt indicates the annulment of the experience. It cannot have been true.

In the next dream (on the following night) he had a fight with a colleague, became infuriated, and awoke with a strong feeling of rage. Once more the colleague stood for the principal character. Let us call that principal "Rudolf."

Two men are fighting. One of them wants to kill the other. Then he is the man after all, and must be killed.

(Identification with Rudolf.)

The dreamer awoke with a loud cry. He wanted to kill Rudolf. Affrays occur in many of this patient's dreams, but not always with the same persons. Generally he strikes and kills someone who has made love or is making love to his betrothed. The colleagues stand for the central figure; the betrothed represents the patient's mother.

Without authorization he goes out riding on someone else's cycle, and is supposed to be its owner. He identifies himself with Rudolf, whom he believes to have been his mother's lover. (This throws an important light upon his impotence.) Three dreams during this night, when reduced to a common denominator, are seen to be attempts to solve one and the same conflict: (1) A brawl with a man who is wearing only one leg of a pair of trousers; (2) the stealing of someone else's cycle; (3) a flight into the stratosphere, which ends disastrously upon the roof of a house; depreciation of the mother, which bears upon the day-dreams. . . .

I have to go into an adjoining room, and am afraid of what I shall see there—a "pedell,"[1] *and an "unter-pedell." I refuse to obey the "pedell," who sends me in there.*

Father and Rudolf. The traumatic scene, to which we shall return, occurred in the adjoining room.

He sees a reddish beast. Rudolf was red-haired. On the pavement he sees a woman who is nude from the waist upwards:

Going up to her, I ask what she is doing there. She answers something irrelevant. I don't remember what. The lower part of her body is covered with a piece of whitish-grey linen. I pull it down and she pushes it down. (Seminal emission.)

Asked for associations to this woman, he mentions one of the prostitutes with whom he tried to have intercourse but failed. But the real association was his mother. The piece of linen symbolizes the shroud in which his mother's body was wrapped. Rudolf was partly nude, wearing trousers with only one leg; and the patient's mother is nude in this dream.

We must not suppose that the thought of a prostitute could induce his orgasm. This prostitute was loathsome to him. She was too fat, gave off a nasty smell, and demanded payment in advance. He has made a prostitute (a "street-walker") of his mother.

Follow three dreams.

1. *An inventor is being praised. I notice that he says: "Oh,*

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[1] A "pedell" is a university attendant.—EDITOR.

well, just remember how you doubted!" (*I awaken, and am extremely depressed.*)

2. *Silly quarrels with my betrothed. Decided not to dispute any more about trifles.*

3. *A boy appears.... Perhaps this dream was the first.*

Dream (3) is No. 1. He has seen something, and will no longer doubt. Dream (2), which was really No. 3, discloses the theme of depreciation or transference of affect. He resolves not to dispute any more with his betrothed. Indeed he persecutes her with his ridiculous jealousy. In the dream he recognizes endopsychically that she is blameless, and that he has transferred to her a jealousy that really attaches to his mother.

Of course I have given only fragments of these dreams. In the next dream comes a scene which we learn subsequently was something remembered.

The student N. passionately hugs the girl L. Then he lets her go, and strokes her hair and her face. After that he seizes her several times by both shoulders. The girl is greatly excited, very much in love, and rapturously looks at him. I pull the coverlet over my face, that they may not know I am watching them, but I can see them quite well.... A lengthy scene of escape. I feel that my hindquarters are utterly nude. A gaolbird stretches his hands towards me from a window, and grips my testicles. I am horribly afraid he will tear them off.

The whole scene is a repetition of the trauma. The nudity, too, seems part of the memory. This was the experience that made him impotent. He identifies himself partly with Rudolf, partly with his mother. In numerous dreams we have this transformation of a man into a woman and vice versa. It varies according as he identifies himself with the lover or with the mother. Impotence is represented as a mutilation which would deprive him of manhood. The patient considers that the dream shows him to be a homosexual.

His impotence is explained by the traumatic scene. He cannot be impotent on organic grounds, and therefore, as he himself admits, his "inability" is a "lack of will," because he wants to prove that he can desire, and therefore must not succumb.

In the next dream he sees the mother of one of the playmates of his youth, and asks her whether someone named S. lives there, though he knows perfectly well that S. has never lived there. S. stands for Rudolf, and the playmate's mother for his own mother.

Adolf, the brother of his betrothed, is very like Rudolf. A dream in which Adolf is present, while he himself (the dreamer) kisses a woman who has thick, fleshy lips (indications of sensuality).

Now comes a dream in which something that was solid and firmly fixed crumbles to pieces and begins to move. His faith, which was firm, has been shattered. I give here only the latter part of the dream.

I am revolving with the tower. Though I want to go down below, where Erna and Adolf are standing, the revolving tower takes me with it. I don't know whether at the end of the dream I was already standing on solid ground. I think, however, that I had got down, or nearly down. Throughout the dream I have the feeling that I must have experienced, or dreamed, something of the sort before. Perhaps Erna says in the dream that the previous time things went better. This last memory is very vague.

A moving dream, which could not be fully understood until two months had elapsed. The tower is the shattered authority complex, the patient's faith in his mother. Erna and the woman whom he kisses (identifying himself with Rudolf) are both symbols of the mother.

In reading the record of the dreams after an interval, we see plainly that each of them invariably contains fragments of the trauma, but is veiled, and always has false associations, partly with Erna, partly with other women.

He had four dreams one night, and they were all concerned with the same theme. A man wanted to enter the house and make a thorough search; he must be prevented, but he forces his way in; he puts his hand behind the mirror, and makes his hand dirty.

I am afraid that he will find something in the adjoining room. Then I know at once why I am so anxious.

The associations to this man lead us once more astray, lead us to the mirror; there follow incidental remarks about vanity. Two months later, when the trauma has been discussed, he knows quite well that it was his mother's toilet table mirror. The other dreams are variants of the scene. He is looking for precious stones which he has dropped, and can find only fragments of broken glass. (Depreciation of the mother ideal.) He wants to buy fruit, magnificent grapes, but mixed with them are poisonous red berries. The maidservant has not cleaned the room properly; there are dirt and disorder everywhere. Noteworthy is the dream of a fence which suddenly begins to move and transform itself into a snake. On the other side of the fence stands Erna with a colleague named L., who also represents Rudolf. Again and again the patient illustrates his dreams with the actual conflict. (Jealousy of Erna because she is a flirt.)

A girl gives me a friendly greeting. Adolf grows jealous, flings himself on me, and wants to give me a hiding. He is beside himself with wrath.

All is distorted. It is his mother who has given a friendly greeting to Rudolf. The patient is jealous, and beside himself with wrath.

In the third dream of this night he tells a woman psychoanalyst that in the anteroom he kissed a girl. She rejoins that one of her lady patients had a similar dream. He reduces a reality to a dream. The roles of the sexes are reversed.

Next there comes a dream about carpets, which is important because it explains the subsequent dream that culminated in seminal emission. A hawker brings carpets for sale. One of them is chequered. The man has sustained a wound in the head, and his head is bandaged. He changes into a woman whose head is likewise bandaged. (Rudolf fell while mountaineering, and fractured his skull. Patient's mother suffers from migraine.)

I am very much interested in the carpets. The woman points out one of them as the most beautiful. I insist that this carpet would look far handsomer in another room. There is also a white strip which can be used to save the stair carpet from dust and dirt—but it is not so used. I could arrange the carpets better, in front of my father's writing table; but I don't say anything about this. It's not my business, not my room (?), and not my carpet.

Associations to this dream were asked for and produced, but subsequently turned out to be evasions. In the later analysis of the dream it was revealed that the mother had a special liking for chequered stuffs. The white strip of cover-carpet (innocence) was not used. In this dream the patient proclaims himself to be perfectly disinterested in all these happenings. The hawker is Rudolf; patient knew of a better way of arranging the carpets; but the carpets (his mother) belong to his father, and it is his father's business to keep his house clean. I withstand a strong inducement to quote other dreams which show how numerous are the variations in which the scene and the two principal persons can be displayed. I shall conclude with recording two dreams that end with seminal emissions. (Let me say in passing that there were two seminal dreams in which the patient pressed very close to a woman, but did not picture complete sexual intercourse.)

The deliverance dream, which came a fortnight before full enlightenment, ran as follows:

In my room at our former home I confer with the housemaid. She sits on the table and I stand in front of her. Then she goes out, and my grandmother comes in to tidy up the room thoroughly. I burst into tears, and shout that I wish she would leave my room alone. In the room there are several small rugs, and my grandmother adds another. It is an utterly hideous one, of combined red and blue. The red is tolerable but the blue is positively awful. I scream at it, being in a fearful rage. My father comes in and I complain angrily about the mess that is being made, but he says he approves. He takes out the best of the old rugs and spreads the hideous new one on the floor beside my bed. Then he goes into the dining room. With tears in my eyes, I shout after him: "Why on earth didn't Granny buy a lilac rug?" The light is switched on in my room, and the door that leads into the other room is open. In the other room the light has been switched off, so that it is lighted only by what comes from my room. Two women dressed in white enter; they are the cook and the housemaid (not the one who was here before). The cook stirs something in a saucepan. I think: "She has to prepare something in my room, because there is no light in the other." But then it occurs to me: "She is not preparing, but actually cooking, and the kitchen is the place for that; not my room. (Seminal emission.)

This dream first became comprehensible a fortnight later. As a sequel to another dream the patient remembered that he had been very jealous of anyone who came near his mother. His father was not at home in the mornings, having work at the office. It was always in the morning that the doctor called. One day the patient came into the room, and saw the doctor and his mother standing in front of the table in connection with which he had dreamed about himself and the housemaid. I at once felt that the whole truth was not being disclosed.

When that conviction arises, the analyst is in a quandary. Should he tell the patient that the experience as described is a fantasy, or should he urge for a full revelation of the actual facts? In view of the patient's instability of character and the danger of an explosion I had to walk warily. As things turned out, he revealed more and more, unprompted, until at length the severe trauma he had suffered when only eight years old permeated his waking consciousness and was freely divulged. In the dream he is Rudolf, and the housemaid is his mother. The grandmother also stands for the mother. His ideal has been shattered with the undermining of his authority complex. He cannot endure this mixture of passion (red) and piety (blue). He would have preferred that his mother should die sooner (lilac), and then he could have had her pure image enshrined forever in his heart. His wrath knows no stint. The allusion to a darkling room where something untoward occurred refers to an experience in the evening hours. The cook and the housemaid (his mother behaved like a servant) are dressed in white. (The mother is dead. Association to a white dress the mother had worn.) "The kitchen is the place for such things, not my room."

I am tempted to record all his dreams here, but must refrain for lack of space. The point I chiefly wished to illustrate, that the main characters are diversely presented in different dreams, or even in the same one, has been sufficiently exemplified. The dreams that have been given suffice also to show how the affect-laden adventures of childhood crop up again and again amid the chaff of adult commonplaces. His morbid jealousy becomes explicable. When his mother crashed from her lofty pedestal, his faith in women at large was shattered.

I have two more dreams to mention, one being the last of those which terminated with a seminal emission.

I go to visit a very fat woman. At her place is a slot machine to show whether one is potent or impotent. You put in a penny, turn a wheel, and out pops a card with the answer. First time came a "No." "Try again," said the woman; "but you'll get the same answer." So I tried again, and got another "No." Then I have to use a token that bears a coat-of-arms; it is shaped like a heart; and with it I cover the slot machine, which is continually growing smaller. The coat-of-arms is painted in blue upon glass. I put the piece of glass on the white wall, and see that there are several spots in it. Also its edge is destroyed, as if some of the colour had been scratched off. Then I go to the high priest. He says: "I don't need any women. I lay my hand on my genitals, and that suffices." I answer: "It's different with me. I put my hand there to prevent my doing anything; to seclude my genitals, in fact." Just as I touch them, I feel that they are damp, and I wake up having a seminal emission.

Soon afterwards he produced another dream:

With my father in a café. My father sends for H., the minister-of-State. He comes, and I think: "So that's what a minister-of-State looks like." He's dressed just anyhow, in a golfing-suit, and his necktie hangs out. My father asks: "Don't you know me?" The minister does not answer. All this time I have been hiding. I want to watch without being seen. What I wish to find out is why the minister behaves as if he did not know my father. At this moment I awake, feeling greatly oppressed, with palpitation and a sense of anxiety.

The slot machine is the prostitute. You put in money and get what you came for. In the dream he reports his own destiny.

Twice the answer has been "No." But the dream also tells us what has made him impotent. He takes the heart-shaped coat-of-arms and covers the slot machine with it. A brilliant and forcible image of his identification of his mother with a prostitute! His mother's heart is ruined. The coat-of-arms, the scutcheon of her honor, is tarnished. You see the spots plainly when the coat-of-arms is laid against the white wall. It is transparent, and what lies behind it shows that inwardly it is rotten. The high priest refers to an oath he once swore never to touch a woman until he married, and then to remain absolutely true to his wife. He will be satisfied with auto-erotism. The memory of the contract of the coat-of-arms with the slot machine (embrace) gives rise in the dream, by means of masturbatory movements, to an orgasm. The minister-of-State (high priest and minister-of-State respectively stand for religious and civil authority) behaves as if he did not know the patient's father. (Another imaginative distortion of the facts that the father was blind to what was going on, and that Rudolf and his mother played the hypocrite.) But the patient admits in the dream that he also played the hypocrite, that he wanted to watch without being seen.

Thus when the parents have eaten sour grapes are the children's teeth set on edge. I might say a good deal more about this case, did not discretion forbid. It shows very plainly how the facts are apt to be masked and mutilated in dreams. In this patient's dreams, about forty persons appeared, but they could all be reduced to the two chief characters; his mother and Rudolf.

Such an interpretation is only possible when the analyst bears in mind the entire series of dreams, and allows for the motifs that are frequently reiterated.

There is a children's game in which the syllables of a word are separately acted, and the charade can only be guessed through combining the results of the separate pieces. The psychoanalysis of dreams is not unlike the guessing of a charade. By combining a number of small portions, the analyst must piece together the traumatic complex as a whole, laying suitable stones in their places and rejecting unsuitable ones until the edifice is complete. When we read over the reports of the dreams after full enlightenment has come, we can see that all was said in the earlier dreams, but said in such a way that even the most experienced interpreter could not solve the enigma, except in this jig-saw puzzle manner. Of course he needs the patient's help. The patient tries to avoid disclosing the truth. He has a scotoma. As the last case shows us, the scotoma helps him to retain his self-esteem. How can we lead him to the truth without injuring him or giving him a shock; how can we pilot him past the dangerous reefs of fantasy or reality? This art can hardly be taught. It needs tact, patience, and imaginative insight.

A Case of Catalepsy

With the aid of a record of her dreams kept by a lady, I was once able to clear up an affair which dated from eighteen years before. The case was one of catalepsy. Without loss of consciousness she suffered from attacks of rigidity and inability to speak. Such an attack would last for hours, and each attack ended with a moderate orgasm. The psychogenesis was obscure. The patient told me that at the theatre on one occasion she had such a feeling of ecstasy that for the rest of her life she would continue to think of the play she had seen and the particular passage in it when the ecstasy occurred, and that she would always vainly long for a repetition of it. The play was *Faust;* the scene was that of love between Faust and Gretchen, and the seduction of the latter by the former. When she was looking on, she was pressing her cousin's hand. But, she declared, it had not been a sexual feeling. She had now been married for sixteen years, was frigid, and had applied for treatment to one doctor after another. Several times she had been analyzed. Her great misfortune was, she said, that nearly every man she met was sure to fall in love with her. She had had a liaison with her husband's greatest friend, the husband tolerating it because he hoped it would cure her. During my analysis of her I learned from her dreams that after the performance of *Faust* (in Vienna) she, her mother, and several friends had driven to a vintage party, where they drank and danced. A male cousin was with them, and they were all staying at the same hotel. She was not sleeping with her mother, but had a bedroom to herself. Since she had a dream in her collection of how a burglar had tried to ravish her, I suspected that on the night in question the cousin had come into her room and deflowered her. At this time she was engaged to an author, who was then visiting the United States. When she subsequently married him, she did not bleed on her wedding night.

Men swarmed in her dreams. Though ostensibly they were different persons, I, following the rule formulated on p. 220, replaced them all by the cousin, and this soon enabled me to solve the riddle. By reading the dreams and piecing the fragments together I could make out the whole story. All she could remember was that the morning after the vintage party her head was dizzy. There was blood on her sheets, and her mother believed that menstruation had come on a fortnight ahead of time. The ecstasy while at the performance of *Faust* was a screen-memory for the orgasm which she had experienced for the first time that night when seduced by her cousin—as I then supposed the seducer to be. (Cunnilinctus.) In her cataleptic seizures she repeated the traumatic experience which had determined her whole life.

I should like to insist once more that she had consulted many doctors and several psychoanalysts. Not to any of them had it occurred that a much more important experience might lurk behind the alleged ecstasy in the theatre. Had they understood the importance of dreams, had they understood the cryptic language of the dream, her scotoma might have been cured long before.

There is another important law with which every doctor should be well acquainted:

AN OBVIOUS DISPROPORTION BETWEEN CAUSE AND EFFECT JUSTIFIES A SUSPICION THAT THE PATIENT'S STORY CONCEALS SOMETHING OF GREAT IMPORTANCE, THAT STRONG AFFECTS HAVE BEEN ATTACHED TO A MINOR DETERMINANT, IN ORDER TO HIDE A MORE IMPORTANT EXPERIENCE OR AN AFFECTIVE ATTITUDE.

In my own practice I pay careful attention to this rule, and appraise the disproportion between the alleged cause and the manifest effect. In the present case I naturally asked myself whether a scene on the stage (however brilliantly acted) when witnessing which a girl was fervently pressing her cousin's hand, could leave enduring traces upon her life, so that she would never forget the staged performance and would crave for a repetition of it. Since the experience in question was the first which the patient recounted during the analysis, could not one be confident that behind it something more significant must lie hid? These reflections led me to infer that the "ecstasy" must have been bodily, not mental. But it was not until I had seduluously studied more than a hundred dreams that I was able to reconstruct all the details of the crucial experience.

My first interest was in the cousin. She described him as a retiring and ultra-respectable man to whom no such shameless action as I postulated could for a moment be ascribed. She was profoundly shocked by the supposition. Next day she was in tears when she came to the sitting. It could not have been her cousin, she said, but might have been another man, Herr X., with whom she had danced that night, and who was staying at the same hotel. (The whole company had come to Vienna from the country, in order to see the performance of *Faust.*) Her cousin had warned her against this man. She remembered that very well. What had been said in the warning, and why had it been uttered? X., declared her cousin, was a Don Juan, a professional seducer, and a "bad egg." But the cousin did not dance, and she had danced most of the evening with the man against whom she had been warned. She felt no fear, being sure of herself, and ardently in love with the author to whom she was engaged.

Herr X. had soon vanished from her circle. He went away to South Africa, and when he returned after fifteen years she did not recognize him. He seemed a complete stranger, and she did her utmost to avoid meeting him—though he did not know why. In fact, she was quite unable to account for the antipathy he aroused in her. She went so far with her play-acting that she did not recognize and did not wish to see the man who was the principal figure in her dreams and cataleptic paroxysms.

Now we have the explanation of her homicidal dreams. Again and again she had dreams in which she murdered a man. I will give an example:

I am in bed, and have forgotten to bolt my bedroom door. A man comes in; he looks terribly unkempt. At first I am paralysed by fright. Then, seizing the tumbler which stands on my bedside table, I fling it at his head. He falls to the floor; there is a gaping wound on his forehead, from which blood is oozing. He is dead. I have murdered him. I wonder whether people will believe that he wanted to kill me, and that I slew him in self-defence.

This is an obvious recapitulation of the traumatic scene, though with a few touchings-up. She did not "forget" to bolt her bedroom door, but left it unbolted at his request. The defloration, which caused bleeding, is here objectified and referred to the seducer, being displaced from below upwards. Significance of the dream: annulment of the actual experience, and conquest of the principal character. To kill him symbolizes his being overcome on the mental plane.

Many homicidal dreams can be explained in this simple functional way. We struggle against a sinful thought, which is symbolized by an individual, and symbolically we get the better of him. If he is only dead to all seeming, or if he comes to life again, this denotes the impossibility of overcoming the complex. Again, the familiar dreams in which the dreamer experiences his own death or his own execution, denote his attempt to shuffle out of the world his second ego, his inner antagonist or adversary.

Dead Persons in the Dream

If persons long dead appear in a dream as living, this signifies that in us they still live and work.

Here is an admirable instance:

I want light. There are many electric incandescent lamps in the room, but when I try to switch them on, none of them will burn. I *send for the electrician, who explains that I have a strong tungsten lamp on the circuit, and that he will have to remove it, as it is using all the current. He takes it away, and then the other lamps burn. Queen Victoria is also in the room. The electrician and the queen go away, and I am glad because I can now use whatever incandescent lamps I please.*

The dreamer, a man of thirty-three, had paid attention to various girls, generally with serious designs to marry, but at the last moment he had always cooled off. Obviously he had a strong mother fixation. Every night, no matter how late, he came to kiss his mother goodnight. Unless he did so, she could not go to sleep.

The mother motif is twice represented in the dream, once by the tungsten lamp and once by Queen Victoria (dead long since, but living in the patient's mind). The electrician stands for the analyst. This proves that in the dream the man is analyzing himself, that he really knows everything about his case, the ways to cure not excepted.

An accurate analysis of dreams proves that every dream interprets itself, that psychoanalysis has derived its laws from the nature of the dream. We merely have to recognize the interpretations that the dreamer puts before us, and he also indicates the methods of cure and the only chance there is of settling the conflict. Thus was it in the present case. I explained to the patient that his mother fixation had prevented his forming a new tie, with an object outside the family. He must take the unduly powerful lamp out of the circuit; then he would no longer be afraid of a new tie. A week after I interpreted his dream, he became engaged to a girl with whom he had been in love for a long time without being able to decide upon making a decisive proposal.

The dream is not only a prophet, it is also an analyst. Thus in a dream a person is really living his or her true life, whereas in our waking life we employ multifarious artifices and feints with which to humbug and do violence to ourselves. Changing one word in a wise Latin saw, we can say: "In somnio veritas."

PART THREE

THE FIRST DREAMS DURING AN ANALYSIS

Chapter Nine

THE FIRST DREAMS DURING AN ANALYSIS

I HAVE PREVIOUSLY INSISTED that in all dreams the patient's central conflict is reflected. Often enough the very first dream reveals the important secret around which the parapathy has crystallized. Orthodox or strictly Freudian psychoanalysis starts from the assumption that this secret, this mystery, has been repressed into the unconscious, and finds expression in the dream as a memory trace from the unconscious. This is true in only a fraction of the instances. In most cases the patient is fully aware of his secret, and guards it jealously. But since every secret represents a fermentative energy which unceasingly strives to liberate itself, we may assume a priori that a patient who comes to be analyzed will in his first dreams divulge the secret under a symbolical mask. Often it is impossible to understand this first dream, and only in the subsequent course of the analysis are we able to discover what the analysand intended to say by it.

I shall now record a series of "first dreams," some of which are recognizable as resistance dreams. I prefer resistance dreams to any others, for I set out from the fact that a resistance dream will necessarily disclose the weakest point in the parapathy. When lecturing on dream interpretation, I usually give my students a simile whose meaning instantly becomes clear to them. "Think of a fortress that is being besieged. Which point will the commandant try above all to safeguard? Where will he mass his heaviest artillery and his most seasoned troops? Where the enemy could most easily effect an entry, and thus take the place. Every patient is like the commandant of a beleaguered fortress. The analyst is the enemy who wants to penetrate into the inner sanctum."

Let us take note of these rules: Resistance dreams betray as much as they desire to hide; they show us the central idea of the parapathy.

A miner, aged 39, suffering from anxiety states, opens the treatment with a simple dream which mirrors no resistance in the analytical situation.

I go to see the film Africa Speaks. *I see savage lions and tigers. Awaking with a dull sense of uneasiness, I have palpitation and an attack of anxiety.*

He actually saw the film during the day before the night on which he dreamed this dream. One scene in it distressed him greatly. A negro was torn to pieces by a lion, and he wondered whether the man had not been deliberately exposed to danger, in order to get an interesting picture.

Thus the dream was in large measure determined by the film, and might be thought to confirm the statement that dreams are only repetitions of waking experiences. But the patient's strong affective reaction leads us to infer that a personal conflict also lurks behind the dream images. He sees lions and tigers. Wild beasts might symbolize his own passions, his sadistic trends. In that case we could regard his anxiety as dread of himself, of the wild beast in his own mind.

But what is signified by the association that the negro was deliberately exposed to danger? Why did the patient feel such profound uneasiness after the dream? Three weeks later, in the course of the analysis, he related something that had happened to him ten years before. In the mine his task was to release a truck down an incline upon receipt of a signal that the line was clear. The signal was passed along by relays, a youngster within call of him being the last transmitter. This boy thought it a fine joke, from time to time, to give the signal "on his own," and then to revoke it before the truck was released, shouting "Fooled again!" But he played this trick once too often, for the miner released the truck in response to a false signal, and the practical joker was run over and killed. Often the miner was troubled by self-reproach, thinking he had perhaps released the truck deliberately in response to what he knew to be a false signal, wishing to pay the boy out. Soon after the disaster, he began to suffer from anxiety states—without realizing there was any connection between his self-incrimination and the illness. The negro who was torn to pieces by the lion was an image of or substitute for the boy lacerated by the truck. The inward reproach that he had done it on purpose (as the negro, he fancied, might have been deliberately sent to death) gave rise to the dream and to the subsequent emotional reaction.

Another patient's first dream ran as follows:

A masked ball is going on. People are lying on the floor in rows, wearing helmets which cover their faces completely.

The dreamer is a doctor of philosophy aged 32, from Rhineland, native of a little town in which the dissensions between Catholics and Protestants play a great part. His father is a fanatical Protestant, to whom a Catholic seems the embodiment of all evil qualities. The patient has strong Catholic leanings, and came to Vienna with the intention of going over to Rome. He knows that this will involve a breach with his family, that it will wound his father terribly, and perhaps cause himself grave pecuniary losses; but he finds so much that is beautiful and sublime in Roman Catholicism that he feels he has no option—if only for his soul's peace.

During the analysis it was easy to show that he hated his father for rejecting his love. He had a younger brother who was always being held up to him as a model, and was the parents' darling, whereas the patient was very differently treated, so that he grew ill-tempered and morose, increasingly defiant from year to year. What did the dream signify? Why the masked ball?

There was a period in his life, from the age of 15 to the age of 17, in which, to his parents' amazement, he showed himself able to outdo his brother in every respect. He assumed by turns the role of the good, the virtuous, the well-behaved, the contented lad —hoping that in this way he would be able to supplant the brother. He wore the mask of affection, never betraying by so much as a gesture that he detested his brother and the rest of the family. But this "good behavior" failed of its effect, and the brother remained the favorite. Thereupon he at length resolved to exterminate them all. He was entrusted with the duty of turning out the gas the last thing at night, but one night, having extinguished it, he turned on the tap of an unlighted burner. His father chanced to wake, smelled the gas, and scolded him for his carelessness. The masks in the dream were gas masks (respirators), which cover the whole visage like a helmet. He had been wearing a mask. He was an actor. Now there was to be a change. Baptism in the true faith would enable him to begin a new life. The sacrament of baptism would wash away all the sins committed before the ceremony. He would be separated from his family, he would wound his father, but, reborn, he would pursue an ideal and would feel guiltless.

The dream shows the image of a family which, protected by gas masks, can defy such deadly designs as his had been.

This dream did not become fully comprehensible until the analysis had entered upon its second month.

Here is the interesting first dream of a young woman aged thirty-four:

I feel that a man is getting into my bed at night. I try to speak, but my tongue refuses its office. He grips two of my fingers and lifts them high in the air. They seem luminous, as if lighted by an inward fire.

This young woman declares herself to be a virgin, and says she has never wished to marry. She denies having ever masturbated. For a long time she has suffered from cataleptic seizures, and it is on account of these that she has been brought to me for treatment.

The analysis proceeds amid great difficulties. The patient struggles with an impediment in speech, as if she had a suet-dumpling stuck in her throat. Her general misery and her violent internal struggle are distressing to watch. After four weeks she was able to give a coherent account of the trauma to which her first dream bore witness. She was brought up by an uncle, who took over the paternal role. Her parents had ten children, and were glad to let the mother's married sister adopt her. When she was seventeen her uncle came into her room one night, got into her bed, and deflowered her. Then, taking her hand and holding up the middle finger and the index, he made her swear never to reveal what had happened. In her cataleptic trances she lies defenceless, awaiting a repetition of the assault and the oath of secrecy.

Now I will record the first dream of a married woman who had experienced a similar trauma in youth. Her present trouble was a disorder of the sense of direction:

I am at home with my parents. Gypsies have robbed our orchard. A runaway horse gallops by.

Now 32 years of age, she complains of having suffered since childhood from a disorder of the sense of direction. When she is walking in the street, the direction will suddenly seem to have veered by a right angle. Also after she wakes in the morning the room seems to have turned through a quarter of a circle. (I gave a full account of this case in my paper *Das Weltbild des Gesunden und des Seelenkranken,* "Psychoanalytische Praxis," vol. III.)

The patient refers her puzzling complaint to an accident caused by a runaway horse when she was thirteen. Really this "runaway" was a young and handsome gypsy lad who, taking advantage of her youth and inexperience, deflowered her, and subsequently boasted of his exploit in the village. The same young scamp did actually rob her father's orchard. He had switched her out of the right path, and given her life a new direction. This was the cause of her disordered sense of direction.

Here the first dream gives us a clue to the enigma of the malady. We are introduced both to gypsies and to the runaway horse. She is herself a timid horse, liable to bolt in the wrong direction. The dream further discloses her attitude towards the analysis. She is easily scared, and inclined to make a bolt of it.

Often it is difficult to get from the first dream an inkling of the patient's attitude towards the analysis, though on this attitude the prognosis mainly depends.

The next dream we have to consider is the first dream of a blind man of 60, who had been impotent for two years. (When he awakes in the morning, there is no trace of an erection.) He was married for the second time ten years ago, the first wife having then been dead for five years. The first marriage was, he says, exceedingly happy. At the outset of the second marriage he was fully potent, but potency fell off by degrees until two years ago impotence became absolute, making him feel old before his time. The physical examination was discouraging, for some signs pointed to an organic disease. Nevertheless, my colleague Georges Matalas of Athens, working at the time under my guidance in my free clinic, undertook the analysis at my request, for we were not without hope of improvement.

Here is the patient's first dream.

I am in an institute for the blind. Wishing to go out during the night, I cannot find a key. My maid did not want to let me have the key. At length I find a key. I spent the whole night out. Next morning the manager gave me a wigging for having spent the night out.

The impotence secures expression in his inability to find a key. (The key is a phallic symbol.) If we substitute his wife for the manager, we shall realize that she reproaches him for having slept, as she believes, with other women. Though he spent the night at home, in spirit he was elsewhere—not with his wife.

At the beginning of the analysis he admits having always to think of his first wife. Gradually the picture of the first marriage is revealed. It was, in truth, far from happy, and he has every reason to be satisfied with his second wife. He simulates intense affection for the first wife as a symbol for the unpalatable fact: "I long, not for my present wife, but for someone else." Not until after the lapse of four weeks did it become plain to us that the real object of his affections, the goal of his desire, is his daughter by the first wife, now a girl of fifteen. She sits on his knees every evening, reading aloud to him, newspapers and books. He cannot see her, but he hears her voice and feels the pressure of her body. The maid in the dream who does not want to let him have the key, is his daughter.

The upshot of the two months' analysis was remarkable, and exceeded our utmost expectations. The sexagenarian's potency was perfectly restored. At first came erection, with vigorous sexual desire, but no orgasm. However, when it had been explained to him that he must acknowledge and conquer his fantasy (incest with the daughter), a thoroughly satisfactory orgasm likewise ensued.

The second case treated by Dr. Matalas at my free clinic was that of a married woman of 41, suffering from anxiety states, and from tremor of the left hand. Two years before, her husband had sustained an accident and was pensioned off. Her trouble dated from that time, and was growing worse.

Here is her first dream:

The butcher of our district, driving his wagon and pair, has run over a woman. I saw a lot of blood, began to tremble, felt very anxious, and ran away.

The butcher is a brutal man, endowed with immense strength, and thus contrasts markedly with her husband, who is mild, gentle, and lovable. She admits having felt sexual desire during this dream. In her married life she has always been frigid. This, she says, was partly because her husband lacked fire, and partly because in the act of intercourse she has always had a peculiar feeling as if her head did not belong to her. (This signifies that when her husband is possessing her she thinks of another man. Her head is with the other man.)

After the analysis had lasted four weeks, she acknowledged to my colleague that she had never before told anyone, not even her confessor. When she was twelve she and her younger sister were raped by their father, who was drunk at the time. Both the girls bled profusely. She told her mother, who made her promise not to say a word about the matter, for if she did the father would be sent to prison, and the family would lose its breadwinner. She kept her promise, and not even to her husband did she reveal the terrible secret. The relief when she had confided in the analyst was immense. She began to experience the orgasm in intercourse with her husband as soon as she had been told that she was frigid because she dreaded a repetition of the act of rape. The dream, too, became comprehensible. It contained the essence of the matter. The rough butcher stood for the father who had committed the rape, the two men being of the same type both in physique and in behavior. The woman who was run over was herself, for being run over was equivalent to being raped. The pair of horses were herself and her sister.

The following dream, the first dream of an epileptic, discloses all essentials:

I am on a plain, above which aviators are manoeuvring. One of the airmen takes a sharp curve and shouts: "Long live Horthy!" He crashes. I think to myself: "That is the punishment for wishing well to Horthy." But he gets up unhurt, and we have a friendly talk.

The patient is twenty-nine. For three years he has suffered from epileptic fits. The first dream introduces us to his life conflict. This conflict in his bipolar attitude towards his father, which is manifest in the dream, though it has not before been disclosed. His father, a communist, was imprisoned for six months as an opponent of Horthy. The patient is one of Horthy's supporters, but dares not proclaim his views at home. He is himself the aviator, who crashes as a punishment. The father is a wealthy man. The patient considers that the allowance his father makes him is inadequate. Also he holds that his father is playing ducks and drakes with the business, and that the great property will be squandered before he can inherit. Death wishes and hatred for the father alternate with periods of admiration for the elder man's energy, vigor, courage, and indomitable defiance. Since he has additional reasons for hating the father (reasons I cannot now go into), he has homicidal impulses which find vent in the epileptic paroxysms. Typical of epileptics are dreams of falling and flying, and of other dangerous situations. In these dreams he takes up the position of friend of his father's adversary, placing his alter ego in opposition, not to himself, but to his father.

I will continue this series by recounting a very characteristic dream, which was not the first after beginning treatment, but the second. Often the first dream has a very superficial bearing on the analysis. The dreamer does not yet know what is afoot, and not until the second or the third dream do we get a clue to the patient's mysteries.

A lady patient's first dream ran as follows:

I want to enter a dark cave, and shudder at the thought that I shall not be able to find my way out again.

Wonderful imagery! Schiller's Diver, who seeks a second glimpse into the abysses of the sea, and cannot find his way back. Dread of lunacy. Resistance to the self-awareness that will save or destroy.

The second dream gives us a complete picture of the situation.

I am sitting in my room, and am in utter despair. First of all, because I have toothache, but am not sure whether the pain comes from a tooth root or from the antrum, and whether I ought to consult a dentist or a rhinologist. Besides, I have no money, and I know if I were to ask my father to give me some for a specialist's fee, he would rage and storm and would certainly refuse. Once more it is borne in on me most distressingly how terrible it is that *my illness cancels my earning power and puts me in such a degrading position at home.*

What is even worse is that my room is infected, so that I cannot touch the furniture or unpack my trunks, and, since all the shops are infected too, I can't buy clothes anywhere, but have to go on wearing my shabby old brown dressing gown.—Mother comes in. I tell her that I have toothache and am afraid to ask Father for the dentist's fee. My sister appears. She is wearing a white blouse and a navy-blue skirt, the ones we both had many years ago, and which I was wearing when I found the bunch of violets in the violin case of the young man we were both so fond of. My sister says to me: "Do you know that I shall at length be quit of this infected hole of yours? I'm going to be married in three days. I intend to settle matters quickly, before I can become uncertain again. Dr. Fritz has learned that I got the infection from you. He is going to marry me and take me to an uninfected place. I shall buy new furniture, and that will be the saving of me."

I say to my sister: "You have me to thank for his return. I wrote to him about our illness, and asked him to visit you." My sister answered harshly and irreconcilably: "I have nothing whatever to thank you for. He would have come without your intervention, for he had heard from mutual friends that I was ill." My sister went on to say: "Is it possible that you grudge me my happiness?" I make no answer, and thereupon Helene says to Mother: "It's the same old story. Mizzi grudges me my happiness, and I am again becoming irresolute." Mother says to Helene: "Don't meditate so much about it, but buy your furniture quickly." My sister goes out, leaving me alone and very miserable. My brother comes in and says: "Mama, I'm going with Katy to a cooking lesson. We'll bring you back dainty samples." To me he says: "Helene and I are going away. Don't stay frowsting alone here at home. I read somewhere that at the Urania there is to be a course of lectures on the origin of the French language, from the very beginnings. The lectures go *back to the start, showing how French originated out of Celtic. I'm sure the course would interest you." I explain that I have toothache and a swollen face. My brother says: "Still, you'd better go today. The lectures form a series, and if you miss the first you may not be able to make head or tail of the others."*

My brother goes away with Katy. I stay at home, not wanting to go to the lecture alone. Why should I, the elder, go to school, while my younger sister gets married and finds a woman's happiness? Now my father comes in, bringing me a newspaper, and says: "There are some very interesting literary articles in this. I feel sure they will interest you." Turning to Mother, he adds: "That sort of thing only interests Mizzi. She is the only one of my children who takes after me and shares my taste for intellectual interests. Helene is not in the least interested in such things, nor is my son. In fact, he's a duffer." Father goes out, and I leave the newspaper untouched on the table. I am in despair, and think: "The horrible thing has come which I have always dreaded. I am left alone with my elderly parents. I, the only one of us three who craved so much for freedom, and longed to break away from the home. How I have wanted to live my own life, to enjoy a husband's love, to have a house of my own to look after. My brother and sister were happy and contented at home, never wanting to get away. Destiny has disposed of us otherwise. My sister finds a husband, secures happiness in love, enjoys the chance of founding a home of her own, and, above all, can get away from this infected flat. My brother, indeed, has not yet achieved the greatest happiness; still, Katy is a loyal creature who loves him, and belongs to him. That is better than nothing. But I, despite my fine plans and lofty aims, am cut off from all that signifies happiness and freedom. My brother and sister leave me here in the lurch, and I remain ailing and forsaken, with no company but the old folk who are so unattractive. I am becoming inspired with a terrible hatred of my sister. I myself find it hard to understand why today I should grudge her her happi-

ness, though I myself wished her betrothed to come back to her. If that should make her get well, then my sense of guilt towards her will at length be wiped out.

Now I hate myself because I am not magnanimous enough to refrain from envying her a happiness which I cannot share and which can never be my portion. I am profoundly unhappy, loathsome, wicked, ill. I know that for me there is only one solution—death. I make up my mind to kill myself, and wonder which will be the best way—poison or the gas oven. My glance lights on the books that lie on the table. Oh, how I hate them.

These books are one of the main causes of my unhappiness. It was all uncanny knowledge that I got from them. I learned about bacilli, about epizootics. Taking the medical treatises on the diseases of animals, I fling them into the fire, where they blaze up. Schopenhauer's Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung (fixed idea) *follows. Then* Geschlecht und Charakter *by Otto Weininger, a book by an unhappy, sick man whose thoughts so often strayed into devious paths. His M.W. theory was anything but a source of happiness to me. I breathe more freely when the books have been burned. Now that the books have been burned, I can come to the point. Is it to be poison or the gas oven? Mechanically I pick up from the table a little volume bound in orange-yellow—the only one which has escaped the holocaust. It it Ploetz's elementary French grammar, which I studied as a child and then used in teaching my pupils. Opening it mechanically, I read aloud the casually selected lesson: "Passé indéfini of avoir: J'ai eu, tu as eu, il a eu . . . ."*

It is time to draw the dreamer's portrait. Mizzi G. is an unmarried woman of forty-five suffering from obsessional disease which makes her unsociable and has practically annihilated her capacity for work. The most remarkable feature of the case is that, by a sort of spiritual contagion, her sister Helene, two years younger, has come to suffer from the same trouble. They have a complicated bacillophobia, a dread of germ diseases and other communicable maladies, hydatid cysts (from dogs' tapeworms), trichinosis, etc. Everything which can transmit such diseases is dangerous, and must be warded off by appropriate preventive methods. The obsession began when the newspapers were full of the discovery of a case of leprosy in the little town of Tulln on the Danube not far from Vienna. Mizzi lived there for a time. After the leprosy scare, Tulln and everything connected with the place were considered to be contagious. Newspapers from Tulln, acquaintances who lived there or had visited it, shops where Tullners might make their purchases—all, all, were placed under the ban. The trouble became intensified when, one day, Mizzi saw in the street a man with an eruption on his face. She believed that his cloak had brushed her in passing. The "man with the rash" was, and is, her chief terror. Why? Because, on getting home after the encounter, she had touched various articles without remembering that she must be "infected." The third "trauma" was a ham sent from the country. This had infected the kitchen with trichinae. Soon the whole flat was a focus of infection. The piano, the bookcases, the sewing machine, dresses, the various rooms—all were infected. Dogs, too, became dangerous. Who could tell whether they might not be rabid. Meeting a dog in the street was a trauma.

Various kinds of treatment were fruitless, nor did separating the sisters for a while do any good. They were now goddesses of vengeance, watching all day how best to avoid the slightest risk of infection. Of course this was impossible. Washing mania set in. Expensive dresses were burned or given away; the sisters' tyranny was extended to all that went on in the household, the dietary not excepted. An account of the multiform coercion exercised over the family would fill volumes. The unfortunate parents had no choice but to give way, for any refusal to comply led to such a clamour (especially from Helene) that neighbors would come to ask what was the matter, the police would be summoned, and there was likelihood of being given notice to quit. The only member of the circle who occasionally put up a fight was the brother, about two years younger than Helene, a hypochondriac who from day to day discovered a new ailment requiring medical treatment. But the doctor called in to the brother was sharply scrutinized by the sisters, who demanded that he should be a man having no hospital post or any other possible contact with infection. Of course this stipulation led to quarrels and endless scenes with the brother. (Nursing sisters were no less dangerous than dogs, hospitals, and sanatoria—all being avoided like the pest.) Outdoor exercise was greatly restricted by the dread of rabid dogs. Any dog that came near must have his antecedents traced, a veterinary must certify that the animal was free from disease, and so on. (I have but sketched an outline of the complications that ensued.)

When I was called in, I found the two sisters standing in one room. They were dressed in threadbare, shabby clothing, the only gowns they had that were not infected. The whole story was poured out with tragical gestures, each sister backing up the other, and most of the blame was laid on the parents. They had been the arch-sinners in the matter of Tulln and the ham.

I decided that the pair must be treated simultaneously, one by myself and the other by Frau Hilda Stekel.

Not until weeks later did the two of them turn up, identically dressed, each carrying a paper bag in which were money and their tram tickets. They would not touch the door handle, refused to sit down, and began detailed accounts of the daily mishaps which occurred to intensify their troubles.

Mizzi, who had devised the whole illness with its formidable entanglements, showed more will-to-health than Helene. It was she who produced the long dream already recounted, which I will now proceed to analyze, for it embodies the whole clinical history.

The dream opens with the recognition that she is ill, for she has toothache. Then comes a doubt. Is the pain in a tooth root or in the antrum? Should she consult a dentist or a rhinologist? Like all obsessional parapaths she is a prey to doubt. Two distinct experts might be called in to advice. (We shall come back to this by and by. There is need of the specialist's fee, and she knows her father will refuse to pay.—This family spends enormous sums on medical advice. The number of the doctors that have been consulted runs to several hundreds.) The father, who is a man of letters with high attainments both intellectual and artistic, has given his daughters a very remarkable education. From early days it was decreed that the girls should not marry. Mizzi was ugly, so she would never find a husband; besides, she was sexless. This decision of the father's was accepted by the family. The father, being morbidly jealous, would make a scene if either girl was reported as being in the street with a young man; he kept them on short allowance, so that they were never decently dressed; and he was prone to outbursts of temper. Still, Mizzi had a strong fixation on the father, who, in the dream, would refuse her money (i.e. love). For a time Mizzi became an independent earner, until the obsessional disease made her hopelessly unsociable and cut her off from the world. No visitors must come to the house, handicraftsmen were a terror, a beggar might harbor the leprosy bacillus, and thus the whole family was isolated by the girls' tyranny.

In the dream, as in real life, the mother plays a subsidiary part. The daughters complain that they have never known a mother's love. On the other hand she idolized and spoiled her son. She herself was a parapath, suffering from agoraphobia so that she could not go out alone. She rejected an offer of marriage from a man of mark who was in love with her, married without feeling any affection for her husband, was and is frigid, and has brought up her children to despise sex.

The third actor in the dream is Helene. The relations between the sisters must be further particularized. Helene is two years younger than Mizzi, and used to be a very good-looking girl. She is much influenced by her sister, whom she follows and obeys. The tie between the two is very close. Their original intention was that they should never be separated. Then Dr. Fritz appeared on the scene. A fine violinist, he used to play sonatas with Mizzi and paid her a good deal of attention, seemingly ignoring the younger sister. Helene pretended she could not bear him, and made depreciatory remarks about him, but they had secret meetings and avowed their love for one another. Helene had gained her end and captured her sister's admirer. In fact, she did not wish Mizzi to marry. One day Mizzi found in Dr. Fritz's violin case a bunch of violets which she knew Helene had bought. Then the fat was in the fire. Helene had to admit that she and Fritz loved one another, and that he had made her a proposal of marriage. Mizzi was furious. The courtship had been furtively conducted, and she felt that Fritz and Helene had cheated her. Terrible scenes ensued. But now Helene began to hesitate about accepting the proposal. She could not make up her mind, though she had a spiritual love for Fritz. (She had never felt drawn to him physically, and believed herself asexual.) She asked friends and acquaintances for advice, and even consulted doctors; but still remained uncertain. Her fixation on her sister was stronger than her love for the man—though this had been a half-hearted attempt to escape from the family enclosure, to break away. The disappointed wooer withdrew, whereupon Helene became very unhappy, and did all she could to lure him back. Too late, he had found another girl. She retailed her sad story to every one, describing herself as jilted, and became so much depressed that the penitent Mizzi tried to intervene and recapture Fritz for Helene.

This attempt, made only to show good will, was not seriously meant, and was naturally unsuccessful. Ten years later the illness began. Mizzi began to suffer from bacillophobia, and Helene took over the malady. But the struggle between the sisters continued. The tie between them was unsatisfying, bodily relations were taboo, and tensions and mutual hatred were the inevitable result. For years Mizzi went on railing at Helene for her "treachery"; while Helene countered with accusations that Mizzi had mentally infected her with an obsessional disease which had wrecked all possibility of a life worth living.

In the dream, the break with Fritz has been annulled. Helene is engaged to him, and is to be married in three days. But it comes to light once more that Helene is doubtful and irresolute because her sister grudges her her happiness. That is to say, Helene will never be able to marry if Mizzi remains adverse. The mother urges Helene to make up her mind, and Mizzi is left alone, desperately unhappy.

Interesting is the fact that the dream was dreamed ten years after the incidents to which it mainly relates. Though remote in time, these incidents are still fully charged with affect—perhaps more so than ever. In this report they belong not to the past but to the present, showing that Mizzi is still afraid her sister may marry or fall in love with a man.

Now two new characters appear in the dream—the brother and Katy the servantmaid. The brother has already been described, but I gave no more than a hint of the way in which he has enslaved the household. He has a genius for the discovery of new ailments. He makes his mother give him enemata, has poultices that must be changed hourly, needs frictions, medicines, etc. Every week a new illness and several new doctors. Molière's malade imaginaire is a harmless cit in comparison with our hypochondriac. He, the youngest of the family, plays the leading part in the sisters' illness. Originally the sisters were at war with one another for his love. Despite the analysis we are still in the dark as to what happened in the childhood of the three.

The strangest person in the household, and the only healthy one, is Katy the maidservant. She seems to love the brother, for otherwise it would be hard to understand why she should be in thrall to his delusions. When the brother is on good terms with the sisters, Katy retires into the background in dudgeon. But when there has been an explosion, she bubbles over with love and attention for the poor sick man (who is the picture of health, robust, and in outward aspect perfectly well). He is prone to malevolent attacks of wrath in which he tries to play tricks on his sisters. He recklessly paws the infected objects, has physically maltreated Mizzi, and soils her sedulously disinfected crockery. (Once he put his sister's coffee cup into the cupboard of his bedside table. Weeks then passed before Mizzi would buy a new cup, for she believes all shops to be infected.) Deliberately he infringes Mizzi's and Helene's taboos, and this leads to the most violent scenes. The sisters storm and rage, and the neighbors call in the police, fearing that a crime has been committed.

In the dream the brother appears and urges Mizzi to go to a lecture instead of frowsting alone at home. The lecture will be upon the origins of the French language. Very plain is the hint that the origin of the illness had some relation to the brother. (Origins. French language from the very beginning. Primal trauma.) Mizzi says she can't go because she has toothache and a swollen face. (A mental trouble symbolized by a bodily one. Emphasis is laid on the mouth, which is an erogenic zone.)

She stays at home alone. Now appears the most important person in the household, the omnipotent father, who expects her to participate in his intellectual interests. (This corresponds to the facts.) He gives her well-merited praise, but it is a poor consolation for the sense of embitterment and loneliness aroused by her unhappy situation.

That has always been her terror: "Your sister will marry, your brother will become independent, and you will be left alone here as an old maid. The tragedy of her life finds expression in the next paragraph. Each of the others has someone to be loved by and to love. Her sister has Fritz; her brother has Katy; her father has her mother: but she is Cinderella whom nobody loves. Detestation of her sister is voiced, conjoined with a sense of guilt for having spoiled her sister's life.

Hatred of the family becomes hatred of herself. Her illness is recognized to be a punishment for feelings of hate and for death wishes. She would gladly die. (She has to pay for her life in suffering.) Now she invokes curses on the books from which she has derived stimulating knowledge, but also the sinister information which has given rise to her bacillophobia. The reference to Weininger's M.W. theory leads us to think of homosexual factors. (The sister fixation.) She burns all her books, and makes ready for death. She will rid herself of this miserable life. Then her eyes light upon Ploetz's French grammar, from which she learned French in childhood. (Reference to the primal trauma.) Mechanically she recites: "I have had, thou hast had, he has had." What has she had? The dream does not tell us; but the patient recognizes that it is a passé indéfini.

What a formidable avowal is here. The passé défini signifies that the past is definitely closed. The passé indéfini signifies that the past is not yet closed. I have had—what I still have, and always shall have. Repetition compulsion.

Herewith the dramatic dream that inaugurates a difficult, and only in part successful, treatment (for it was wrecked by the resistance of the environment) shows that the patient cannot quit this life. The hope for a repetition of an earlier experience forbids her to kill herself. Nor can she leave her sister alone. It is not that she specially wants her sister to die. They must both die, or both live; and, for the time being, their joint trouble holds them to life. They tremble at the thought of cure. What would awakening after a life of frustration signify? Every day there is a great display of affects at home. A thousand considerations, lesser and greater struggles, and the possibility of *doing* something to some other member of the household, of dreaming oneself back symbolically into the past, and of knowing that it is better not to know.

Thus at the outset of the treatment this dream displays all her suffering, shows how terribly isolated she is, and also points to the basic cause of the illness—the dread that her sister will marry and that she will be left alone at home. The cause was not exclusively love and a sexual fixation upon the sister. She envied the sister who was better looking than herself; there was involved in her trouble the perennial tragedy of the elder who finds herself being beaten in the race of life by the younger. Her bacteriophobia symbolized her dread of her sister's falling in love. By the illness, life was reduced to its minimum, the possibilities of making acquaintances and achieving liberation were destroyed. In the dream she annuls her evil action. She allows her sister to regain the lover; she envies but does not frustrate her rival's happiness. Her father is left to her; she is on livable terms with him, but he does not suffice. She wants to put an end to herself.

Such "biographical" dreams are often a recapitulation of waking fantasies. It is plain that the dreamer's thoughts circle round the sister, and that all her phobias are but a mask for the dread of losing her sister. If her sister is taken from her, life will cease to have any value. Many of the doctors that were consulted advised that the sisters should be separated. This was tried for a short time, but did no good. Nothing short of a spiritual liberation could avail to provide an escape for these unfortunates from the prison house of their parapathy, and enable them to emerge into the light of freedom.

Mizzi's dream was interpreted to her after the analysis had been going on for a few weeks. Prompt improvement followed, but Helene got no better. Mizzi's symptoms had been explained, and brought into relation with her life and her fantasies. Helene, on the other hand, had taken over the illness out of love for her sister. Nothing could help her but the breaking of her morbid fixation upon Mizzi. Her induced ailment was not accessible to analysis. During the analysis Helene produced the negative of her love—a vigorous hatred which was in part the outcome of jealousy of the analyst. As aforesaid, I was analyzing Mizzi, while Frau Hilda Stekel simultaneously undertook Helene's case. Helene had no will-to-health. She had renounced an independent life; Mizzi had made her unhappy, and now Mizzi was to get well. It was too late for Helene to do so, her dread of awaking was too great. She could not bear to admit that she had sacrificed her life to a figment of the imagination. All the threads leading to society, to life, to earning capacity, had been severed. How were new attachments to be formed? She overwhelmed Mizzi with reproaches; and was obviously determined to remain ill, that she might be a perpetual burden upon Mizzi's conscience.

Towards the close of the treatment, Mizzi had two dreams clearly indicating the origin of her troubles.

Here is the first of these dreams:

I am in the out-patient department of a hospital, I think the gynecological or surgical section. The assistant physician has just finished examining me, and says he finds nothing amiss. His first idea was that I had a tumour of the bladder, but no, all is in order. I am about to leave when the chief arrives and takes the assistant's place. The chief says that he must himself make an examination. I am very much annoyed, for I think: "That's what happens when one comes to a hospital. One only gets privacy for an examination when one has one's own doctor—one only. In hospital one has to submit to so painful and distressing an examination a second time." I wonder what I can do to avoid this second examination. While I reflect, something rather remarkable happens. On a stretcher they carry in a patient wearing a white nightgown. She is very pale. They put her on the operating table, and the chief makes an examination—apparently without noticing that it is not I but another patient. Nor, strangely enough, does the assistant seem to notice the change. My feeling is that this patient has taken my place, as my proxy. While she is being examined, I, who have just been through the same ordeal, understand very well the pain and ignominy she must be suffering. I feel with her and for her, thinking: "This stranger, this poor, pallid woman, is now being vicariously examined by mistake for me. She suffers for me, and I am to blame for her torment. I am too cowardly to advance and declare that there is a mistake, and that I am really the patient, not she." Besides, the examination is much more tedious and unpleasant than mine was, for there is a very disagreeable complication. She is covered with a piece of cloth which continually gets in the way, preventing the chief from introducing the speculum into the bladder or the vagina. The assistant wants to fetch a pair of scissors, to cut off the piece of cloth. But the chief says: "She won't be able to bear the sound in the bladder for so long. I shall turn back the piece of cloth." I think: "How stupid they are. It would be the simplest *thing in the world to take the piece of cloth right away. Has anyone ever heard of operating underneath a piece of cloth? How can the operator possibly manage?" The patient is in terrible pain, her eyes are overflowing with tears, and her face is distorted with agony. All the time I feel that I am responsible for her sufferings. At length the examination is over. The chief says to the assistant: "I confirm your diagnosis. There is no tumour in the bladder. Let them take her back to the ward." She is carried past me, back into the ward. I leave for home, and the doctors do not notice my going. How extraordinary. Why did they not notice? I was in the operating theatre the whole time, and I have no cap of invisibility. On the way home I feel most uneasy, for it occurs to me: "How contemptible I was not to complain that a mistake was being made, and to allow an innocent creature to suffer in my place. Nor is the matter over and done with. God knows what tortures this unhappy stranger will still have to suffer. It's all my fault. She will be prisoned in her hospital bed for Lord knows how long. I, the coward, have come off scot-free. Still, I can't say that I feel very well about the affair. My conscience pricks me horribly, since I am responsible for all that this stranger is suffering on my behalf.*

Mizzi has a good prospect of being freed from her troubles. She can buy new dresses without fear, reads the paper, though so recently she did not dare to touch it, pays and receives visits; whilst Helene is still in the throes of the resistance. Mizzi can already play the healthy woman, but Helene, though a little better, is on the whole confirmed in her stubborn refusal to get well.

Mizzi's dream shows us that she has pangs of conscience, and sheds light on the nature of her illness. Whereas in the first dream there was talk of toothache, here the bladder is specified as the site of the organic trouble. The alleged toothache is an example of "displacement from below upwards." She admits in her dream that she is the guilty party, and that a strange woman (her sister) must suffer in her place. The sister is covered with a piece of cloth, this signifying severe repression. The chief wants to get rid of this repression. In the figurative language of the dream we are told that Mizzi has repressed something that relates to the sister and her illness. What the examination of the bladder, the chief, the assistant, and the sound in the bladder, signify, we were to learn a week later, in the following dream, which goes into fuller detail:

I am in the bedroom, the one I used to share with Helene. My desk and bookcase (though really it was brought down to the dining room about a year ago, is, in the dream, back in the bedroom. Under my sister's bed an electrician is at work repairing a bell. He pushes away a pasteboard box which lies on the floor beneath the bed. When he does this a small parcel that was on the top of the box falls to the ground. There is something hard inside. Lifting the packet, he opens it, and finds my sister's wrist watch inside. Putting it to his ear, he says: "Thanks be, it's going. Not even the glass broken. No damage done at all." I take the watch and wrap it in a piece of paper that is on the cardboard box. There are two pieces of paper there, a brown one and a white. Haphazard I choose the white piece, wrap up the watch in it, and put the little parcel back on the cardboard box. To Katy, who is standing close by, I say: "I really don't know whether the watch was wrapped in white paper or brown, nor do I know where it was kept. When Helene gets home, I am sure she will notice that a stranger had been handling her most cherished possessions. She will be much distressed, will get into a rage, and will scold me for not having made sure that no one should touch her things." The workman overheard what I said, and remarked, in a huff: "Why should the lady mind, if you please. Hadn't you better say outright that you take me for a thief? I examined the watch to make sure that it wasn't hurt, and you can see for yourself that it isn't broken." I looked at the man carefully and saw that he was a handsome fellow, broad-chested and powerful, but having a cultivated, well-bred appearance. In fact, in his blue overall, he might have been a Russian grand-duke *in disguise, so that he reminded me of the actor I had seen playing the part of Dovchinskii in the operetta* Don Orloff. *Dovchinskii masquerades as a machinist but is in fact a Russian grand-duke. Apologising to him I said: "Please don't take amiss my words just now to the maid. They had no bearing on you, but on my sister. The fact is that she's not quite right in her head, but suffers from bacillophobia, and is terrified of infection when a stranger touches anything of hers." The workman said: "Is that so? But why on earth should she be afraid of me? I've not been in hospital, and am perfectly healthy. Still, if the lady has this bee in her bonnet, why need you tell her that I touched the watch. You can say you touched it. She won't be afraid then, since you are her sister." I answered: "You may find it puzzling, but she's more afraid of me, her sister, than of a strange workman. In her eyes I am more infected than she is herself, for she regards me as the positive embodiment of all infectious diseases." The workman, who perhaps really was a Russian grand-duke, replied with a shake of the head: "That puzzles me still more, Miss, that anyone could think you infected. You've such a lovely complexion, without any sign of a rash. How could so smart and good-looking a lady be infected?" He looked at me fixedly, and winked so confidentially that I felt shamed in front of Katy, and thought "La serva padrone." This is a situation which has often recurred. Katy looked quite unapproachable, for she has the airs of a queen. Workmen hardly dare to say a word to her, while they pay compliments to me, one of the ladies of the house. I am ashamed before Katy. She will not longer respect me. The door opens and my sister comes in accompanied by my friend Clara, and little Anna, the daughter of our sometime caretaker. By the other door Mama comes in to fetch the workman for he has a job to do in another room. As he passes out, he picks up an illustrated paper from the table, fans me in the face with it, and says, laughing: "To cool you, Miss, for it's frightfully hot today." Laying a finger on his lips, he goes on meaningly: "Don't give the* *show away." I notice that my mother has intercepted this confidential glance. She seems both indignant and amazed. I believe and fear that Helene and Clara must also have noticed the glance. They will certainly take a severe view of my having a private understanding with a workman. However, I do not meet confidence with confidence, but say how do you do to Clara, whom I haven't seen for a long time. Then I lift little Anna high in the air. As I do so, I notice that her little dress is so short that (since she has no underclothing, and is perfectly nude beneath her dress) one sees her naked body and the external genitals. Since this looks most improper, I quickly put the child down again, and as I do so her naked sexual organs brush against my clothing. I try to draw down Anna's frock, which flies up at her every movement, but, to my horror and amazement, the index finger of my right hand sticks somewhere. I cannot draw it out. I am disgusted to find that the child's genitals are formed in a most unusual way, such as I have never before seen. Not inside, in the vagina, but growing outwards and upwards, standing away from the body; yet it is not like the ordinary female sexual organs, nor yet like those of the male, but more like a piece of intestine. This tube of gut is elastic and muscular, clinging like an elastic band, so that it reminds me of the sphincter muscle of the rectum, or the circular muscular fibres of the oesophagus; for my finger, without my noticing it, has slipped inside, and I cannot withdraw it. (This reminds me of a toy we had in childhood, a Chinese toy we called a "magic finger-stall." It was a tube of plaited straw which gripped your finger so that you could not withdraw, being so woven that the more you pulled the less would the magic finger-stall let go, for it clung like a polyp.) By main force I plucked out my finger, though in utter despair, especially because I knew I was hurting the little girl very much. Her face was distorted with pain, and she sobbed, but (strangely enough) so gently that it seemed she must realise no-one must hear lest she should be shamed. I myself felt ashamed, as I thought with* *disgust that Helene and Clara must have noticed something. What would they think of me? Moral insanity? Would they believe that I had made a sexual assault upon an innocent child, had committed a sexual crime? Yes, I was in despair, for, though innocent by intention, I had become guilty, had become involved in such a dirty business. I fled from the room and ran up the street. The little girl ran after me. I was thinking, "She can't be so innocent and ignorant as she pretends," for she was threatening me, saying: "I shall tell Mother that you did something beastly with me, and that you hurt me frightfully in doing it." Thereupon she lifted up her dress, and I saw with horror that the strange growth, which stood away from her body like a horn, was now swollen and inflamed. I said: "Come along, we'll go to the doctor, and then everything will be all right." I think: "I can't take her to our family doctor, Dr. X. for I should be horribly ashamed." The little girl says: "I won't go to a strange doctor in Vienna, for I should be too much frightened. I won't go to anyone except Dr. K. at Tulln; but take me to the confectioner's first." I feel that this child, to whom I have suddenly taken a dislike, has me completely in her power, so I go with her to the confectioner's, and am glad to have gained time for thinking things over and for wondering what will happen. The shopwoman comes in. She is dressed as a nursing sister, at which I am delighted. I say: "Thanks be that you are a nurse, for now I can confess to you." I tell her my frightful story. She examines the child, and says: "No harm done, it is only a little swollen and inflamed. Absurd to consult a doctor about such a trifle. Besides, she's probably pushed her own finger in before now, so you don't need to blame yourself so much for being the first. The trouble happened to you quite by chance, without any evil intentions on your part." I still wonder whether I ought not to take the child to a doctor. But for this I should have to go to Tulln, and I am very much afraid to do so on account of the leprosy. Yet the only doctor little Anna will go to see practises at Tulln. The nurse says: "Look* *for yourself. I can convince you that everything is as it should be, and that there is no need for a doctor." I reply: "Certainly that would make me much easier." To which she answered: "All right, but you must hurry up and satisfy yourself while I am in charge here alone. The owner of the shop may turn up at any moment." I make ready to go behind the counter at once, but at this instant the shop door opens and my mother comes in and asks the shopwoman if she may use the telephone. She is surprised to find Anna and me there. By this time Anna has had a surfeit of dainties. My mother's coming is doubly distasteful to me: first, because my mother has interrupted my examination; and, secondly, because the shopwoman, who before had not the slightest idea as to my identity, now knows whose daughter I am. At this juncture the owner arrives, says good-day to my mother, and to me as her daughter, and tells my mother that the telephone is entirely at her service. I take the chance of exchanging a word or two with the shopwoman, and of begging her not to divulge what I have confided to her. But I feel very uneasy about the matter, for I have put myself in this stranger's and in the child's power for life. They will be able to blackmail me as much as they please by threatening to reveal my shameful secret. I shall have to settle matters with my own conscience unaided. Can I take over the whole responsibility of deciding that no harm has been done the child, or should I take Anna to the doctor? Besides, a terrible thought strikes me. Anna's father is a drunkard who is very free in his relations with women. It is quite likely that he contracted syphilis and transmitted this disease to his daughter. Perhaps this contact with the child will have infected me. How could I have been so thoughtless as to forget to wash my hands after touching her? If only I had at least cleansed my hands thoroughly. Now I have the germs of the disease on my hands, and I have heedlessly touched my clothing, etc., so that these will all have become infected. The thought makes me most unhappy.*

The trauma is very plainly disclosed through the thin veiling of the dream. The electrician is Mizzi's brother, and in part also Mizzi herself. The principal motif of a dream is apt to be disclosed more than once. Here Helene's watch is touched (soiled), then the child's genitals. She had handled her sister's genitals, thrusting a finger in. (The sound in the bladder.) The children had played doctor and patient together. Mizzi was the chief, her brother the assistant, and Helene the patient. Or it may have been that while Mizzi was the examiner-in-chief, Helene was the assistant, and the brother the patient. All three of them have a craze for consulting doctors. They couldn't exist without it. Helene's idea was that she could not marry anyone but a medical practitioner. Did Mizzi deflower Helene with the examining finger? (The broken watchglass.) More and more obviously is the workman revealed as the brother, the prince of the house, the Russian grand-duke. That explains why Helene cannot bear that a stranger should touch her. Jealousy of the servantmaid is very plainly disclosed. Katy assumes royal airs, while poor Mizzi is forced into the role of Cinderella. We recognize clearly that in childhood something must have happened which on no account must be imparted to the analyst. Laying a finger on his lips, the workman says meaningly: "Don't give the show away." The dream shows beyond question that Mizzi and her brother had a secret understanding. Little Anna represents Helene as a child. Now comes the description of the scene as it actually took place. Mizzi, as physician-in-chief, had thrust her finger into Helene's vagina. Helene said she would tell Mother, but was bribed to silence with sweetmeats. The shopwoman is the dreamer herself (sister, nursing sister). Now follows the terrible anxiety lest the deed should be brought to light. The father is turned into a syphilitic (syphilis here denoting incest), and pangs of conscience prompt to confession and atonement.

The sisters profess unawareness of any trauma. All that Helene can recall is having had inflammation "down below there" when she was a little girl (presumably a result of these sexual games), that the doctor was called in and ordered poultices and an ointment.

Touch phobia and the dread of infection are likewise explained by the dream; as is also the remarkable fact that Helene considers Mizzi to be infected, so that she will neither touch Mizzi nor allow Mizzi to touch her. Finally the younger sister's fixation upon the elder is elucidated. We are concerned here with "the tragedy of the physical."[1]

We now must ask to what extent did this important experience secure expression in Mizzi's first dream. The tendency to annulment is certainly very plain. She did nothing to hinder her sister's marriage; she was not guilty. It is not the sister who is swollen "down below there," but she, Mizzi, who has a swollen face. She is going back to the origins of the French language. (Oral eroticism.) She burns the books of the past. She will not betray the secret. But the reference to the "passé indéfini" shows that the past has not been wiped out, and that the illness is connected with the primal trauma. Weininger's M.W. theory signifies her homosexual fixation upon her sister. She has learned something, and has passed the knowledge on to her pupils. But who was her teacher? That we shall never learn. I have not sufficient warrant to justify my expressing a suspicion I formed, although there were colorable grounds for believing it.

If we rely upon the dreamer's associations to his first dream during an analysis, we shall rarely discover a sound interpretation. The full significance of the first dream is only disclosed in the later course of the analysis, and sometimes not until the end approaches. Here is an instructive example:

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[1] See the relevant chapter in my *Zwang und Zweifel,* vols. IX and X of the *Störungen.*

Coming away from the house I notice at an opposite window a woman neighbour, and see in front of her on the window-frame two big birds which have a foreign, an exotic aspect. They fly down to some children at play, and allow these children to stroke their plumes. I watch an airplane rising. A heavy storm is gathering. Then I meet my wife. I beg her to put me up for the night, telling her that I am very much afraid of the storm. She points out to me that there is no room for me at her place, and that I shall have to go to my parents'. But, being very much afraid of the thunderstorm, I hear the airplane misfiring, and by one of the lightning flashes I see that it is about to crash. I beg my wife to let me sleep at her place, but she says that unfortunately there is no room.

The dreamer is a married man aged twenty-seven, who has been out-of-work for some time. Owing to the difficult housing conditions, he sleeps at his parents', or occasionally his wife's parents', in whose small and overcrowded flat the wife herself lives. He cannot find a vacant flat, and has no money to buy furniture for a home of his own. For some months he has been liable to attacks of palpitation, during which the radial pulse can scarcely be felt. He thinks he must have heart disease, but examination by a specialist shows that the heart is normal.

What does this first dream signify, and what course is the analysis likely to take?

We might guess that the dreamer is interested in a woman neighbor, is perhaps in love with her. The two exotic birds would signify that he expects her to display exceptional refinement. The airplane would symbolize his imagination, and his longing to lift himself out of his deplorable situation. (Material interpretation: erection, sexual desire.) He is fundamentally religious, having been brought up in a monastic school. In his marital heaven a storm is brewing. (Artistic depiction of the sudden onset of the attacks of palpitation.) His only safeguard against temptation is his wife, with whom he wants to spend the night.

He declares that he loves his wife, that his thoughts never stray to other women, that he believes her to be faithful to him. He has become a freethinker, he says, having outgrown the religious phase. They have an only child, to whom he is devotedly attached, and his one desire in the world is to have a flat where they can all three live together. Now, when he has a chance to sleep with his wife, he must get through the act of intercourse as quickly and as quietly as possible, as there are always listeners on the other side of a thin partition.

The next dream, three weeks later, brings us closer to the problem of the two birds.

I see two acquaintances of mine, men, walking down Blank Street. They go into a flat which is strange to me, and there they are received by a young and handsome black-eyed girl who has a badly dressed baby in her arms. The two men are much interested in the baby, though they do not know which of them is its father.

Associations are scanty. He says he has never had any doubts as to his own parentage, and he is confident that he is the father of the child born to him in marriage. (Analysts need plenty of patience, and must often keep their doubts to themselves.)

A few days later there comes light on the situation. He tells us that a relative lives in the flat inhabited by his wife's parents, and that this man shares his wife's bedroom. That his wife seems on affectionate terms with her cousin, but that of course there is nothing wrong. Still, it is obvious that he has ample grounds for jealousy and for doubting whether he himself is the son of his reputed father. The neighbor woman of the first dream is the wife, who has two husbands, himself and the cousin. This is the storm that threatens his marital heaven, and that is why he wants to sleep with his wife, as the only way of making sure that the other man will not. The heart attacks come on when he pictures (the airplane) that the other man is making free with his wife.

As the analysis proceeds, we learn that the dreams also have a retrospective significance. To illustrate the advance in our knowledge, I will record three dreams that were dreamed in the same night. To understand them, we must reduce them to a common denominator.

1. *I am in an unfamiliar cemetery. It seems to me that my aunt has long been dead, and that my uncle is about to be buried here. They are just going to open the lid of the coffin. I turn away and leave the cemetery.*

2. *I enter a large hall, empty except for a long table laid for a meal. There I see my cousin, and another man, a stranger, who promptly disappears. There are many dishes on the table, and I invite my cousin to dine with me. We have an abundant meal, but must serve ourselves, since we are the only persons in the hall.*

3. *Leaving the hall, I catch sight of my mother and sister who are approaching. They wear my late aunt's clothes, old-fashioned, a tight bodice and a full skirt. I am astonished that they can have got possession of their legacies so quickly. However, when I draw near, I perceive that they are not my mother and my sister, but some other relatives of my aunt's.*

Interpretation: In the first part of the dream, there is something which the patient does not want to see. The past (the dead man) is not to be brought to life again. The unfamiliar cemetery is a part of his own psyche, where the old impressions have been buried; it is his scotoma. In the second part, he and his cousin sit together at table and eat their fill. The enigmatic third person, who is probably Death, has vanished. In the third part, his wife has entered into the heritage from the aunt. That is to say, an earlier experience is repeated. He doubts the virtue of his mother and his sister, and doubts whether he is the son of his putative father. His wife is repeating the old situation. A threatening storm gathers in the heavens of his first dream. If his hopes of a happy marriage and a faithful wife are frustrated, a tragedy may result. The lightning will strike. (Here it is also the lightning of awareness.) We see how the motif of the two birds is carried on from dream to dream. In the first dream there is dread of knowledge; in the second, doubt as to his paternity breaks through in the form of an objectification of the conflict; and in the third dream there is a reference to the past, to the heritage into which his wife has entered. It is an interesting fact that his uncle and his aunt are really still alive, but are in the dream represented as dead, in order to show that for him the past is dead. Then, in the third part, the aunt is replaced by the mother. The dream as a whole is concerned with death; the patient thinks of vengeance and suicide. When we now reconsider the initial dream, we cannot fail to see that it gave expression to all the conflicts.

I turn to a case of great medical interest.

It is that of a woman aged thirty-six, who for three years had been suffering from severe abdominal pain. The typical attacks were paroxysms of pain which resembled gallstone colic, but sometimes had a deeper localization. Since drug treatment gave no relief, except that during the attacks morphine was a palliative, she decided to undergo an operation, which was performed a year ago. The inflamed gallbladder was removed, but this did not put an end to the pain, which continued, though localized somewhat more deeply. The first paroxysms of pain came three days after the birth of her only child, a girl. In despair she now consulted several advisers, had sanatorium treatment, etc., and was urged to try a second operation. In three years she had lost more than thirty pounds in weight, and had become terribly emaciated. A medical friend at this juncture, recognizing that the illness must be psychogenic, advised her to try psychotherapy before having another laparotomy performed. She agreed, though in a sceptical mood.

In the course of psychoanalytical treatment she proved to be a brilliant dreamer, the first dream ran as follows:

Dressed in black, I am climbing a hill towards a wood (? a cemetery), and leading a little boy by the hand. Behind me a shadow seems to follow. I meet a great many people, all of whom know about my misfortune, except for one woman, of whom I now catch sight. She knows nothing about it. I am terribly afraid that she will ask: "Where is your little girl?" I think that the others will say: "She will soon console herself, now that she has a boy."

We see from this dream that she dreads a question—a question the lady analyst will ask. She, too, is a woman who refuses to see something (the cause of her illness). The analysis, admirably conducted by Hilda Stekel, brought the traumatic material to light in a comparatively short time. The patient's father died of cancer of the stomach. Identifying herself with him, she feels sure that she has cancer. She hated her father because he was so unloving. During his illness, which was excessively painful, she tended him devotedly. Brought up in the belief that here on earth God punishes people for their sins, she felt guilt because, wearied by the labor of nursing, she wished that death would bring her father (and herself) relief. In accordance with the lex talionis, her pains were a replica of her father's. A second determinant of her illness was her detestation of her child. She had not wanted a child, would have preferred that nothing should come to disturb her and her husband's mutual affection. Her forebodings were realized. Her husband idolized the little girl and neglected the wife. That was why she came to hate the child. She was afraid that her daughter would hate her as she had hated her father.

In the dream the daughter is dead. The patient now has a son, and this son will belong to her. Her pains are to be interpreted as labor pains. A son would continue the life of the father (the "shadow" of the dream) and would bear the father's name. Then she would make good through the son the failures of her life with the father. In the dream she is on the way to the cemetery; her little daughter is dead, but this does not matter, for she now has a father-substitute.

Towards the close of the treatment, the patient characterized her pains as follows: "My abdomen is playing the tragedy of my marriage."

A subsequent dream annulled both the daughter's birth and the father's death.

I am lying in bed in a clinic; I think, after a miscarriage. Father and Mother are sitting by my bedside.

The success of the treatment was amazing. The patient lost all her pains, and regained her normal weight, so that her relatives could scarcely recognize her. Although her domestic circumstances remained unfavorable and her husband seemed to have lost all affection for her (so that at times she dreaded a relapse), she remained healthy and active.

Now let us turn to another case, to consider the first dream. But I will begin with the life history:

Xavier N., thirty-two years of age, a married man, suffers from sleeplessness and depression. He is in the full tide of an insoluble conflict. His wife, whom he married seven years ago, had been rather a "loose fish," but steadied down after marriage, so that he had every reason to believe her attached and faithful. From the early days of the marriage the husband had various amourettes, which he did not take very seriously. Flitting from object to object, he continued to esteem his wife highly, knowing that she kept house for him admirably. A few months ago he became acquainted with a young girl, and entered into a liaison with her. This time, however, he fell over head and ears in love, feeling that life apart from his flame would be unendurable. At length he made a full avowal to his wife. She took a magnanimous view of the situation, telling him she did not want to interfere with his happiness, and that he could follow his own bent. But there were other difficulties to consider. Since he was a freethinker, his marriage was at first purely civil, so that divorce could easily be obtained. But a year ago, on "practical grounds" he declared, he had sought the sanction of the Church. In a word, his marriage had become a Roman Catholic one, and was therefore indissoluble. It is noteworthy that he had had a convent education, and was religious in grain, his "free thought" being merely an intellectual façade. Now I come to the first dream, which was produced a fortnight after the beginning of the analysis:

I am with my wife and my inamorata. We are on the way back from a skiing expedition. I am well to the front, not bothering about either of the women. Then I look back and notice that my lady-friend wants to cross a brook, but has got stuck in the water or the mud. My wife tries to give her a helping hand. Hurrying back, I jump across to the farther side of the stream (my wife had remained on the hither side), help my lady-friend out of her difficulty, and lay her down on the bank. She reproaches me with being so cold to her. Thereupon I fling myself upon her, cover her with kisses, and assure her of my inviolable love.

The dreamer is in search of a solution for his conflict. The solution is very simple. He has already passed the climax of passion, and is on the down grade. The wife and the inamorata, who know one another, are on excellent terms. His wife's magnanimity has profoundly impressed him, and has repelled the thought of divorce. Taking flight into spiritual anaesthesia (cf. "Das seelische Kokain" in vol. III of my *Störungen*), he will go his own way. His wife's generosity persists in the dream. She wants to rescue her husband's lady-friend from a dangerous position, but she is not strong enough. He effects the rescue, and thereupon the suppressed passion bursts forth. He cannot live without his mistress.

What is the significance of this dream so far as the analytical situation is concerned? What weight should we attach to it? It is a resistance dream, and means: "You cannot help me"—the analyst (in conjunction with the wife) representing the patient's religious sentiment and his sense of duty. The dreamer jumps across to the farther bank. He fights against the tendency to foster a double suicide. Resistance to the analysis is the outcome of dread lest the analyst should try "to talk him out of" this illicit amour.

In such a case we are warned by the first dream, and assure the patient that we shall take no side either for or against divorce. We caution him against suicide, and give him hope of finding a solution. Despite this pose of indifference, it is incumbent on us to do our best to sustain the marriage. Retrospectively the dream affords glimpses into childhood, when he had two mothers—the real mother, and an elder sister whose imago is obviously the lady-friend. If this identification is established, it can be lightened of its excessive charge. The dream thus gives the analyst pointers for treatment.

Really the dream shows that the passion for his mistress is on the wane. The reproach of coldness is addressed by himself to himself. For technical reasons, it would have been unwise to point this out. He was merely asked to postpone taking steps towards divorce until the analysis was over. Dr. Pfaehler, who conducted the analysis most tactfully, guided the patient towards the right goal. Xavier N. abandoned all thought of seeking divorce, and penitently returned to his wife.

Now I come to the first dream of a man who was impotent in married life:

I am standing upon a lofty, well-wooded hilltop. It is warm up here. In the valley I see a torrent, which is carrying down a thick *tree trunk. Descending the mountain side, I pass through a current of cold air.*

Below, upon a dancing floor in the open, I see a couple dancing to the strains of jazz that is being sent (not received) by wireless. The dispatching station is quite a little place, which I cannot see. It is called St. Andrä. I am surprised that so small a place should be a dispatching station.

Asked for associations, he mentions the mountain health resort of Davos, Switzerland, where he had stayed for lung-trouble, and received considerable benefit. Tubercular infection switched his life into a new path. His high demands, his ideals, remained unfulfilled. He is the felled tree trunk which is being swept downstream. At these lower levels, it is cold. His marriage is unhappy, though he loves and esteems his wife, for he is impotent. "Down below" people are amusing themselves. A couple is dancing: jealousy of the wife, and reminiscences of his student days. St. Andrä would be inexplicable, did he not mention, as an association, that on the night following St. Andrew's day one can foresee one's future. A different future had awaited him, but now he is bound to the new path. That is the little place which he cannot see, but which dispatches music to him. The relationship to the impotence: the felled tree and the cold current of air. A fixation from childhood (the little place) induces him to make a sister imago out of his wife. Further, we notice relationships to his masochistic impulse. Andrew was a martyr, crucified on a cross of a peculiar shape. The patient, like St. Andrew, has to bear a cross. Andrew means "manly." He is impotent, but the other man, who is dancing with his wife, is doubtless fully potent. His wife is a musician. The conflict between himself and his wife—the triangle, etc. It is all given in the first dream.

But the dream contains something more, a disappointment in love which comes to our knowledge later. In the little town where his factory is, he made the acquaintance of a girl who represented his ideal. He had always been a man with serious tastes, striving to attain the heights of knowledge, wanting to make a fine art of life. He was not a dancer, and did not like jazz, preferring Mozart and Beethoven. His first great love ended unhappily. She married another. This induced depression, and as a result of the depression he became tubercular. (Depression was the mental factor which reduced his resistance to infection.) It was she, his predestined bride, whom he had seen on St. Andrew's night. Strains of music from this little place still rang in his ears, and the wound had not yet healed. I ignore certain other determinants of the dream (the mother and the sister). Gloomy is the image of the felled tree, which the current is carrying down the valley. Thus his life ebbs away, and he is drawing near to the tomb, where it is cool. In his brain a ferment is at work, and passion conjures up deceptive pictures; but down below, in the valley, it is cool. (An allusion to the central problem, that of his impotence.)

We see that the first dream produces the patient's central conflict constellation. Nor is this surprising. The patient comes in the hope that his trouble will be mitigated or cured. Inevitably, therefore (especially when the patient knows nothing about dream interpretation), the conflict of constellation will be disclosed in the first dream or in the first few dreams. Of course if he has studied analytical literature, and still more if he has previously been analyzed, dream distortion will make the constellation unrecognizable. But even in such cases, before the close of the analysis it will become plain that—distortion notwithstanding—there were pointers to the constellation in the very first dream.

The dream of a man who had been analyzed twice before and came to me for a third analysis will enrich this chapter on First Dreams. The patient, another sufferer from impotence, introduced himself with a dream which gave a retrospect of the earlier analyses.

I have to climb a steep peak on which there is a chapel to the Blessed Virgin. I wish to say my prayers there and implore healing. I remember that twice before I have vainly tried to climb this peak. I reach the wall of a cemetery. "Aha," I say to myself, "that's where you turned back the first time." The wall was too high for me, and there was no gate in it. But I discover a little hole in the wall, where the masonry has disintegrated. I enlarge it with my pocket knife, and the edges crumble away until I can squeeze through. I cross marshy spots, and tombs. I have to jump, to avoid getting muddy. Then I come to a very dangerous place. To the left is a yawning chasm. "That's where you turned back the second time." But to the right I see a safety rope, which I had overlooked before. Holding this firmly, I get past the danger spot. Now I reach the chapel. But it is not really a chapel. It is a little house with a doctor's doorplate bearing the inscription "Nihil intret mali," and a name. I think it must have been Stekel, but the capital initial has been effaced, so I read only tekel. Before ringing the doorbell, I look down. All is foggy, but I think the sun is going to break through.

The dream shows plainly how difficult is the road to health. Also we have here the much-discussed problem of what Scheidegger has called "book keeping by double entry." Though a reputed atheist, in the dream the patient climbs to a place where he can pray to a wonder-working image. Return to the faith is an indispensable preliminary to cure. Very plain is the cause of the resistance during the first analysis: the cemetery. Feelings of guilt towards the father, with whom he had had many quarrels, and who died before a reconciliation took place. This obstacle is overcome, but then comes a more dangerous hindrance. He dreads falling into the depths of his criminal impulses, against which he has safeguarded himself by dread and impotence. The legend "Nihil intret mali" stood above the door of a summer retreat where his father lived in youth, and where various highly important occurrences took place. But has he the right to become healthy? Must not he make amends? Nothing evil may enter his mind. Then he sees my name. But it is not really my name. A letter is missing, and he reads tekel. This signifies "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." He is weighed in the balance and found wanting. The past (his katagogic tendencies) he sees in the mist, but the sun is going to break through. He is now ripe for self-awareness, ripe for cure. And this was to be his portion.

ANALYSIS OF A DREAM SERIES

Chapter Ten

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ANALYSIS OF A DREAM SERIES

LET US NEXT CONSIDER a long dream which a patient had during the first days of the treatment. As yet he knew nothing about the principles of dream interpretation, and had not the slightest inkling that the problem of incest would come up for discussion during the analysis. He had not been schooled or influenced in any way whatever. There were three dreams, all dreamed during the same night. Upon them I shall endeavor to illustrate the various forms and methods of dream interpretation.

1. *Standing in front of the porch of a house in my native place, I contemplated the adjacent mountain landscape. It was a fine two-storeyed house belonging to my uncle, who is the local postmaster and also innkeeper and farmer. The entry gives access to a vestibule leading to the inn parlour, the post office, and the main staircase. My family lived in this house when I was a little child, and up to the time when I was nine.*

While I was lost in contemplation, my uncle, who occasionally superintended the farm work during the day, drove up, and halted *close to me before going on to the principal gate. He made a few jesting remarks, saying (among other things): "It would be better for your health if you would come and plough now and again, instead of lazing about."*

I waved at the horses harnessed to the brake—a very fine pair—and said, in the same vein: "I should be glad enough, but not to plough with such old screws as that. They have both been due to be made into sausages long since, especially the near one, which puts on airs, but is only fit for the knacker's."

Hardly had I finished speaking when the horse I had thus disparaged reared angrily, broke the traces, and went for me.

Taking flight, I rushed upstairs to the first storey, made for the kitchen, and slammed the door behind me. The horse followed me, and battered the door in. Rushing into another room, I barricaded its door with all the articles of furniture I could get hold of. But now the horse was stamping at that door too, soon kicked it to flinders, and invaded my refuge.

Meanwhile I had got into another room, and had erected a new barricade against the door, but I saw that I had only a poor defence. Looking swiftly round the room for something that might help me, I saw to my astonishment that my sister was standing behind me.

The horse had by now so effectually demolished the door that it was able to thrust its head through the aperture and snort threateningly with dilated nostrils.

My sister pushed towards me a small rounded kitchener, shouting to me that I could defend myself with the top rings. They would enable me to get the better of my adversary.

The horse went on trying to break in, while I flung the rings at it, and finally the rest of the kitchener. At the last moment I made for another door, passed quickly through, ran to the top of the staircase, and—awoke.

2. *I recapitulated the foregoing dream in my mind, to make*

sure that I should be able to tell my doctor the whole of it. Then I fell into a light slumber and dreamed I was at the doctor's.

He lived in a roomy house with wide landings on the staircases. I met him in one of the passages, where he was busy at a cupboard. I stood beside him and told him my dream about the infuriated horse.

After a time he went away to attend to some urgent matters, for in half an hour he was to start on a journey. Then he called me downstairs and, while he sat lacing up his shoes, asked me to go on with my story.

When I had finished, I went away to a side door and met my mother. Having exchanged a few words with her I opened the door, which gave upon a hall roofed with glass. There I saw a locomotive above an open fire.

The engine driver fiddled with various parts of the machine but could not get it to start. Then the doctor came in, looked at his watch, and said impatiently that it was more than time to be on the move. Suddenly a maid ran down the stairs and brought three parcels tied with string. They were full of waste paper.

It was necessary to stoke rapidly to get the right pressure in the boiler. The doctor wanted to help, and threw one of the parcels into the fire. It blazed up, but did no good.

Then my mother pointed to a place where stoking would be more effective, seized the second parcel and thrust it in there. She had no better success than the doctor.

Saying "There's a better way of doing it than that," I grasped the third parcel, leaped to a projecting part of the machine where the flames poured out, and put the parcel into the uppermost part of the fire. The flames rose high, the safety valve began to hiss, a whistle sounded—and slowly the locomotive moved forward.

The doctor jumped up and quickly held out his hand to me. I had just time to ask where he was going. "Brünn," he said, to my surprise. Then I awoke.

3. *When I went to sleep again, I had a third dream resembling the first one. I was in a well-furnished flat.*

The door opened and a young, handsome woman came in. After staring at me for a long time she began to laugh maliciously. Losing my temper, I said something to her. She grew more and more excited, raised her arm holding a weapon in her hand, and made a move to attack me.

I looked at her calmly, as if refusing to believe she meant me any harm. Then she flung herself upon me. I escaped into the next room. She followed me. So it went on as she chased me from room to room all over the flat.

Just as I was going to open one more door she was upon me from behind, holding in her hand something that looked like a sanitas spray. She squirted from it a fluid that resembled soapsuds. She made several squirts which failed to hit me, but a few drops fell upon my clothes. I thought, "That must be a corrosive fluid," and I wanted to run away.

When she was about to begin a fresh attack, I slammed the door, catching the syringe between door and jamb.

Snatching the syringe away from her, I tossed it aside, took her by the throat and tried to throw her to the ground. But she flung her arms 'round my neck, kissed me ardently, and fell on to a sofa, drawing me down to her. Holding her with my left hand under her, I thrust my right hand between her thighs. I felt an agreeable sensation, and while we were looking one another straight in the eyes, we slipped down on to the ground.

She said she wished me no harm, smiled cordially, drew me to her, while her face suddenly changed, and it was my sister looking up at me.

Mastered by passion I was about to clasp her with all my might when the door opened and an elderly woman burst in. I was terribly startled, and awoke—having a nocturnal emission.

For the better understanding of these dreams we must know the patient's clinical history, which I will let him relate in his own words.

MY CLINICAL HISTORY AND MY BIOGRAPHY

Until my fourth year I lived at home and was then sent to my maternal grandparents, who looked after me for a year. My father's business took him away for months, and sometimes for a whole year at a stretch. My grandparents were very kind to me. Since they were pious people, my education was according. They lived in a prettily situated village, which for ages had been a place of pilgrimage. The village children's favorite playground was on the bank of a river which almost encircled the village. Since there was a risk of being drowned there, my grandparents did not like me to play in this spot, and kept me at home as much as possible.

They took me to Mass daily. I accompanied them on the visits they paid, for the most part to elderly people. The conversation always turned upon religious topics. I was unceasingly urged to be a good boy, to pray fervently and often; and was told that terrible things would happen to me if I was remiss. Once a hideous old woman dressed up as a witch and wished to carry me off as a naughty boy who was backward in his prayers. This alarmed me so much that the impression persisted for a long time. I was told all kinds of creepy legends about miracles performed by the local Madonna, and was shown the places where they had occurred.

I was sent home to my mother, and after a time we removed to Slavonia. Then the enterprise in which my father was working failed, and we came back to our former residence. Soon after that I was sent to school. My sister taught me my letters, and I could soon read my favorite book, an old family Bible, so that I was now able to satisfy my thirst for knowledge without asking questions. Rather than play games with other children, I often preferred to retire to a quiet corner and read the Bible. In country districts a public examination in religion is usually held at church twice a year. My sister, who was two and a half years older than myself, had been preparing for this long in advance, for she did not learn easily. I shared her studies with interest, and soon had everything by heart. When the examination took place, there was one question which none of the catechumens could answer. But I, being a forward little brat, knew the answer which was one of those I had conned, waved my hand frantically, and the vicar signed to me to speak. The answer to the question was "The Lord's Prayer." Afterwards people made much of me, and said: "Child, you will certainly become a priest." This notion of my destiny made a deep impression.

When I was about seven and a half a girl of twelve seduced me into improper practices. We handled one another's genitals, I sprawled all over her, and so on. These amusements were frequently repeated. I found great pleasure in them, and longed to repeat them with other girls. When, a year later, my mother's sister came to stay with us, and fondled me often in an innocent way, I had very different feelings, and it was with much difficulty that I restrained my desire to play with her as I had played with the other girl.

At the beginning of my third year at school, a new master came. He soon began to take notice of me because I was an apt pupil and I became his favorite. He had the evil practice of calling me to his desk and, while he talked to me, gripping my penis and playing with it till it became erect. I pondered much about this, asked myself what on earth it could mean, but did not dare to speak to anyone. At the end of this year we went to live in Vienna. I didn't know a word of German, but because I had good reports from my last school I was placed in the second class—even so, two years behind what was proper to my age. I was intolerably homesick, and the general snubbing I received gave me such a loathing for Vienna that I secretly decided it would be better to starve than to stay there. I was told that if I was backward in my lessons there would be no chance of my ever returning to my own countryside, and that I should be sent to a reformatory. This last threat was reinforced by the production of documents (doubtless fictitious) to show that such a step had already been decided upon. The dread of it, in conjunction with unceasing anxiety at school where the master was a brute who knocked us about, caused severe depression, which reacted on my bodily condition, so that I became emaciated and lived in a sort of trance. When alone I often sought relief in tears.

However I got over these difficulties, and within two years became one of the best pupils at school. I had a schoolfellow whose sixteen-year-old brother was kept at home by illness, and we played with him. The two of them initiated me thoroughly into "smut" of all kinds. The brothers slept together in one bed which was behind that of their parents, whose doings they often watched and listened to while feigning sleep. What they described to me excited me very much, and I began to spy upon my own parents. Until I was twelve, I slept in one bed with my sister. Then I was taken into my mother's bed, for my father was often away. This stimulated my fancy, and I began to imagine that my mother's brother, who lived with us, had a liaison with her. But by degrees, since I could detect nothing wrong, I became easy in my mind about this matter. When I was thirteen, some of my schoolfellows taught me to masturbate. I didn't do it very often, being afraid of punishment for the sin; and also I had read a book which dilated upon the fearful consequences of the habit. As a safeguard, when I was in my fifteenth year I went to my grandfather's tomb and there solemnly swore to eschew sexual indulgence of any kind until I was twenty. Since my desires were very powerful, I suffered a good deal from this self-imposed continence, but on the whole I kept my oath fairly well.

When I was fourteen I was sent to a technical school. I was very backward as compared with the others, and one of the masters told me that I was not likely to be allowed to stay long. This was a great distress to me, for I had chosen my profession, and now, it seemed, I was to be deprived of the chance of learning the elements. When, at the first examination, only I and one of the others got through, I looked upon this as a special grace of God—all the more because my dear grandmother had prayed so earnestly for my success. I was allowed to continue my studies, and the fees (which were considerable) were remitted. This was a mark of favor because I had done so brilliantly in the examination. I did well in class, soon making up for backwardness in preparation—though my homework still left much to be desired. I always had a firm faith that God would help me, and this, in conjunction with my native talents, enabled me during my two years at the technical school to fulfil my ambition of being an exemplary pupil.

During this period I again came into contact with the girl who had led me astray in childhood. Now through her further misleading I became profoundly affected. During my eighteenth year I had "innocent" relations with other girls, successfully resisting the temptations to coitus, though opportunities were by no means infrequent. My sister, a girl cousin, and I slept in the same room. My attention was concentrated on the cousin. Alluring opportunities unceasingly excited me—all the more since it was plain to me that my cousin found it hard to keep her desires in check. Towards the end of my last school year I became closely acquainted with a girl towards whom I had long had leanings. We now grew very fond of one another, though meetings were few and far between and circumstances unpropitious. At length we had to part, and since I was really in love with her I suffered intensely. In our stolen meetings I used to be troubled by inexplicable excitement. This was transferred to the stomach, and if I ate at such times I promptly vomited.

When my studies were over, I got a job. I struck up acquaintance with a girl, but here likewise meetings were very difficult to arrange. When, a year later, encounters became easier, I soon tired of her, and my one wish was to be freed from such crazy love episodes.

Whereas formerly I had been withheld from coitus with a decent girl by the idea that it was an unworthy and dishonorable act, now a strange phenomenon began. Before the meeting I was always seized by uneasiness in the stomach, culminating in nausea and even vomiting. As soon as we were together, the trouble disappeared. It was always an anticipatory malaise—before keeping the assignation, and aroused by the thought of doing so. I now therefore avoided entering into any liaisons, but my condition went from bad to worse. Several times a day I vomited, being unable to retain so much as a roll, while even clear soup was a difficulty. Every bite I swallowed aroused a desire to vomit, and liquids became impossible. Sleeplessness and violent pains added to my troubles. For a year I have been unable to work, and have spent months in the country without any improvement worth mentioning.

I have found it very hard to control my exceedingly powerful sexual desires. Intercourse with prostitutes seems to me shameful, while relations with decent girls are hindered, partly by my own moral scruples, and partly by lack of opportunity. Since my illness began, that itself has proved an insuperable obstacle.

Now that we know the patient's clinical history, let us turn to the analysis of his dream and study it from various outlooks. The best plan will be to begin by analyzing the three dreams separately, and then to take a general view of the series.

The first dream opens in his birthplace, and gives a description of the house where he was born. From earlier analyses we know that in dreams the birthplace is usually a symbol of the mother. The postmaster was the brother of the patient's father.

(He tells me that his father and his uncle were very much alike.) In the dream, the uncle probably stands for the father. The little dialogue with the uncle is a recapitulation of the father's complaints. The patient's illness incapacitated him for work for a long time, and he is still too ill to help his father in business. His incestuous attitude towards his mother is fairly obvious. The inhibitions which make it impossible for him to help his father in business are the outcome of hatred for a rival. The day before, the patient had a tiff with his father because the latter made a mistake in a calculation and refused to admit it. In the dream he takes vengeance for the charge that he is unwilling to plough (ploughing is here a symbol for coitus) by an allusion to his father's age and the implication that the latter is no longer competent for intercourse. The parents are already old, they have lived too long and should be sent to the knacker's, especially the near horse (the father). The father retaliates for this contumelious treatment by trying to savage the son. There is a good deal to be said for the view that the more violent episodes of the dream are in part a birth fantasy. The patient has told me that he is fully aware of having entertained incestuous desires for mother and sister, but he believed these to be over and done with. Still, he continues to dream now and again of having connection with them, and especially with the sister. He had supposed these dreams to be no more than echoes from a vanished past.

The attitude towards the father is bipolar. The patient's illness is to some extent dependent upon a not fully resolved homosexuality. His clinical history relates an incident of early youth which profoundly impressed him. At the school in his birthplace there was a master who had a singular way of showing his appreciation for good work. When one of the pupils pleased him, he would say: "Good, my son, you shall be rewarded." Summoning the youth to his desk he put his own erect penis into the hand of the pupil, who then held it till the master had an ejaculation. The master had continued this practice, which apparently took place in open class, until about five years ago, when, having been denounced, he was quietly got rid of, and left the place without having been prosecuted. My patient, being a favorite, and the handsomest of the boys, had often been "honored" in this way. From the time of these incidents, the patient continued to display homosexual leanings until he was sixteen or seventeen, though he was not aware that they were homosexual, and believed himself to have a loathing of homosexuality. Manifestly the patient would have liked his father to "reward" him as the schoolmaster had been wont to do. Such an example called for repetition. The first effects of the transference are disclosed by this particular association to the dream. I am now the teacher, the schoolmaster, and he hopes that I shall reward him as in former days he was rewarded at school.

He is chased by homosexual thoughts. (The near horse.) Now we come to the functional significance of the dream. He is chased by the doctor through all his memories. (The flight from room to room.) Freud holds that flight from rooms ("Zimmer") means flight from women ("Frauenzimmer"). I have frequently pointed out that we have to do here with the rooms, the chambers, of the mind. The pursuit takes place through all the compartments of the head. The brain is the upper story, the attic-room. Compare the colloquial phrases: "He is touched in the upper story"; and "He has a tile loose." We see how the thought from which he is fleeing pursues him inexorably across all the barriers and through all the hindrances he erects. His sister comes to his rescue. She pushes towards him a small round stove, and this saves him from the horse. The kitchener and the rings symbolize the sister's femininity. The dream says: "Only your sister, only a woman, can deliver you from your homosexual attitude towards your father." The dream has a prospective trend. He flings his sister (the small kitchener) at his father, and escapes by another door. He will get the better of his complexes. The relation to the doctor is likewise plain. He will evade further pursuit on my part by avowing his incestuous longings for his sister—about which I have not questioned him. The dream announces his intention of communicating to me his fantasies about and experiences with his sister. Thus he hopes to avoid any further enquiry on my part into his longings, and to be able to conceal from me his real attitude towards his father and his mother.

After this first dream, he settles down to sleep again, recapitulating the dream to fix it in his memory. We may be sure that already in this first repetition the dream must have been edited and modified. The text we have is no more than an epitome from which the most important details have been left out. He dreams about telling me the dream. We rarely learn the content of such dreams. When a lady dreams about relating her dream to the doctor she will have already expunged all disagreeables from it, and the essential memory of the dream will have disappeared. Similarly in cases when a patient tells us: "Today I dreamed something of the utmost importance. While still dreaming or only half awake I said to myself: 'Don't forget to tell that to the doctor.' I can't remember it now, but I know it was extremely important." This is the best way of fobbing off the doctor. In the dream, the resistance is overcome; in the dream, the wish to tell him is fulfilled; but the desire for conceament is stronger. Thus in the dreamer the conflicting trends simultaneously find expression.

Now we come to the second dream. Again it is a representation of psychoanalysis. I am upstairs standing in front of a cupboard which symbolizes his brain or his closed mind. But the analysis will not last long. The chase after his secrets and his treasures will speedily come to an end. The analyst is going on a journey (will soon die). The doctor is regarded as taking on the father's liabilities, by a transference of affect. In the first dream the father is the pursuer. In the second and the third dream the father has vanished, his name is not mentioned, he is the secret which must not be revealed. The doctor is lacing up his shoes. This is another well-known symbol of death, and fulfils the wish to put an end to the treatment.

Next a machine is to be set in motion. The patient is actually a mechanical engineer. The locomotive in this dream is a symbol of his mind which works badly, a symbol of himself, of all that is vigorous and go-ahead in him. What his doctor and his mother cannot achieve, he will be able to do by his unaided strength. First I try to start the engine, throwing one of the mysterious parcels of waste paper (whose significance remained obscure) into the front of the fire. The mother stokes in the middle. But he himself leaps to put his parcel into the uppermost part of the fire. He comes out victorious, triumphing over me and my inability to cure him. Then I set out for Brünn. His association to this is one of his schoolfellows who always went home to Brünn for the holidays. He recalls a situation in which he was the teacher. I, then, am his pupil, and he will teach me how to set the machine in motion. Of course I may know something about sick minds, but machinery is his specialty; there he is the master, and I am an ignoramus. This is a consolatory thought, ministering to his self-esteem, and counteracting any tendency he might have to regard himself as my inferior. Thereby contumely is heaped upon the impotent father and the no less incompetent physician. He comes to me for half an hour every day, and has noticed how I glance at my watch to see when his time is up. The half-hour and the glancing at the watch are reproduced in the dream. The day before, he showed his father how a technical job ought to be done. In the dream he shows me how a technical job ought to be done.

We see how the relations to the doctor as father substitute permeate the dream. But there is more in it than that, for it is a sexual dream terminating in an emission. The masturbatory act, regarded as a spontaneous emission during sleep (pleasure without guilt) is being prepared for in the three scenes of the dream. In the first scene, the patient is on the flight from homosexuality, and the bearing of the homosexuality upon the mother complex is made clear. In the second scene he wants to set the sexual machine in motion. Neither the father (the engine driver who fiddles with the machine), nor the mother, nor the doctor, can manage to do this. He alone is competent. (Here we see the secret pride of the masturbator, the satisfaction of the autoerotist, who can say, "Alone I did it." (The projecting part of the machine where the flames pour out is a phallic symbol.) Masturbation is a safeguard against the perils of sexual intercourse. The safety valve begins to hiss and the steam issues—a preliminary image of the coming emission.

But the dread of masturbation, the strong feelings, the fear of homosexuality and of incest, awaken him. Consciousness (the engine driver) is always trying to master the thoughts, and to lay the ghosts of the night. The thoughts of a man and of his sister are checked, and he falls asleep once more. He has to dream of three different situations before his dread is mastered by desire. First he fled from the horse and from his sister; then he forsook the doctor and his mother; now comes the release. He could keep homosexuality at bay, and he could master the heterosexual incest wishes. But now the impulse plays its highest trump, to outvie the last inhibitions—this highest trump being bisexuality. The girl with the phallus, his sister, appears and chases him. He is manifestly pursued by the thought, "Give it up, and masturbate." But he resists the impulse, and flees from the thought. It is himself whom he sees approaching him in the dream. He sees the feminine in himself, the woman with the phallus, and this thought pursues him through all these scenes of the night hours. Now he flings himself on the woman and tries to strangle her. Thus does he fight against the autoerotic impulse. But the impulse, aware that the resistance is half-hearted, assures him that she wishes him no harm. With his right hand he grips his genitals and with his left he makes the sketch of an embrace. The orgasm begins (his sister smiles at him), but is soon over. An old woman appears. The door opens (the gates of consciousness open),[1] and remorse seizes him. He wakes up and is vexed at having had an emission. Perhaps the old woman may be a symbol of the mother, but data are lacking.[2]

What is the best general explanation of the content of this dream cycle? Is it a wish fulfilment, a warning, or a prophecy? No doubt there are many wish fulfilments in the three dreams. Again and again he stoutly resists temptation, he embraces his sister, he triumphs over his father and the doctor. But the most important thing is that the dream introduces us to an auto-erotic act during sleep as a safeguard against all the dangers of sex, and shows us how it can be carried out in despite of various internal hindrances.

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[1] Silberer's threshold symbolism.

[2] The old woman was a symbol of the past. (1935.)

Another meaning of the dream must be emphasized. The patient's parapathy must be symbolized in it by some person or thing. When I asked him for his associations to the machine, he said: "My illness." To the hall roofed with glass: "The transparency of the illness." To the machine again: "My illness." The patient is always comparing his body, and especially his stomach, to a steam engine. He has passed through numerous periods of starvation diet. For a long time he could not eat, and became a walking skeleton, because he wanted to starve out his sexual impulse and do penance for his sinful inclinations. With his parapathy he has inaugurated a wonderful safety valve. When he has stirrings of desire and has made a date with a girl, he goes down with such violent gastralgia that he cannot keep the appointment. The gastralgia comes on as a sequel of excitement, nausea, and loss of appetite. The whole gastric disturbance is most artfully staged. Nausea begins the attack, and prevents the taking of food. Hunger ensues, but is felt as gastralgia, which becomes so violent that it kills love. The craving for food overpowers the craving for women. After such an attack, he has a spell of bulimia.

Talking over the dreams, it occurs to him that from the first one he awakened frightfully hungry, and felt still more voracious after the second one, but that when he awoke with the seminal emission the hunger had completely disappeared.

In my *Nervöse Angstzustände* I maintained that hunger might represent sexual desire. This is plainly illustrated by the present case. Now we can understand the stoking of the locomotive with waste paper. The caloric value of the paper is as insignificant as the caloric value of the food he consumes when sexual relations are threatening. His stomach has become a safety valve. He starves for a while, and then the gratification of the consequent hunger is a substitute for sexual satisfaction. He recounts numerous incidents which will go to show what a skillful use he can make of his parapathy. Almost every girl is a lure to him, and he often makes dates, goes home with a woman, or brings one to his flat or a hotel—but has never consummated the adventure.

The prospects of the analysis are poor. He is reluctant to forgo his safety valve, the parapathy; wants to go on managing thing in his own way; and wishes the doctor at Jericho. He would rather make shift with masturbation and the inevitable remorse, than abandon his precious safeguard.

The dream shows all the complexes to which Freud attaches importance. We learn also that an incestuous tendency plays a leading part in this patient's make-up, together with homosexuality. But there is no sign of the "masculine protest." Despite considerable ambition, and a strong will-to-power, there is a markedly feminine attitude, so that the orgasm occurs at the moment when he feels himself to be a woman. The climax of pleasure is always associated with the strongest currents of the inner being. It is not because he dreads defeat that he shuns women, for he has made proof of potency in intercourse with prostitutes, and is so sure of himself that he is always fully potent when no counteracting moral inhibitions are at work. In the case of decent girls, we note the association with the sister, and in the case of decent women, that with the mother. Homosexuality is obstructed by the relations with the father. Behind all the inhibitions lurks an excessive religiosity, which persisted for years, though now ostensibly overcome. He wanted to become a priest, and only gave up the idea when he was fourteen. It is very probable that all his troubles would pass with marriage—provided he could break away from the home.

It is, I repeat, astounding that modern dream interpreters should pay so little attention to the religious trends that manifest themselves in dreams. No doubt an exceptional faculty for following elusive clues is needed for their detection. I have given instructive examples in *Die Träume der Dichter* and in *Fetischismus*. In connection with the dream cycle we have just been studying, I will again underline the importance of the part that religious inclinations play in the dynamics of parapathy. As far as religious symbolism is concerned, Freud's customary method of asking for free associations fails us. The associations are themselves masked ("distorted"), and need interpretation. This is plain from the analysis by Maeder with a discussion of which the chapter deals. (Cf. the association of the lame horse, mentioned just now.) My own patient is an atheist, a freethinker, who used to be exceedingly pious. His mother made him promise to go to church every Sunday without fail, and he kept up the practice till he was twenty. His mother protested when the lapse occurred, was most unhappy, but gave way when he convinced her that he had become a complete unbeliever. Still, she often said to him: "I feel sure that God will enlighten you some day, and that you will regain your faith." He laughs, as he tells me this, saying that it will not happen till the Greek calends. His grandmother, with whom he stayed every summer, was even more religious. Here is a recent dream:

I am at Grandmother's. She is going to early service, and wants me to come with her. I refuse. Next morning she asks me again. I get violent stomach-ache and say: "I'll take a sunbath. That is the same thing."

We see that the imperative of childhood comes to life once more in the grandmother's exhortation. The association between the refusal to go to church and the onset of gastralgia is obvious. The patient's sunbaths are a substitute religion. I have frequently drawn attention to such substitutes.[1] On further enquiry I learn that every evening the patient has to resist the temptation to repeat the Lord's Prayer, saying to himself: "What nonsense. You no longer believe in such stuff." All the same, he finds himself when half asleep muttering the old phrases, feeling once more like a child. He constantly carries about two medals of Our Lady, which he got at a pilgrim's resort. "Oh, I know it's superstitious. I have them in my purse as a mascot." He gave his missal to his youngest sister, who keeps it handy, where he can touch it and look into it from time to time. He continues to visit churches, being fond of church music.

In the first dream of the cycle the Devil appears to him in the form of a horse and wants to mislead him by diabolic art. That is why the horse can get through any door and batter down all obstacles. He used to believe firmly in the Devil. He attended a church where the priest used to talk much about the Devil, and maintained that there were persons living who had seen the Evil One. His grandfather would not go to that church, being very angry because the priest talked such nonsense. But he (the patient) had been brought up in fear of the Devil. When he was naughty, he was told to watch out, or the Devil would get him. If he refused to say his prayers, they made a rattling noise in the next room, and announced that the Devil was there. Witches were also invoked for educational purposes. An ugly old woman once came into the nursery dressed up as a witch, and frightened him and the other children so much that the memory left a scar for years. In the dream he is chased by the Devil and tries to escape. In the second dream of the cycle he himself is the Devil and works magic. The most powerful longing of his childhood was that he should be able to perform miracles, and he was willing to sell himself to the Devil for a knowledge of the Black Art. It is by means of unhallowed craft that, in the dream, he is able to set the infernal engine in motion. He had ardently desired in childhood to build a magic locomotive which would convey him whithersoever he pleased.

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[1] See *Masken der Religiosität*, "Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse," Vol. IV.

The maid who brings the three parcels of waste paper (perhaps an illusion to the Holy Trinity) is, as maidservants often are in dreams, a symbol of the Maid of God. He used to be a fervent worshipper of the Blessed Virgin, and he had to forsake this cult before he could hope to make headway with Black Magic. But the dream is a compromise between the two trends, and indicates bipolarity. He heats the boiler of the engine with heavenly fire, with the faith which protects him and guides him on the right path; and he wishes me at Jericho that he may continue, unfettered, to practise his secret religion. But the most obvious wish is that of his childhood, when he longed to be a sorcerer. (A dream does not express one single wish, but a conglomerate of wishes, which race helter-skelter through the mind.) Magic is also plainly disclosed in the third dream. The sanitas spray, which can cleanse and disinfect the air, is plainly emblematic of aspersion with holy water, but the spray or squirt also represents that mingling of religious and sexual motives which is predominant in parapathy and paralogia. He succumbs to temptation, is led away by a she-devil. The elderly woman at the end is the witch of his childhood's days who appears to punish the sinner.

The Bible, the Gospels, the missal, the ticket of confession, are all in the parcels of waste paper, which he has to burn that he may rid himself of religious inhibitions.

The dream also has a prospective tendency, for it shows the patient's determination to rid himself of the inhibitions of religion, the fear of hell and the Devil, and the dread of witches. We discern a resolve to give free play to the impulses. He will take his life into his own hands, will stoke his own engine, will have relations with women (who all bear the image of the sister). The dream also plainly discloses that his homosexuality is so tinged that all women acquire the emotive stamp of the mother and the sister. At present his sexual life runs between guide rails leading from woman to man. From these guides he wishes to break away, and, disregarding all hindrances, to become a normal man. He no longer needs the safeguards of his parapathy. Being his own master, he revolts against the imperatives of religion, is going to be a magician and follow his own bent.

But perhaps this dream has a monitory function? May it not warn the dreamer: "This is what will happen to you if you throw aside your safeguards and give free rein to your impulses. If you do that, you will be menaced by incest and terrible remorse."

Even so, is not this inner warning, this pondering about the future, the expression of a wish? Is not every wish one of the determinants of the future? We must concede to Freud, the inspired pioneer of modern dream interpretation, that (perhaps by a little stretching) all dreams, excepting telepathic dreams, contain an element of wish. The warning is a wish of the moral self, the endeavor of the nobler side of man, to assert itself despite the stirrings of impulse, and to lead the ego on to higher things. The upward aspirations of man ("altiora peto"), in which I firmly believe, make themselves felt in these warnings and in the remonstrances uttered by ethical imperatives. We learn this from every dream analysis which plumbs so deep as to reach conflicting wishes. For every mind is an arena where wishes and impulses strive confusedly one with another. It took me a long time before I learned to understand dreams of struggle. Now I know the meaning of the battles, the wrestling matches, the chases about which people dream. Armies march hither and thither, Turks fight against Germans, Frenchmen against Englishmen—and each soldier signifies a wish, an inner stirring. In one of my patient's dreams the Turks signified polygamy, while the English were the representatives of moral restraint. In another dream they may have a different significance. No symbol has a universally valid meaning. A knowledge of customary meanings may help us to an understanding, but woe to the interpreter who is wholly dependent upon his "lexicon" (encyclopedia).

(End of volume one)

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